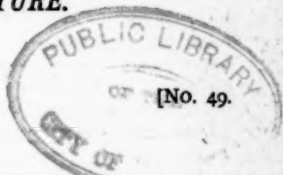


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HERR DROMMEL'S INCONSISTENCIES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART SECOND.

IV.

MONSIEUR DROMMEL would have been wiser had he carried out his first idea, which was to start the next day, October 1st, for Lyons. But he did not do it! It was so inscribed on Jupiter's tablets.

It has been stated openly that the cause of this change was Madame Drommel, who, when she awoke, complained of her foot, which had greatly swollen during the night, and which, she said, she could not put to the ground.

Those persons who adopt this version totally miscomprehend the character and peculiarities of this most charming woman. It is quite true that when her husband entered her room she gently intimated that she still felt the fatigues of the previous evening, and that a day of rest would do her great good; but she added at once that, if her proposal did not meet with his approval, she was quite ready to start at once; and that it was always her greatest pleasure to conform in all things to his wishes, and that she was certain that he knew her too well to doubt this assertion.

Fortunately, Monsieur Drommel had already decided to spend this day in visiting the palace and park of Fontainebleau, in the society of his dear Prince, who had proposed the expedition. He therefore answered that, as the health of his dear little kitten was of more importance to him than anything else in the world, he would, no matter at what cost to himself, postpone his departure for twenty-four hours to gratify her.

She pretended to believe this; thanked him very sweetly, and rewarded him with one of her adorable smiles. To look as if she believed was an especial and most enviable quality of hers. It is also a most useful one, as it spares families

many stormy contentions, disputes, and bickerings.

It has also been distinctly stated and affirmed that, shortly after this interview with his wife, Monsieur Drommel met little Lestoc on the staircase, who asked him if he might make a sketch of his wife in crayons. This was not the case, however. Errors will creep into the most carefully written histories. These are the facts: Monsieur Drommel, who had preserved a most agreeable impression of the young painter, and had been much impressed by his gay liveliness, asked his name. When he learned that the nephew of Mademoiselle Dorothee had painted the picture he liked so much, and for which he asked two thousand francs, and was on the way to becoming famous, when his pictures would command a fabulous price, the liking he felt was considerably increased. The idea suddenly occurred to him that this would be a good opportunity, without opening his purse-strings, to obtain, as a souvenir, a little sketch, a drawing, or a water-color, or something of the kind, which he could take back with him to Goerlitz, as a sample of the open-air school, to which he proposed to devote one of his mighty articles at some future day.

Monsieur Drommel had always had a genius for barter; he was willing to give eggs to obtain beef—a subscription to "The Light" against a picture or a valuable book. Very often he gave nothing in return. He rarely met an artist of any kind, or a collector of rare things, without obtaining something from them; they were made to pay tribute to him, which tribute he gallantly pocketed, as a tangible and positive proof of the lively interest he inspired. People who are not always on their guard are the happy ones of this world.

After having well reflected, Monsieur Drommel thought it best to intrust his wife with this delicate negotiation. He went to find her in a summer-house which was at the extremity of one of the paths in the garden of the inn. She had reached this spot with some difficulty and pain; but was now enjoying the fresh air, wrapped in shawls, and with her foot on a cushion. He informed her that, as he did not wish her to feel lonely during his absence, he should present to her a young man, quite an original, who would amuse her by his *naïve* oddities.

"Do you remember, Ada," he asked, "a little picture in the gallery signed with the name Henri Lestoc?"

She seemed to have some difficulty in recalling the name and the incident.

"How forgetful women are!" he said, impatiently. "I dined with him yesterday."

"And what did you say his name was?" she asked.

He made a trumpet of his two hands, and bellowed in his wife's ear:

"Henri Lestoc! Can't you remember him?"

"I think I saw him yesterday. A great awkward fellow, with hair bristling like the quills of a porcupine."

"I must congratulate you on your brilliant conjectures. He is a fair little fellow, whose lips are still wet with his mother's milk, which does not prevent him, however, from being very intelligent. He knew me, my dear! I will not affirm that he has read my works, but he has heard of me."

"The best of merits in my eyes, my dear—and the first duty of man!"

"Then you would like me to bring him here?"

"And why? What on earth should I do with him?"

"I have my little plan," he replied.

She looked at him earnestly, saying to herself at the same time, "He is simply wonderful!"

"Yes," he continued; "I have my little plan. The boy has talent, and I have determined to have one of his pictures without its costing me a sou."

"And you intend me to manage that?"

"Yes. In the course of conversation you must ask to look at his portfolios; he of course will not refuse to give you a little sketch. Pretty women who know how to ask and to accept are never refused. He will amuse you, too! Would you believe, my dear, that he has made a vow? All this open-air school have done the same. Upon my life! these Frenchmen are most astonishing. When they are not Lovelaces, they are frail to a point which you can scarce imagine. This one has been brought up by an old aunt, a woman of the most austere virtue, who had a

beard on her chin; he is consequently a most marvelous boy, though somewhat of a savage, after all. Try to tame him. Now say, shall I bring him to you?"

After being urged a little longer, Madame Drommel gave her consent—she was always obliging. Monsieur Drommel went in search of little Lestoc. He met him coming from his room humming an opera air with a clear, fresh voice. He looked very handsome, with his hat a little on one side of his head, his hands thrust into the pockets of his coat, a cluster of myosotis in his buttonhole, a decoration which possibly had an especial meaning. Each day he leaped from his bed more youthful in appearance and feelings than the night before; each day his face indicated the feverish haste of an immediate departure, and he regularly started off to catch the train which would lead him to the spot where glory waited—that glory of which he had dreamed all night. What it was, where it was, he hardly knew; but I am inclined to believe that, on this morning of which I write, his thoughts were not as vague as usual.

Monsieur Drommel met him, as I say, and, by dint of urgent entreaties and many compliments, led him into the garden, and asked permission to present him to Madame Drommel, who adored pictures. Little Lestoc received these overtures in the most chilling manner, and tried to evade the introduction, pretending that he had urgent business elsewhere. Monsieur Drommel had an answer ready for everything, and did not release his prisoner. He dragged him by the button of his coat toward the summer-house, and when they reached this place he exclaimed:

"Ada—my dear Ada, I present to you an artist who, at no distant date, will be a most famous man. He will explain to you the principles of the open-air school as well as those of Made-moiselle Dorothée."

In spite of all Monsieur Drommel's exertions, the ice was difficult to break. Lestoc was stiff, cold, and haughty. Madame Drommel was gracious—was she ever anything else? But she had the air of a woman who is disturbed in the enjoyment of her solitude, which she preferred to the society of any stranger.

Monsieur Drommel allowed the two to become acquainted in their own way; he left them and strolled down one of the wide garden-walks. In one hand he held his pencil and in the other a note-book. He had composed, while taking his coffee, a most cutting epigram against the *Asinus*, and was anxious to write it down. It was a grand *trouvaille*, which he would not trust to his memory, tenacious as it was. He had absolute confidence in only two things in the world—his note-book and his wife.

As he wrote, he listened from time to time to see if the two had fairly started in conversation; he finally decided that this was the case. At that moment he heard Lestoc exclaim:

"You admit, then, that he is a fool!"

Monsieur Drommel pushed away the honey-suckle that fell over the door of the summer-house, and, thrusting in his square head, asked:

"Who is the fool?"

Lestoc rushed toward him, and, laying his finger on his lip, whispered:

"Hush! Do not betray us; he is very near!"

Monsieur Drommel looked around, and beheld Monsieur Taconet, who was taking a little turn in the kitchen-garden.

"You are right," he said. "And the worst of it all is, that he is a surly, mischievous fool. I don't understand how Madame Drommel can fail to agree with you in your opinion."

"There are some things," answered Lestoc, "that one thinks without venturing to put into words."

Monsieur Drommel turned back to his garden-walk, where he continued to write until he was informed that the Prince de Malaserra was waiting for him. He returned to the summer-house to ask his wife to rearrange his necktie, for he was anxious to do honor to his noble friend. This time Lestoc said in a slow, deliberate way, but in a gentle voice:

"I always sell at a fixed price, but, as an exception to my general rule, I agree to a reduction for this once. I usually ask four, I must have three, and I shall say no less, and I must also be paid promptly."

At these words, he rushed from the summer-house, nearly knocking down Monsieur Drommel, whom he met at the door. He snatched his hand.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, "I must have three—make Madame Drommel listen to reason."

And he hurried off with uplifted arms as if to affirm that these were his last words and final decision.

"What does he mean?" asked Monsieur Drommel of his wife as he entered the summer-house. "Three what? What on earth is he talking about?"

She ran to him, forgetting the trouble with her foot, and began to arrange his cravat.

"You were very much mistaken in regard to him," she said; "he is original and eccentric, I admit, but he is not, by any means, so very innocent. It can not be that this pupil of Mademoiselle Dorothée—He is a perfect Jew! He wants three hundred francs for a miserable little water-color, and he insists on prompt payment."

"His pretensions are simply ridiculous," answered Monsieur Drommel. "I thought him

really better bred. Pshaw! he shall never see the color of my money. Try and see if you can't manage him, my dear Ada."

"I will do my best," she answered, and drawing back a few steps she made him one of those sweeping courtesies which she had so often made to the public of Berlin, on evenings when the applause was loud enough to bring down the roof.

"It seems to me that your foot must be better," he said.

"It is cured as if by enchantment," and, looking at him again more earnestly than before, she seemed to find him absolutely phenomenal, and began to laugh like a mad woman.

"Well! what on earth is the matter with you now?"

She answered, with unusual volubility, "The sky is blue, roses are in bloom, the grass is fresh and green, your necktie is irreproachable, and I feel as if I were sixteen again."

"Let us add twelve to sixteen," he said. Madame Drommel was born on July 26, 1851.

There was a baptism or a marriage at Chailly, and the wind brought the music of the bells as far as Barbison.

"The bells bring us good news," she cried gayly. "The very air is of a peculiar color and quality known only on *fête* days."

"I must find out," he answered, "if there is not in this neighborhood some lunatic asylum, and I will call and see you on my way back from Italy."

An imprudent wasp lighted upon his forehead. Madame Drommel drove it away with her fan. Then she contemplated that vast expanse of brow, and it seemed to her that there was something inscribed upon it. As the wife of a *savant* she respected inscriptions. She wished, besides, to have a clear conscience.

"Do you not know what the matter is with me?" she said. "The truth is, I am horribly jealous of that Prince to whom you sacrifice me for a whole day. If I were to tell you that I am dying to see Fontainebleau, and should implore you to take me with you—I would wager—"

"Don't make a wager, my dear—you would only lose. Women are dreadfully in the way."

"And you will not take me?"

"No—no matter how much my heart may cry out for you," and he struck his breast with his hand. And then, lifting the tips of her fingers to his clumsy lips, he kissed the rosy nails which had never done harm to any one. He hurried away then, for one must not keep princes waiting. She accompanied him as far as the courtyard, and begged him to avoid draughts, and to be prudent in regard to the night dews—

not to leave his plaid at Fontainebleau, but to wrap himself well up on his return, and to take every possible care of his precious person. Then, as she looked after him, she said to herself:

"It seems that the inscription was correct."

The bells were still ringing. She leaned against a pear-tree and half closed her eyes. It seemed to her that an audacious arm was thrown around her waist, that saucy lips were pressed to hers, and that a young and thrilling voice said, "I adore you!—I must have three—" Was this a dream or a souvenir?

She roused herself with a start as her husband again appeared before her.

"I have an idea," he exclaimed breathlessly. "Promise him a year's subscription to 'The Light.'"

"I am afraid that will not suffice," she answered, and then again besought him to avoid taking cold.

"The deuce take one-ideal women!" he muttered, indignant that she was not more interested in his determination to obtain the coveted sketch. "I detest women who are always reciting a litany."

As soon as he took his seat in the carriage by the side of the Prince de Malaserra, he said to him:

"Behold me in a state of grace. I am provided with all the sacraments of the Church!"

And he boasted, at the same time laughing, of the tender and too watchful solicitude shown in regard to him by his wife. He added that he had never been ill in his life, and that he had never lost anything in traveling, not even his umbrella.

"O my dear friend," answered the Prince, "how greatly do I envy your flourishing health, your great happiness, and, if I may venture to say so, your lovely wife! Alas! the Princesse de Malaserra—I am most miserable, dear friend, for the Princess ran away with a wretched adventurer. Oh, if I only had them!" Despair is a cannibal, and women are incomprehensible. To think of her preferring any one to me! All the world agrees in considering me a good-looking man, and this other is horrible—a little flat-nosed fellow! You see that I tell you all my secrets, for I have always been in the habit of showing my whole soul to my friends. Yes, my friend, this is why I am traveling, to distract my thoughts—for, since this terrible adventure, Malaserra itself has become odious to me, and yet you will admit, when you see it, that Malaserra is a charming place." As he spoke, the Prince pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, and Monsieur Drommel's good breeding compelled him to shed also a few tears for this deplorable escape of the Princess. "Tell me the honest

truth, my friend," resumed the Prince; "have you ever been jealous? The Princess de Malaserra nearly killed me with jealousy."

Monsieur Drommel shouted with laughter, so utterly absurd did this question seem to him.

"Prince," he answered, "Madame Drommel belongs to a land whose women know how to love—because they have souls—*Gemüth*, in short."

"*Gemüth*! what is that?"

"It is impossible to make you understand the word, for it can not be translated into either French or Italian. You must be satisfied with being told that a woman who has *Gemüth* loves but once, and never elopes with another."

"Not when that other is flat-nosed?"

"A woman who has *Gemüth*," answered Monsieur Drommel solemnly, "despises with all her heart the frivolities, or what you call the *bagatelles* of life, and to the women of France and Italy the *bagatelles* of life are everything."

Monsieur Drommel went on then to prove to the Prince that he had taken his misadventure too seriously. He represented to him that true philosophers are never moved by trifles, are astonished at nothing, and are never jealous; that women, after all, are only pretty playthings, when, at least, they are not great hindrances—*maximum impedimentum*; that elective affinity is a fatal but a sacred law, to which one must succumb with gayety and good humor. He started from this point to prove that every one should study sociology, a science of inestimable value, which teaches us to despise all those small accidents which affect the common herd.

It was while they were still conversing on this subject that they reached Fontainebleau, where they sat down to an excellent breakfast, and had some good wine. After that they visited the Château, which, to tell the truth, Monsieur Drommel considered to be greatly overrated, and announced that, like the forest, it was a very poor place. The oval courtyard, the bronze doors, and the *salle de conseil* awoke no enthusiasm within his breast. He sneered at the marvelous gallery of Henri II., and in a moment more would have sworn that there was a better one at Goerlitz. But, as they crossed the *Cour de la Fontaine* he condescended to be pleased by the gambols of the famous carp—he even purchased at a bargain a stale *brioche*, which he tossed to them with a smile of majestic grace. Did the carp understand, as they swallowed the crumbs, to what glorious hand their happiness was due?

On their way home the conversation turned on German gymnastics. Monsieur Drommel undertook to explain to the Prince de Malaserra that, thanks to a system of education and training, which other people are compelled to envy

without being able to imitate, Germany is not only the sole country where women have *Gemüth*, but the only one whose men have muscles. To convince the Prince more fully, he rolled up his sleeves, and showed him his robust wrists, but the Prince, alas! had only his soul to show, for he was as thin as a shadow.

They now left their carriage on the high-road and followed a path that led to a chaos of rocks, which the owner of Malaserra desired to show to his new friend. When they reached this wild and solitary place, Monsieur Drommel wished the Prince to judge for himself of the wonders which German gymnastics could execute. He began to lift enormous stones, and to carry with outstretched arms fragments of rocks. The Prince, wonder-struck and admiring, begged him to lay aside his overcoat and all his tourist accoutrements, which were sadly in his way, but Monsieur Drommel pompously declared that nothing was ever in his way, and, as he was somewhat obstinate, did not allow himself to be persuaded.

The Prince asked if he were as agile as he was strong, and defied him to climb to the summit of a very steep rock. Monsieur Drommel accepted this new test, from which he emerged triumphant, although out of breath and bathed in perspiration. After this he took two or three extraordinary leaps, and the Prince became quite pensive, and said:

"I shudder, my dear friend—yes, you make me shudder. Don't do anything more, for, if any accident should chance to happen to you, how should I ever dare appear before the wife who adores you?"

They regained their carriage, and the Prince became very taciturn and preoccupied, even melancholy. Monsieur Drommel fancied that he was thinking of the Princesse de Malaserra. I am, however, inclined to believe that the wonderful results of German gymnastics evinced in the prowess of his dear friend had made the Prince thoughtful, and that he envied him his incomparable limbs and the power of his muscular arms; the most noble natures are not free from envy. As for Monsieur Drommel, he was delighted with his day, and charmed at having spent a few more hours with so great a man, whose conversation was as instructive as his manners were seductive. He was particularly pleased that his little excursion had cost him nothing, for the Prince de Malaserra had paid all the expenses—carriage, breakfast, and gratuities—all except the stale *brioche* with which the carp were regaled.

Another pleasure awaited him on his arrival. Madame Drommel had been successful with little Lestoc. She was in possession of a water-color which had been dashed off that afternoon

with true French energy and fire. It had been offered to her as a souvenir; an actually gratuitous gift. This charming water-color represented a bit of country road. On one side stood a tall and leafless oak; it was dead, or nearly dead; on the left a path ran through a pine-grove. In one of the turns of this path stood, with their backs turned from the spectator, two persons, who had apparently been quarreling. A young man was kneeling on the ground, with arms upraised to heaven, either imploring pardon or begging for mercy. A lady in a pale, straw-colored costume was bending her blonde head toward him, and threatening him with a hazel wand she held in her hand. She had dropped her parasol, which had rolled on a few steps, and upon which played a gleam of sunshine.

Monsieur Drommel thought that the subject was a little light, and complained that the painter had avoided the principal difficulty of his art in giving the rear view of his figures rather than their faces. He was curious, and he liked exactness in everything; he would have liked to see these two faces. The two spots made on the canvas by the little woman and her locust-colored parasol charmed him, and, by one of those sudden intuitions common to genius, he at once determined to write an article on the open-air school. He called his wife's attention to the fact that the water-color was not signed; but she pointed to a rock, the silent witness of this lovers' quarrel, on which he read in the finest possible writing, "*Souvenir of October 1, 1879,*" and underneath, the one Italian word "*Sempre,*" which meant *always*, at the same time telling him that *Sempre* was the name Henri Lestoc used upon his pictures.

"Ever and always!" said Monsieur Drommel. "These seem to be favorite words in this young man's vocabulary; and I am inclined to believe that Mademoiselle Dorothee was in the habit of using them. But, tell me, was he reasonable in his demands; how much did he ask for that sketch?"

"Your idea was an excellent one, and he consented to accept a perpetual subscription to '*The Light*,' which was all the more liberal in him because he does not understand German."

"He will have to learn it then," answered her husband, as he carelessly kissed the little woman. Pulling her ear a little, he added: "And the day has seemed pretty long to you, has it? Well! never mind; you lost nothing. There is nothing to see at Fontainebleau."

V.

THIS time Madame Drommel was at dinner. Her agreeable society added gayety to the little round table about which gathered the same

guests as on the previous evening. Beauty is like good wine: it rejoices the heart of man. Little Lestoc was the only one who did not try to make himself agreeable to this pretty woman. He did not even appear to notice her presence. He was *distract*, preoccupied; his eyes were dull and his brow stormy. Monsieur Drommel came to the conclusion that he regretted his three hundred francs. He said a few jesting words to him in regard to his taciturnity.

"Excuse me," answered the young man. "I am working out an important problem. I shall reach it eventually, but it is a question of place, of time, and of method, which gives me much to think of."

"Method is a grand thing," said Monsieur Drommel. "Young man, permit me to share your perplexities. I may be able to assist you in your embarrassment."

"I rely on your assistance," he answered; "but you will aid me involuntarily, for I feel certain that inspiration will come to me merely from looking at you."

And he relapsed into thought.

The ex-police officer appeared on the scene just at this moment. Seeing his pet enemy, Monsieur Drommel, he became very sulky. This man was to him so antagonistic, that he promised himself to take the earliest opportunity of expressing his sentiments. The Prince de Malaserra had shaken off his melancholy, and, seated at Madame Drommel's side, was gallant and attentive.

"Monsieur Drommel," he said, "is the most enviable of men in many ways and for many reasons; but the thing I most envy him for is that he is adored by a wife who is an angel of sweetness and compassion. And yet, Monsieur Drommel does not absolutely require her presence and consolation. He told me himself that he could always find alleviation in himself for all the petty vexations of life. Sociologists, he says, console themselves readily."

"For the sorrows of others, unquestionably," muttered Monsieur Taconet, raising his heavy eyebrows. "But, as to those little accidents which threaten to assail themselves, they are quite as sensitive as any other people."

Monsieur Drommel turned hastily toward him. Fire like that with which wise men devour the vulgar herd flashed from his eyes. If Monsieur Taconet did not wither under it, it was because he was well and solidly built.

"A man who respects himself," said Monsieur Drommel, "abstains with care from talking of things of which he knows nothing. What do you know of sociology?"

"I know," he replied, "only just that which you were good enough to teach us last evening.

May Heaven bless the sociologists! I, however, have met in my life many persons who delight in paradoxes, and I can safely affirm that in trying circumstances their paradoxes were at the mercy of accidents, and never brought them the smallest consolation. There are some people who only take their umbrella when the weather is fine, and who leave it behind them through forgetfulness when it rains. Consequently they get soaked the same as ordinary people."

"And I," answered Monsieur Drommel, with some heat—"I know people who regard all truths which pass their comprehension as paradoxes, and make no allowance for the weakness and dullness of their comprehension."

"Believe me," resumed Monsieur Taconet, "when I say that it is advisable to distrust opinions that are singular. The commonplace is the foundation of society."

"Commonplaces are the livery of fools!" answered Monsieur Drommel, furiously.

"And inconsistencies," said the other, "are the characteristics of sociologists. Sooner or later they share the fate of the Limousin school."

"What do you mean by Limousin?"

"Can it be that he is unknown at Goerlitz? This is the story: One day, I don't know when, Pantagruel, who had been drinking, was walking near the gate which led to Paris, and there met a young and good-looking student: 'My friend,' he said, 'whence come you?' The student replied, 'From that celebrated academy called Lutèce, where we have been quarreling over the Latin vocabulary.' 'Tut! tut!' said Pantagruel, 'what is this idiot saying? I believe he has created a new tongue; I must teach him to talk. But first tell me again where you came from?' To which the student replied in the most unintelligible gibberish. 'I understand,' cried Pantagruel, taking him by the throat, 'you are a Limousin, and you hack the Latin tongue to pieces! By St. Jean, I will do as much for you!' Then the poor Limousin began again: 'Vee dicou gentiastre, laissas a quo au nom de Diours, et ne me touquas grou!' which signified: 'Ah! dear gentleman, let me alone. In the name of God do me no harm!' 'God be praised!' answered Pantagruel, 'now you are talking Limousin.'"

"I do not in the least comprehend your story," cried Monsieur Drommel, "but, if in telling it you have any intention of insulting me, I promise to bring you to repentance."

The ex-police-officer replied, "It is just as you choose to look at it, as some one, I have forgotten whom, said once upon a time!"

At these words, Monsieur Drommel started up as if to rush upon the offender. Fortunately, his wife caught him by the arm, while the Prince

de Malaserra held him by one of his coat-tails, saying, "Philosophers never lose their tempers."

"In the name of Heaven don't quarrel!" said little Lestoc calmly. "You prevent me from elucidating my problem."

"Pshaw!" murmured Monsieur Taconet, without being in the least disturbed. "When there are two searching for the same thing, one helps the other, and the result is success."

As he uttered these words he looked Madame Drommel full in the eyes; she colored furiously. He added quietly: "After all, who among us has not his problem to solve? I venture to assert that his Excellency the Prince de Malaserra has his, and that he is much occupied by it. He, too, has more reason to complain than any one else, for he has no assistance."

"I don't know what you mean," answered the Prince, somewhat disturbed, and applying himself vigorously to his plate.

"Sir," said the ex-police-officer, addressing Monsieur Drommel, "I have very little liking for your ideas, for your manners, or for yourself. In short, I come from Metz, and you are a German. Nevertheless, I came here with the intention of giving you a little good advice; but, in the humor you are in—"

"I don't desire your advice," Monsieur Drommel here interrupted, "and the only service I desire at your hands is, that you should deliver me from your foolish presence."

"All is for the best!" answered Monsieur Taconet, smiling blandly, and tossing his napkin on the table he rose and left the room.

We regret to say that his departure was a relief to every one, which little Lestoc so clearly understood that he ventured to say aloud, "That man is a terrible annoyance!"

As to Monsieur Drommel, he swore by the law of universal synthesis, and by German gymnastics, that he would soon find this idiot—this scoundrel—and make him pay for all his insolence.

"It can't be possible, my dear friend," said the Prince, "that you would commit yourself with a man of that stamp; for the fellow is very inferior in education, and, as to his position, I know nothing of it, of course. He may be high or low on the police force, but, as I took occasion to say a little while ago, the police force of France are always ill educated. Then, too, the contest would be too unequal. I have seen those muscles this afternoon—what wrists you have, and what agility! On my word of honor it seemed to me as if the very rocks were afraid of you, and trembled before you."

And the Prince began to describe to Madame Drommel the mighty deeds performed by her illustrious husband on their way to Fontainebleau.

He celebrated these in such flattering terms that the hero of the hour was intensely flattered.

"I have only one reproach to make to Monsieur Drommel," continued the Prince; "he did not admire the beauties of the forest sufficiently, and this same forest is a most lovely spot. If you could but see it by moonlight! And I really do not see why you can not—the night is mild, and there is moonlight. What do you say to a supper at Franchard? The wine of Ai, which you know is good, will go admirably with a *pâté* of truffled partridges which I have kept in my closet for some occasion that was worthy of its merits. O my dear friend, when you have once seen this forest by moonlight, you will not say again that it is not good for much!"

This proposition was welcomed as it deserved. The forest and moonlight reveal their full beauty to pedestrians only, and Monsieur Drommel and the Prince agreed to go part of the distance on foot, while Madame Drommel would go in a carriage to meet them in the Gorge d'Apremont, taking with her the bottles and the *pâté*, and then they would all go on together to Franchard.

"And you, handsome nephew of Aunt Dorothee, *naïve* child of Brie, and noble representative of the open-air school, will you not join the party?"

The *naïve* child began by refusing, alleging that he had business elsewhere; but Monsieur Drommel urged and insisted. He liked to be polite to people when he was not compelled to loosen his own purse-strings, and when others stood ready to defray the expenses. He was delighted that the wine of Ai and the partridge *pâté* of the Prince de Malaserra should serve, in some degree, to pay for the water-color. We have already said that he perfectly well understood these little combinations. Madame Drommel took no part in these debates, and seemed absolutely indifferent to the *dénouement*. She did not speak, but sat opening and shutting her fan, the sole depository of her thoughts.

"Ah, well! so be it, then," answered the young artist. "I care little for the wine and the *pâté*, but I do care lest I should seem obliging to you. I have, however, a holy horror of carriages of all kinds—this horror is another inheritance from Aunt Dorothee. I will follow the paths I know so well, where I shall be entirely at leisure, and can meditate on my delicious problem in solitude, for my problem is really delicious. It has a face like none other in the universe, round throat and rounder arms, a delicate waist and flexible figure, hair as golden as the sun, a smile that gives one a fever; and with all these attractions, a lonely little heart—a heart that is entirely empty—a heart to be let—oh, how happy would its tenant be if he had sense

enough to secure a lease for life! I assure you that I adore my problem, and I would give my very life to solve it, and possess it for my own, exclusively. I intend to get at the solution to-night, or the devil may take me and the open-air school! But this, gentlemen, will not prevent me from arriving before you do at Fontainebleau."

As he said this, he dashed from the dining-room.

"Upon my word, I think that young fellow is going mad!" said Monsieur Drommel to his wife.

"His madness does not displease me," she answered, in a quick way, for she seemed, for some reason or another, to have some difficulty in breathing just at that time.

It was half-past eleven when Monsieur Drommel and the Prince de Malaserra left the broad road from Barbison to enter the narrow, winding path which led through the gorges of Apremont. The moon, that had been invited to assist at this little *fête*, did her best to do honor to the Prince. She was charming, and most coquettish; she might have been a new moon manufactured for the occasion. She silvered the gravel-walk with her rays; she scattered her diamonds upon the blocks of granite. Black clouds passed over her, only to leave her sailing more serenely than ever through this dark, azure field; and sometimes she would disappear entirely, to reappear again and inundate the forest with her mysterious whiteness, her pale smile, and the sweetness of those long silences which Virgil sang.

When the two pedestrians reached the brow of the hill the Prince stood still, and, pointing to the ocean of verdure unrolled before them, "My friend," he said, "will you not admit the beauty of this scene, and do you not tremble before it?"

"Prince, I never tremble!" answered Monsieur Drommel. "That is not my way."

And he straightened his powerful neck, and placed a huge hand on either hip. He looked as if he were throwing down the gauntlet to the whole forest—as if he defied it to move Monsieur Drommel.

"What are you made of, my dear friend?" said the Prince. "Your heart is of oak, or of bronze. Now, I think this romance itself."

"Romance is a poison that enervates the blood, weakens the brain, and dulls the will," answered Monsieur Drommel in his sharp voice, whose intonations were somewhat softened by the respect due to a prince. "We Germans are coming round to where we ought to stand. Foolish people pretended once that the French had taken possession of the earth and the English the sea, and that to the Germans was left only the blue sky. But to-day the earth belongs to

us; before long we shall have the sea, and will leave the blue sky to whomsoever wants it. Strong, shrewd intellects in frames of steel are what are needed to govern the world. We have strength, we have Cæsar. We shall learn shrewdness, and Rome will live again in us."

Thus did Monsieur Drommel express himself, with noble energy, emphasizing his words by striking the ground with his foot. His two arms were outstretched to such an immense distance that the hands were almost lost to sight, and seemed to be threatening Senegal and China at one and the same time.

"I admit your strength, my dear friend; and as to shrewdness—ah! that is none of my business; but reverie has always been a weakness of mine."

"Distrust the temptation, Prince; distrust all vagueness of thought!" cried Monsieur Drommel. "It causes you to lose your way, as you have done now."

In fact, the Prince had wandered into a little by-path, which ended in a steep, breakneck sort of place, where it would have been the height of imprudence to venture at night.

"I know where I am going," he answered. "I know this forest as well as I do my own pocket."

"Allow me a word," said Monsieur Drommel. "A man like you can admit occasionally that he is in error without any mortification to himself. The Apremont Gorge is here before us. You pointed it out to me as we were coming back from Fontainebleau the other evening. I only need to see things once, and I never forget them."

The Prince de Malaserra was not willing to acknowledge his mistake, and endeavored to draw his companion farther on; but Monsieur Drommel was a man of strong convictions. Notwithstanding the effect produced on him by the two palaces and the finest olive-groves in all Sicily, and by the high-sounding name of Malaserra, his obstinacy was greater than his deference; and, for the first time, a slight altercation arose between the two friends. But the cloud was quickly dissipated. The Prince ended by admitting his error, and, with the best grace in the world, turned back. A moment later the sound of carriage-wheels was heard.

"It is my wife," said Monsieur Drommel. "She has come quicker than I supposed, and is waiting for us."

He was mistaken, for the carriage did not stop; it passed quickly toward the right, and the sound was soon lost in the distance.

"It looks, my dear friend," said the Prince, "as if we should find company at Franchard; the moon has many adorners."

The two men now turned into the wide road.

The piles of rocks over which they had clambered spread themselves widely apart. They had reached one of the loveliest spots in the forest. Before them, in the center of a level space, rose four or five enormous oaks, with gnarled and twisted branches, like huge arms writhing in tragic woe. These five patriarchs stood out against the moonlit sky, and contemplated their shadows sleeping at their feet on the greensward. Farther off were slender beeches with silvery bark, rising like phantoms from among dense underbrush. Ivy and brambles straggled over the ground; juniper-trees of extraordinary height were massed together, their foliage bristling and black. Some of them seemed to be angry, no one knew why; others were calmly conversing with the moon. One among them bore a startling resemblance to a huge cock with his head buried among his feathers; blocks of sandstone looked like masses of snow in the moonlight, seen here and there among the foliage. Maria Theresa's rock resembled a crouching Sphinx, ready to ask questions of passers-by, and to devour them if they did not answer correctly. Rocks and trees, oaks and junipers, all had an air as if they had been there since the creation; as if they had a past, and could tell many a story of the centuries that had gone over their heads, and expended upon them the fury of their tempests.

Although Monsieur Drommel considered that to admire was a wretched weakness, he could not deny that he was struck by the scene before him. He stood for some minutes examining the details of this marvelous spot, whose wild and savage beauty was the wonder of all who saw it. He was infinitely more impressed than he had been when he saw the same place by daylight, but he quickly gathered himself together again, and declared that French forests lacked a certain home look common to German woods, however small; that French oaks have always an artificial look, and that it is only in Germany that perfectly natural trees are found—trees, in fact, which have *Gemüth*. He added amiably that he was, however, quite gratified by this little expedition, and that, when one had as cicerone a Prince de Malaserra, any place on earth would seem lovely.

He now began to grow impatient. Madame Drommel had not come. He did not like to wait, and this was the first time she had ever inflicted this indignity upon him.

"Madame Drommel is really very essential to us," said the Prince at last. "Not only do we require her charming presence, but it is she who has the champagne and the *pâté*!"

He added that there was probably some mistake, that the coachman had undoubtedly taken a wrong road, and that under the circumstances

the wisest course would be to walk on to Franchard, which they could not fail to find. Monsieur Drommel answered, in the most absolute of voices, that his wife would never have swerved one iota from his instructions, and that it was absolutely impossible for her to take any other road than the one he had laid out for her, and that her departure must have been delayed by some unforeseen incident. He proposed to the Prince, therefore, to go back a little way on the road to Barbison and meet her. The Prince shrugged his shoulders, made a wry face, but consented.

Hardly had they gone a hundred feet, than he exclaimed:

"Look at that tree. You must admit that it is superb!"

He pointed to the tree which is known as the *Ragueur*, and which, as every one knows, is an enormous oak. But it is dead; it has laid down its arms, and said farewell to swelling buds and acorns. All that remains is a hollow trunk—leafless branches, covered with countless scars. In vain does Spring breathe her sweetest songs; she can not wake the old tree from its torpor, nor warm its withered heart, nor send the sap circulating through each twig. The birds shun it, for it has no leaves. For ages it has done battle against the wind, against the long, dreary winters, and against Destiny. It sleeps for evermore, and bears upon its worn brow a certain astonishment that the end has come. But, though dead, it stands upright, and is still solid on its feet; its defeat resembles a victory.

"I have seen larger trees than that in Switzerland," answered Monsieur Drommel; "and I am quite ready to bet that I can encircle it with my arms."

He ran with extended arms to the tree; but he soon realized that his words had been uttered with too much haste.

"I should like to know how much you lack of achieving it, though," said the Prince de Malaserra. "My dear friend, stay just as you are for a moment. I have a little way of measuring trees, and should like to try the experiment now."

Monsieur Drommel, fearing that he had offended his dear Prince by refusing twice to yield to his wishes, and by differing with him in opinion as many times, and now desirous of being forgiven for his temerity, consented with a smile on his lips to make the little experiment, the meaning of which, however, he did not fully grasp.

With bewildering agility, the Prince detached from his neck a long, stout scarf of red silk, the ends of which reached to his waist. One of the ends he tied tightly around Monsieur Drommel's left wrist, while that gentleman watched

him with astonished eyes. Then he carried the scarf around the trunk.

"I am much afraid that it is too short," he said; "and my little experiment will fail. Extend your right arm, please. The scarf will not be improved, but that is no great matter!"

In another minute Monsieur Drommel's right wrist was as tightly tied as the other.

"But my dear Prince," he said, "what does this prove? I really don't understand what you propose to do."

He could say no more, for the Prince, taking advantage of a moment when his mouth was wide open, had quickly inserted an India rubber gag, held by an elastic cord, which was quickly knotted behind the big head which had divined so much in this world, but had not divined this.

Then, with a stroke of his penknife, the Prince severed the slender leather band that held the small bag, which he opened to ascertain that the *rouleaux* of gold and the bank-notes were all safe.

Then, in a tone that was almost supplicating, and with an exquisite smile which Monsieur Drommel will never forget, and which Monsieur Drommel will often see in his dreams, he murmured:

"Excuse me, my dear friend—I will return them to you at Malaserra!"

And he disappeared.

VI.

OCCASIONALLY in life circumstances so utterly *bizarre*, so strange, and so unexpected take place that the first impulse is not to believe them. One feels as if one was not himself, and rubs his eyes with the hope of awakening; but, to rub one's eyes one must have one's hand free—and this blessing is not always conferred upon us! Monsieur Drommel was at first utterly confounded and bewildered by this adventure. He could not collect his thoughts nor his memory, and there seemed to be a great cloud between himself and the universe. He first thought of Goerlitz and his garden, his arbor covered with honeysuckles, and was tempted to cry out, "Ada, bring me my slippers, and then go as quickly as possible to the printers and tell the lazy fellows to send me my proof." The garden disappeared, and he saw a glade in the forest where two men were walking and talking in the moonlight. One was a sociologist, who had made synthesis his study; the other was a Sicilian prince, and the Prince treated the sociologist as his equal, which much flattered that august personage. At this moment a large butterfly that had mistaken the moon for the sun, and had forgotten to go to bed, alighted on his brow. He wished to drive it away but could not, and

thus made the discovery that his two hands were tied by the two ends of the scarf, and that he was the prisoner of the oak. He looked at the tree and the tree looked at him. He was upon the point of asking his dear Prince to deliver him, but, as his memory and ideas grew clearer, he realized that it was his noble friend who had fastened him to this tree before he robbed him of his purse and then disappeared. He saw him running still, and he heard the dull sound made by the clanking contents of that bag as it was carried by the long legs of the Prince through the underbrush and across the forest; and Monsieur Drommel made the judicious reflection that, with each minute that elapsed, this bag was more surely disappearing, and that between him and it there would soon be a long distance.

Then his blood began to boil in his veins. It seemed to him that were he free his anger would quadruple his strength, and that he had seven-league boots which would enable him to overtake the robber, muscles of steel with which he could seize him, and iron hands to choke him. As these thoughts surged through his mind, he made a violent effort to disengage himself. The tree did not release him, but held him close prisoner. The tree had been insulted by being compared to the dwarfed and stunted growth of Switzerland, and was now disposed to take its revenge—and vengeance is sweet to the hearts of old trees, even when they are dead.

Then Monsieur Drommel realized the uselessness of his efforts, and that German gymnastics were conquered. He felt a rush of hot rage, and was as if suffocated by his feeling of impotence, added to the humiliation of having been so duped—the shame of having believed in the olive-trees and oranges of Malaserra, and the bitter regret of being deceived by a counterfeit prince, a swindler who at this moment was probably bursting with laughter at his dear friend. If he had not had a gag in his mouth, he would have uttered a more terrible cry than that which on the plains of Ilion terrified the Greeks and the Trojans, but his cry was choked in its birth. Again did the oak look at Monsieur Drommel and Monsieur Drommel at the oak. The tree had the air of saying, "Do you remember, my great sociologist, that selection is the law of this world, and that there is nothing in this world so sacred as the right of the strongest?" The fact is, the tree could say nothing, but that did not prevent it from thinking a great deal. Who can tell what goes on in the heart of a dead oak? Monsieur Drommel gradually grew calmer. "She will come soon," he thought, "for it is impossible that she should not come!" It was of his wife that he spoke;

and, truth to tell, he was somewhat disturbed by the idea of the condition, so unworthy of himself, in which she would find him. She would have some difficulty in recognizing her master and her god; she would pity, and his prestige would be injured. He racked his brain in order to find some explanation which would save his dignity. Meanwhile, fifteen minutes succeeded to fifteen minutes, and still Madame Drommel did not come, nor did any other person. Only the wind, that indefatigable prowler who comes and goes, brushing with its wings the summits of the trees, shaking the nuts from the beech-trees, stripping off the leaves, and revealing the secrets of the nests, and saying to the startled birds: "Do not be troubled—I am the wind. I am on my never-ending, eternal pilgrimage!"

What was Madame Drommel doing that she did not make her appearance? How was it that a wife, so faithful and devoted as she, was not warned by a secret presentiment of the frightful agony of mind and body which the object of her affectionate worship was now suffering? A fearful thought entered Monsieur Drommel's mind. He remembered certain words dropped by his dear Prince, the admiration with which Madame Drommel had inspired this rascal, and the attentions he had shown her at dinner. Had not this monster himself confessed that he was born with a fatal disposition to covet the wives of other men? It seemed to him that this pick-pocket was also a Don Juan, who had stolen both his wife and his purse, and that the coachman at Fontainebleau was in league with the ravisher who had borne the dear Ada to some desolate spot, where she was now repelling the advances of the false Prince, and crying out:

"Johannes, my eternal love, defend me!"

He was seized by a new transport of rage—he gathered together all his strength, and made one last effort to break his fetters. Not being able to speak to his tree, he said with his eyes:

"Don't you see that I must hasten after her?"

But his tree did not waver, and the scarf did not yield. It was of excellent quality; the Prince de Malaserra never bought anything that was not of the very best.

Monsieur Drommel's despair was transformed by degrees into stupor. He turned his head and looked down the forest glades with haggard eyes. It seemed to him that people were there mocking him. The five tall oaks which he could see afar off were talking about him. They thought the *Ragueur* had shown great energy, and that no one could ask more of a dead tree than that it should play such a capital trick on a German sociologist. The junipers stood on tiptoe to contemplate the scene, that they might afterward

describe it. The one that looked like a large cock no longer had its head tucked under its black plumage—it was wide awake and much interested. The white stones lifted themselves from amid the dry grass to gaze upon him with mournful and centenarian eyes. The moon looked down upon him with ironical questions in her gaze. Just at her side was a small, bright star—her page; this star danced with delight, so greatly was it amused. Monsieur Drommel was indignant at all this insolent curiosity. He felt that the inviolable majesty of German sociology was insulted in his person. He thought of the Krupp cannon, and called to his succor the great German Empire and its omnipotent chancellor. Unfortunately, the German empire was just at that moment otherwise occupied. It was whistling a little hunting-song, and was ready to set its dogs on something or some one. It was sharpening its sight to discover what was going on at St. Petersburg, and listening with all its ears to hear what was said at Vienna. In short, Monsieur Drommel claimed its assistance in vain; the German Empire did not move, and the Krupp cannon were undisturbed. Physical sufferings are often a useful diversion from mental and moral woes. Monsieur Drommel, it must be admitted, was not precisely cold, for this October night was really most exceptionally warm and soft. He was comfortably dressed, moreover, and was probably all the warmer by reason of his excessive anger; but the constrained and motionless attitude in which he was compelled to stand impeded the circulation of his blood. He felt the most outrageous tingling all over his person, and his two collar-bones pained him severely. He felt faint and ill, and could fix his mind on nothing. It seemed to him that his brain was empty; that the sublime theories which his pride had so haughtily enunciated had faded like smoke, and vanished like a cloud. There was nothing left in his head but a horde of common maxims, trivial and worn, such as can be picked up at the corners of the streets, and for which he had always professed the most profound contempt. Apparently, Monsieur Taconet was right when he said that the commonplace was the foundation of life, as Monsieur Drommel now spent his time in meditating over aphorisms like the following:

"A man is only truly free when he can dispose of his own legs and arms."

"If my legs were free, I could overtake my wife and my bag; and, if my arms were free, I could strangle the thief."

"Genius is the most useless thing in the world when one's wrists are tied."

"Property is sacred; those who take the property of others are rascals."

"When a man has a wife, he wishes to keep her for himself."

"All false princes deserve to be crucified."

"Life is full of mischances; but the greatest mischance of all is to find one's self tied to a big tree that is deaf, and won't reply because it is dumb, in which it resembles Fate, which is also deaf and dumb, and never answers a question that is addressed to it!"

Slightly romantic as was Monsieur Drommel, he, like the Prince de Malaserra, was somewhat uncertain in his mind. The momentarily increasing pain he felt in his shoulders and his arms affected his mind. He saw the moon sink behind a hill, and his thoughts were as dark as the Apremont Gorge. He half lost consciousness, which was a blessing to him, for he ceased to count the hours and the minutes, and the time thus passed with more rapidity.

He recovered his senses at daybreak. The freshness of the morning dissipated his somnolency. He opened his eyes and slowly lifted them. The first thing he saw was a squirrel, which, perched on the highest branches of a pine-tree, with its tail curled up over its head like a plume, was watching him with its sharp, quick eyes, and with rapt attention.

This squirrel, we are inclined to believe, had never seen a sociologist before, and was glad to behold one—glad to see how they were made—even if he could not speak to them. As soon as his curiosity was satisfied, he turned a somersault and disappeared.

Monsieur Drommel looked down, and saw, just even with his chin, something which struck him as being really very curious. There were certain letters engraved on the bark of the *Raguer*. You can go and look at them, for they are there still. These characters formed the following inscription:

"A. D.
H. L.
'79.
Sempres."

This word Sempres startled him. He looked about him, and realized that the spot where he was—the dead oak, the path which disappeared in a pine-grove—he had seen before; they were in some picture, possibly. And what one? A charming water-color sketch. In this sketch a lover was kneeling at the feet of a lady. The hair of the lady was blonde, and she wore a straw-colored dress, and carried a red parasol. He remembered, moreover, that the evening previous, as he was walking near a summer-house, he had heard a youthful masculine voice say, "You admit that he is a fool?" How was it proved

that this fool was Monsieur Taconet? A little later the same youth had said, "I asked four, but I must insist on three." Did this mean three hundred francs? Monsieur Drommel remembered also that he had seen a woman, whose name was Ada, with blazing cheeks, and in a great state of agitation.

His veins ran liquid fire. Jealousy clutched him with her fierce, strong grasp, and held him even more firmly than his wrists were held by the Prince de Malaserra's scarf.

It seemed to him that all he had suffered during that night of misery was nothing compared to what he had felt for the last two minutes. All the souvenirs that he evoked swam through his brain, and finally resulted in culminating proof. It seemed to him as clear as day that Mademoiselle Dorothee's nephew had mocked him, and that the inscription he beheld carved on the tree meant just this:

"October 1, 1879. Ada Drommel and Henri Lestoc have called this great oak to witness that they will love each other for ever."

A sound of approaching steps was heard, and a man who had risen early to gather mushrooms was seen coming up the road.

This man, who had enormous eyebrows, stood still in amazement. He shaded his eyes with both hands. Was it possible—did he see a great oak before him, and a great man tied to it?

"What is this I see?" he exclaimed. "This is certainly a kind of synthesis which is both unexpected and droll!" He added: "Yesterday, if I am not greatly in error, my dear sir, you suggested that I was *de trop*. Shall I go away now, or have you changed your opinion?"

No answer, and for excellent reasons. He continued to advance, and soon realized the position of things, and proceeded to relieve Monsieur Drommel from his gag. Then all the anger and impotent rage gradually accumulating in the heart of the prisoner burst forth: it was a torrent—it was an avalanche!

"They are blackguards and rascals!" he shouted; "you know them—stop them! I had five thousand francs in my bag! I counted them only yesterday morning. Telegraph, for he is an impostor—a pasteboard prince. They have cheated me abominably. Mademoiselle Dorothee is a scamp; the open-air school is a sink of iniquity! You know very well that she has a straw-colored dress and a red parasol, just like the water-color. Give a description—she can't have gone far—her foot is lame. I told you it was entirely new, that it was hung round my neck by a cord which she cut with a penknife. They have taken everything, robbed me of everything. Your forest is a den of thieves—a cutthroat gorge—I will tell it to every one; I will write it,

and the whole universe shall know it. I am not a man to be trifled with, and, when I have him by his blonde mustache, I will pick it out hair by hair! You need not believe one word they tell you. They lie like all other *asinus*—they have no more shame than a *danseuse* would naturally have. Those dance well who dance last. Do you understand?—a red parasol, and the other who thinks himself so handsome, with his pale skin and olive-trees? If the police would catch him, he would be locked up for twenty years and more. Are you simple enough to believe in his olive-trees? I tell you there is no more Malaserra in Sicily than there is in my eye. *Mille tonnerres!* What shall I do to stop them? I want them both imprisoned, beaten, and then hanged!"

At these words Monsieur Taconet interrupted him, saying:

"*Vee dicou gentilastre au nom de Dious ne me touguas grou.*—Didn't I tell you that sociologists talk Limousin sometimes?"

Monsieur Drommel did not listen; he continued his tirade: the words streamed from his lips, tumbling one over the other. His harangue was a mixture of his wife, his money, Lestoc's blonde mustache, and the black beard of the Prince de Malaserra, the open-air school and pickpockets, courts and prisons, the law and the universe. During all this time Monsieur Taconet was busy loosening the knots, and when he had finished he said, with a smile that was almost too scoffing:

"Of what are you complaining, my great philosopher? Do you believe no longer in elective affinities? Your specie and your wife are now in rapid circulation, and yet you are not content! Upon my word, you are a most difficult man to please!" He changed his tone, however, when he saw that the poor philosopher could not stand; that he was pale, trembling, and half-fainting. Repenting of his jest, Taconet helped him to the bank on the side of the road, and, drawing out a pocket-flask, made him take two or three swallows. He mentally compared himself, as he did this, to the good Samaritan.

The liquor produced a magical effect. In a wink Monsieur Drommel recovered his strength and all the vivacity that characterized him. The first thing he did was to seize his preserver by the throat.

"You are a police-officer," he cried; "I hold you responsible for the whole!"

"You are mistaken," answered Monsieur Taconet; "you must apply to my successor."

"All, then, are impostors in this country—police-officers as well as princes!"

"I was a police-officer—I am one no longer. But, upon my word, my dear sir, I really must

call you a most unpleasant person. Although I was totally without proof, I yet had my suspicions in regard to this Prince de Malaserra, whose face did not please me. I was disposed to confide these suspicions to you, but you sent me to the devil, and now you wish to strangle me. But your misfortune is not so great as you think. Monsieur Lestoc is a very nice fellow, quite incapable of running away with anybody's wife; he never goes far with any woman, or, if he does, he brings her back soon. You will find Madame Drommel again. As to the money-bag, that is a very different matter, and I shall not undertake to answer for that; but if I can help you in any way—"

Monsieur Drommel did not want to hear more. He thought he had been opening his heart to an emissary of the law, and he was unspeakably annoyed at having displayed all his misfortunes to an ordinary individual who went by the name of Monsieur Taconet. And, turning upon him a look of supreme contempt, and without deigning to accept the assistance of his offered arm, Monsieur Drommel took his way toward Barbison with a truly Olympian majesty which the ex-police-officer was forced to admit.

He had told the truth, this Monsieur Taconet. It is quite certain that Monsieur Drommel was not long in finding his wife. At the first turn in the road he met her running toward him. The meeting was tragic, but the protestations she made and the innocent look in her fine eyes disarmed his indignation. She declared that she had started in the carriage at the hour agreed upon, and that she had waited for him in the Apremont Gorge; and finally, as he did not come, she went on with the feeling that she should soon overtake him. When she reached Franchard, she went on to say, she met there Monsieur Lestoc, whom she at once sent in search of her dear Johannes, while she waited in an agony of suspense.

Little Lestoc, who appeared at this moment, confirmed her tale in every particular; and as to the inscription on the *Ragucur*, he represented to Monsieur Drommel that there are coincidences so strange, sometimes, that even the wisest intelligences find it impossible to explain them. Monsieur Drommel examined the coachman in secret, who confirmed the double deposition of the two previous witnesses. The man had, to be sure, a crafty, cunning look, but all the coachmen at Fontainebleau have much the same expression. It was not, of course, worth while to attach much importance to the suspicious testimony of a wood-cutter who happened to be in the environs of Franchard when Madame Drommel reached there, and this woodcutter declared that the lady was not alone, and that he dis-

tinctly saw a young man seated by her side in the carriage. What would become of the reputation of our women if we accepted as gospel truth all that the wood-cutters say?

Monsieur Drommel took the wisest course—he forswore all his hazardous suspicions, and believed firmly in the open-air school. Little Lestoc ended by working his way into his good graces, by assisting him in every step which he took to recover his money, and finally by opening his purse and lending Monsieur Drommel five thousand francs.

He succeeded so well in making Monsieur Drommel like him that he was requested by that gentleman to go to Italy with himself and his wife. The young man regretted that important business kept him in Paris just then, but agreed to meet him in Venice. Madame Drommel smiled as she bade him adieu; she will smile again when she meets him in Italy, and in the spring they will be one party. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

As to the bag, it was quite another thing. It was impossible to find it again, and equally impossible to lay hands on the Prince de Malaserra. An excellent lady declares she met him in the *Gorge aux Néfliers*, or some one who was exactly like him. We, however, stand ready to affirm that he is not in the forest now, any more than is the Black Huntsman who once appeared there to Henri Quatre, or Gargantua's mare.

We are told that a certain communist, one

who claimed to be one to the backbone—who cried out in his writings for an equal division of property—chanced to inherit some sixty thousand francs. He published a second edition of his book, in which he demonstrated that, on second thoughts and maturer deliberation, he had concluded that it would be more equitable and more humane if only those fortunes were divided which yielded more than three thousand francs income. Monsieur Drommel was never guilty of such appalling inconsistency as this.

He inserted in "The Light" an explanatory article, intended to show that Government alone has the right to put specie in circulation, and that in future all thieves are to be kept under lock and key; he proposed also that they should be occasionally bastinadoed. He is, at this precise moment, publishing an account of his travels. He declares in his preface that, in spite of all that has been said, France is not essentially and absolutely corrupt; that one constantly meets there young artists who are overflowing with talent and amiability, but that, in contrast to such persons, there are a large number of innkeepers and French police-officers in service or recently discharged who are thorough rascals, and who richly merit some severe castigation which would teach them the respect inferior races owe to superior ones.

"Patience!" say Panurge and Monsieur Taconet.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ (*Revue des Deux Mondes*).

THE SHAKESPEAREAN MYTH.

CONCLUDING PAPER.—EXTRA SHAKESPEAREAN THEORIES.

II.

"To save a Mayd St. George a Dragon slew—
A pretty tale, if all that's told be true;
Most say there are no Dragons, and, 'tis said,
There was no George—pray Heaven there was a Mayd!"

THE BACONIAN THEORY.

ASIDE from any *opinion* as to their value, beauty, or eloquence, there are two characteristics of the Shakespearean works which, under the calmest and most sternly judicial treatment to which they could possibly be subjected, are so prominent as to be beyond gainsay or neglect. These two characteristics are—1. The encyclopedic universality of their information as to matters of fact; and, 2. The scholarly refinement of the style displayed in them. Their claim

to eloquence and beauty of expression, after all, is a question of taste; and we may conceive of whole peoples—as, for example, the Zooloos or the Ashantees—impervious to any admiration for the Shakespearean plays on that account. But this familiarity with what, at their date, was the Past of history, and—up to that date—the closed book of past human discovery and research which we call learning, is an open and indisputable fact; and the New-Zealander who shall sit on a broken arch of London Bridge and muse over the ruins of British civilization, if he carry his

researches back to the Shakespearean literature, will be obliged to find that the writer was in perfect possession of the scholarship antecedent to his own date, and of the accumulated learning of the world down to his own actual day. Moreover, this scholar would not be compelled to this decision only by a careful examination of the entire Shakespearean opera. He will be forced to so conclude on an examination of any one, or, at the most, of any given group of single plays. Let him open at random, and fall upon, let us say, the "Julius Cæsar." Even the artificial Alexander Pope (who, so far from being an over-estimator of the Shakespearean works, only, from the heights of his superior plane, admits them very grudgingly to a rank beside the works of Waller) was obliged to confess as much. "This Shakespeare," says Mr. Pope, "must have been very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners, of antiquity. In 'Coriolanus' and 'Julius Cæsar,' not only the spirit, but the manner of the Romans is exactly drawn; and, still a nicer distinction is shown between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former and of the latter. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it. Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shown more learning in this way than Shakespeare."* But, if the New-Zealander be a philologist, he will scarcely need perusal of more than a Shakespearean page to arrive at this judgment. Wherever else the verdict of scholarship may err, the microscope of the philologist can not err. Like the skill of the chirographical expert, it is infallible, because, just as the hand of a writer, however cramped, affected, or disguised, will unconsciously make its native character of curve or inclination, so the speech of a man will be molded by his familiarity, be it greater or less, with the studies, learning, tastes, and conceits of his own day, and by the models before him. He can not unconsciously follow models that are unknown to him, or speak in a language he has never learned. Young Chatterton deceived the most profound scholars of his day, and his manuscripts stood every test but this; but under it they revealed the fact, so soon to receive the mournful corroboration of history, that they were only the forgeries of a precocious boy. To just as moral a certainty are the handiwork of the Elohist and the Jehovist discernible in the Hebrew Scriptures, and just as absolutely incapable of an alternative explanation are the ear-marks of the Shakespearean text. Hallam, whose eyes were never opened to the truth, and who lived and died innocent of any anti-Shakespearean theory (though he sighed for a "Shakespeare of

heaven," turning in disgust from the "Shakespeare of earth," of whom only he could read in history), noticing the phrases, unintelligible and improper, except in the sense of their primitive roots, which occur so copiously in the plays, proceeds to say: "In the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' these are much less frequent than in his later dramas; but here we find several instances. Thus, 'Things base and vile, holding no quantity' (for *value*); rivers that 'have overborne their continents' (the *continenti riva* of Horace); 'compact of imagination'; 'something of great constancy' (for *consistency*); 'sweet Pyramus translated there'; 'the law of Athens, which by no means we may extenuate,' etc. I have considerable doubts," continues Mr. Hallam, "whether any of these expressions would be found in the contemporary prose of Elizabeth's reign, which was less overrun with pedantry than that of her successor. Could authority be produced for Latinisms so forced, it is still not very likely that one who did not understand their proper meaning would have introduced them into poetry."** When we remember the coarseness of social speech in those days, even in the highest walks of life—we happen to have very graphic accounts of some of Queen Elizabeth's sayings and retorts courteous—it requires considerable credulity to assign this classic diction to a rustic apprentice from Stratford, who, at "about eighteen," begins his dramatic labors, fresh from the shambles, and with no hiatus for a college course between.

Add to this the patent fact that the antique allusions in the plays "have not regard to what we may call 'school classics,' but to authors seldom perused but by profound scholars"† even to-day, and technical exploration, however far it proceeds beyond this in the Shakespearean text, can bring evidence only cumulative as to the result already obtained. But, if we pass from the technical structure to the material of the plays, we are confronted with the still more amazing discovery that not only the lore of the past was at the service of their author, but that he had no less an access to secrets supposed to be locked in the very womb of Time, the discoveries of which, in the as yet distant future, were to immortalize their first sponsors. For example, Dr. Harvey does not announce—what is credited to him‡—his discovery

* "Literature of Europe," Part II, ch. vi, sec. 81.

† Smith, p. 85.

‡ Though not, perhaps, universally nowadays. The late John Elliotson declared that the circulation through the lungs had certainly been taught seventy years previously by Servetus, who was burned at the stake in 1553. Dr. Robert Willis asserts, in his "Life of Harvey," that the facts he used were familiarly known to most of his predecessors for nearly a century previous. Izak Walton states that Harvey got the idea of circulation from Walter Warner, the mathematician; and that eminent physi-

* Smith, p. 86.

of the circulation of the blood in the human system until 1619 (his book was not published until 1628), three years after William Shakespeare's death. But why need Dr. Harvey have resorted to vivisection to make his "discovery"? He need only have taken down his "Shakespeare." Is there anything in Dr. Harvey any more exactly definite than the following:

"I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man:
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."

—*Coriolanus, Act I, Scene 1.*

"... had baked thy blood, and made it heavy-thick
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins").

—*King John, Act III, Scene 3.*

"... As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

—*Julius Caesar, Act II, Scene 1.*

Harvey's discovery, however, is said to have been the theory of Galen, Paracelsus, and Hippocrates (who substituted the *liver* for the *heart*), and to have been held also by Rabelais. Neither Galen, Paracelsus, Hippocrates, nor Rabelais was a text-book at Stratford grammar-school during the two terms Mr. De Quincey placed William Shakespeare as a pupil there—but William has them at his fingers' ends.

There are said to be no less than seventy-eight passages in the plays wherein this fact of the circulation of the blood is distinctly alluded to; and, as to Galen and Paracelsus, they intrude themselves unrestrictedly all through the plays without the slightest pretext or excuse:

"*Parvles.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

"*Lafeu.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows."

—*All's Well that Ends Well, Act II, Scene 3.*

"*Host of the Garter Inn.* What says my *Æsculapius*?
my Galen?"

—*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Scene 3.*

And so on.* Are we to believe that this sometime

cian, John Hunter, remarks that Servetus first, and Realdu Columbus afterward, clearly announced the circulation of the blood through the lungs; and Cissalpinus, many years before Harvey, published, in three different works, all that was wanting in Servetus to make the circulation complete. Wotton says that Servetus was the first, as far as he could learn, who had a distinct idea of this matter. Even the Chinese were impressed with this truth some four thousand years before Europeans dreamed of it. Plato affirmed—"the heart being the knot of the veins, and the fountain from whence the blood arises and briskly circulates through all the members." This, however, rather adds to than lessens the strength of the argument drawn from finding the "discovery" in the plays.

* In "King Henry VI," Part II, Act II, Scene 2, the

butcher's boy and later stage manager has his head so brimming full of his old Greek and philosophers that he can not for a moment miss their company, and makes his very panders and publicans prate of them? Even if it were the commonest thing in the world nowadays, in 1880, for our Mr. Boucicault or Mr. Daly to write a play expressly to catch the taste of the *canaille* of the Old Bowery (or, for that matter, of the urbane and critical audiences of Wallack's or the Union Square), and stuff all the low comedy parts with recondite classical allusion (for this is precisely what William Shakespeare is said to have done for the unroofed playhouse in the mud of the Banks in London, some three hundred years ago or less, and to have coined a fortune at)—even, we say, if it were the simplest thing in the world to imagine this sort of playwriting to-day, would it be a wilder flight of fancy to suggest a pale student in London in the days of Queen Elizabeth, somewhere among the garrets of Gray's Inn, writing dialogues into which Galen and Paracelsus would intrude unbidden—and a stage manager letting them stay there as doing no harm (or, may be, taking them for names of dogs or wenches—at any rate, as good, mouth-filling words to be paid for at the lowest market price)* than to conceive a twelfth manager and proprietor of this home of the Muses, and whilom sticker of calves, after the day's labor, shunning his cups and the ribald mirth-making of those

erudite Bardolph and a classical page make a learned blunder about Althea, whom they inadvertently misplace for Hecuba.

* Shakespeare married a woman older than himself. Why should he call attention to the fact, publish it to the rabble, or record it on his stage whenever he found opportunity?

See "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act I, Scene 1, "O, spite, too old to be engaged to young!" etc. Again, "Too old, by Heaven! Let still the woman take an elder than herself." Again, "Then let thy love be younger than thyself," etc., etc. ("Twelfth Night," Act II, Scene 4.)

It is very difficult to suppose that Shakespeare should have wantonly in public insulted his own wife (however he might snub her in private); though it is very easy to imagine his passing it over in another man's manuscript in hurried perusal in the green-room."—*Chambers's Journal, August 7, 1852, p. 89.*

Mr. Grant White, who is apparently willing to sacrifice anybody's reputation if he can thereby prove his William to have been a prodigy of virtue no less than of genius, has explained the "second best bed" by suggesting that, at the time of the hurried marriage, a husband had to be provided for Mistress Hathaway without loss of time, and that little Susannah was as much of a surprise to William as to anybody. In other words, that Anne was no better than she should be. But we think this is unnecessary. "The premature Susannah was William Shakespeare's favorite child, and he, at least, never doubted her paternity, for he left her the bulk of his fortune in his will."

sad dogs, his fellow managers, to seek (in the solitude of his library and Greek manuscripts), the choice companionship of this same Galen and Paracelsus?

Newton, who was only born in 1642—twenty-six years after Shakespeare was laid away in his tomb—surely need not have lain under his apple-tree in the orchard at Woolsthorpe waiting for the falling fruit to reveal the immutable truth of gravitation. He had but to take down his copy of "*Troilus and Cressida*" (printed in 1609) to open to the law itself, as literally stated as he himself could have formulated it:

"*Cressida*. . . But the strong base and building of
my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it."

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act IV, Scene 2.

Are we called upon to tax our common sense to fancy our manager, on one of his evenings at home after the play at the Globe was over, snugly in his library, out of hearing of the ribaldry of his fellows over their cups, stumbling upon the laws of the circulation of the blood and of gravitation, engrossing them "without blotting out a line," and sending the "copy" to the actors so that they could commit it to memory for the stage on the following evening?

What a library it was—that library up among the flies (if they had such things) of the old Globe Theatre! What an Elihu Burritt its owner must have been to snatch from his overworked life—from the interval between the night's performance and the morning's routine—the hours to labor over Galen and Paracelsus and Plato in the original Greek! It was miracle enough that the learned blacksmith at his forge, in the nineteenth century, surrounded with libraries and when books could be had for the purchasing, could have mastered all the known languages. But that William Shakespeare, with only two terms at Stratford school (or, let us say, twenty years at Stratford school, or at the University of Oxford—for there is as much evidence that he was at Oxford as that he was at Stratford school) *without* books, since there were no books purchasable, should have known everything that was written in books! Surely there never was such a miracle as this!

"He was the prophet of geology," says Ful-
lom,* "before it found an exponent in Werner":

"O Heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times

* "History of William Shakespeare, Player and Poet, with New Facts and Traditions." By W. S. Ful-
lom. London: Saunders, Otley & Co., 66 Brook Street.
1864.

Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beauly girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips."*

And yet William Shakespeare had but two terms of Thomas Jenkins and Stratford school! And, Mr. Malone believed, had never even gone as far into the classics as to have read Tacitus!†

What was, or what was not, taught at this marvelous Stratford school, "two terms" of which—between his poaching and his beer-bouting—were all the schooling William Shakespeare ever had, according to all his biographies? (We say, all he ever had, because his father was so illiterate that he signed everything with a mark, and so did his mother, and so did the rest of William's family; and the boy William was too busy at skylarking—according to those who knew him—to have had much opportunity of private instruction at the parental knee, even had the parental acquirements been adequate.) Were the theory and practice of the common law taught there? "Legal phrases flow from his pen," says Mr. Grant White, "as a part of his vocabulary, and parcel of his thought. . . . This conveyancer's jargon ('fine and recovery,' 'tenure,' 'fee simple,' 'fee farm,' etc., etc.) could not have been picked up by hanging around the courts in London, two hundred and fifty years ago, when suits as to the title of real property were comparatively rare. And, besides, Shakespeare uses his law just as freely in his early plays, written in his first London years, as in those produced at a later period."‡ And not only in the technique, but in the groundwork of "that mighty and abstruse science, the law of England," is he perfect. A Chief Justice of England has declared that "while novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he expounded it, there can neither be demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error."§ Were medicine and surgery taught there? Dr. Bucknill|| asserted in 1860 that it has been possible to compare "Shakespeare's knowledge with the most advanced knowledge of the present day." All these arts, sciences, and literature must

* "King Henry IV," Part II, Act III, Scene 1.

† "Appletons' Journal," June, 1879, p. 487, note.

‡ "Memoir," p. 47. And see "Was Shakespeare a Lawyer?" By H. T—. London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer, 1871.

§ "Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements," Lord Campbell, p. 108. And see "Shakespeare a Lawyer," by W. L. Rushton. London, 1858.

|| "Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare." J. C. Bucknill, M. D. London, 1860.

have been mastered by our sleepless Shakespeare, either at Stratford school, or in the midst of his London career, when operating two theatres, reading plays for his stage, editing them, engrossing the parts for his actors, and acting himself. And Mr. Cohn will have it that he took no holiday either, but visited Germany with his troupe in the London vacations, coining money as he went.*

The classical course conducted by Master Jenkins must have been far more advanced than is common in our modern colleges, in Columbia or Harvard, for example. For not only did Rowe and Knight find traces in Shakespeare of the *Electra* of Sophocles, Colman of Ovid, Farmer of Horace and Virgil, Steevens of Plautus, and White of Euripides, which are read to-day in those universities; but Pope found traces of Dares and Phrygius, and Malone of Lucretius, Status and Catullus—which are not ordinarily used as text-books to-day in our colleges. But were the modern languages also taught by this myriad-minded Jenkins? Mr. Grant White says emphatically, No! "Italian and French, we may be sure, were *not* taught at Stratford school."† And yet William Shakespeare borrowed copiously from Boccaccio, Cinthio, and Belleforest. Was agriculture taught there too, and politics, and the art of war?

* "Shakespeare in Germany." By Albert Cohn. London and Berlin: Asher & Co., 1865.

† "Memoir," p. xxi. Ulrici (vol. i, p. 255) says (quoting Klein) that the author of "Romeo and Juliet" must have read "Hadriana," a tragedy by an Italian named Grotto, and Mr. Grant White points out ("Shakespeare," vol. i, p. xxiii) that Iago's speech, "Who steals my purse, steals trash," etc., is a perfect paraphrase of a stanza in Berni's "Orlando Innamorato," of which poem, says Mr. White, to this day (1864) there is no English version. Mr. White furnishes a translation of the stanza of Berni, which is certainly startlingly like. And yet Mr. White clings to his Stratford school, where "Beeston" told Aubrey that William Shakespeare was once a schoolmaster. Perhaps Mr. White refuses to be converted because he has discovered that Dr. Farmer discovered that, when in the "Taming of the Shrew" Travis quotes Terence: "He is inaccurate, and gives the passage not as it appears in the text of the Latin dramatist, but as it is misquoted in the Latin grammar of William Lily; whose accidence was in common use among our forefathers when William Shakespeare was a boy." (Id., p. xx.) But, though somebody has suggested that William might have risen to be "head boy" at Stratford grammar-school, and been in that capacity intrusted with hearing the lessons of the smaller boys, whence the schoolmaster story may have arisen, the Beeston story has been rejected by all the commentators with a unanimity of which, we believe, it is the only instance, in case of a Shakespearean detail. So far as we know, there has been but one effort to prove that William Shakespeare was a university man. (See "Some Shakespearean and Spenserian MSS.," "American Whig Review," December, 1851.)

We are entitled to ask these questions, for it must be remembered that, before the appearance of the Shakespearean dramas, there was practically no literature written in the English tongue. To use the words of Macaulay, "A person who did not read Latin and Greek could read nothing, or next to nothing. . . . The Italian was the only modern language which possessed anything that could be called a literature."* One possessing, then, merely "small Latin and less Greek," could not have written "Shakespeare." Still less could he have written it out of Gower and Chaucer, and the shelf-full of English books that made up all there was of English letters. But, if the Stratford grammar school confined its teachings to the pages of the English Bible alone, it worked wonders, for Bishop Wadsworth goes so far as to declare, that "take the entire range of English literature—put together our best authors, who have written on subjects not professedly religious, and we shall not find, I believe, in them all, printed so much evidence of the Bible being read and used, as in Shakespeare alone;† and William Shakespeare had little opportunity for self-education except these two terms at Stratford school; he was a lad-of-all-work at the Bankside Theatre when a mere child. He was only fifty-two years old when he died. He was one of sixteen partners in certain theatrical establishments in London, in the years when he must have put all this multitudinous learning, he had carried in his head so long, on paper. He was so active, industrious, and shrewd in those years, that he alone of the sixteen was able to retire with a fortune—to purchase lands and a grant of arms for his father (whence he himself might become an esquire by descent); and, in the years of leisure after his retirement, he wrote only three or four epitaphs, which no other graduate of Stratford school would probably have cared to claim. It has only been within the last few years that hardy spirits—like Nathaniel Holmes—whose education had led them to look judicially backward from effects to causes—and whose experience had impressed them with the idea that most effects come in natural procession from causes somewhere—were courageous enough to seek the solution of this mystery—not in what is called the "internal evidence" of the plays themselves, but in the circumstances and surroundings, that is to say, in the external evidence of their date and production.

The Baconian theory is simply that, so far as the records of the Elizabethan period are accessible, there was but one man in England, and at the dates at which this Shakespearean literature

* "Essays," Lord Bacon.

† "Shakespeare's Use of the Bible," Charles Wadsworth, p. 27. London, 1864.

appeared, who could have produced it.* The history of Bacon's life, his massive acquirements, his profound scholarship even as a child, his advantages of foreign travel, his ambitious acquaintance with the court, and, joined to all, his dire necessities and his successive retirements (the dates of which, when collated, coincide with the dates at which the plays—tallying in matter with the circumstantial surroundings of Bacon's life—appeared): all this need not be recapitulated here. He was born and bred in the atmosphere of libraries, and, while William Shakespeare was poaching on the Avon banks, the little Francis was impressed with the utter inadequacy of Aristotle's methods to grapple with modern needs, and meditating its superseding with labors of his own. Now, the gray-haired Queen, who in youth had called him her little Lord Keeper, will not lift a hand to aid him in his poverty, or to advance him in the State, regarding him as a man of study rather than of practice and experience; and so Bacon is known to have remained, bemoaning (as he himself says in a letter to Burleigh, written in 1592) "the meanness of my [his] estate; for though I can not accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful, yet my health is not to spend, nor my course to get."† This is the very year, 1592, in which Robert Greene "discovers that a new poet has arisen who is becoming the only shake-scene in a county"; and so far forgets himself as to become "jealous" of William Shakespeare, who, up to this time, has only been a "Johannes Factotum," of not much account until he borrows "our feathers."‡ And so, until 1611, Bacon is driven to the Jews. Why should he not, in his pressing necessity for "lease of quick revenue," bethink him of the resources within himself, and seek a cover, whereunder, without embarrassing his hope of future preferment, he may turn into gold his years of study and travel, by means of a quick pen?

In 1611, when he is suddenly created attorney-general, the Shakespearean plays cease abruptly, to appear no more for ever. William Shakespeare closes out his theatrical interest in London, and retires, to money-lending (as some say), in Stratford. He dies in 1616. Lord Bacon reaches his

highest pinnacle of greatness, and falls, in 1621. In 1623, while Bacon is again spending his time in the strictest privacy and retirement, there suddenly appears a folio, "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare," amended, revised, enlarged, and improved, including nineteen plays which had never appeared or been heard of in Shakespeare's lifetime.

Few of us—outside the rank of commentators, like Mr. Grant White, and others, who give their valuable lives to this study—dream how vast were the emendations and revisions, enlargements and corrections of the old Shakespearean plays given to the world in this folio of 1623. Mr. White says that in the one play of "Love's Labour's Lost" there are inserted new lines in almost every speech.* Another, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," according to Knight,† has double the number of lines it originally possessed in 1600. The "Henry V" has nineteen hundred new lines. The "Titus Andronicus" has an entire scene added, and the "Much Ado about Nothing" and "The Lear" are so altered and elaborated with curtailment here and enlargement there as to lead Mr. Knight to declare that "none but the hand of the master could have supersaddened them."‡ But, if William Shakespeare was the "master," how did his hand reach up out of the grave under Stratford chancel, where it had rested seven years, to make these improvements? And if William Shakespeare in his lifetime made these revisions for Heminge and Condell (who appear on the title-page of this folio of 1623 as editors, and announce in the preface that this edition is printed from the "true original copies") at Stratford, where, according to his own inventory he had neither library nor books (nor bookcase, nor writing-table, for that matter), why did he not print them himself for his own benefit, instead of performing all this labor of emendation for somebody else? He could not have been fearful lest he would lose money by them, for they had been the foundation and source of all his fortune. Nor had he grown, in his old age, indifferent to gain (let the ghost of the poor "delinquent for corn delivered" assure us of that!). He could not have revised them for pure glory, for, in his previous career, while in London, he had shown no interest in them, permitting them to be surreptitiously printed by whoever, in the same town with himself, listed so to do. He had even allowed them to be mixed up with other people's trash, his name signed to all, indifferently, and the whole made footballs of by the London printers, under his very nose, without so much as

* "Had the plays come down to us anonymously, had the labor of discovering the author been imposed upon after-generations, I think we could have found no one of that day but Bacon to whom to assign this crown. In this case it would have been resting now on his head by almost common consent."—(W. H. Furness to Judge Holmes, third edition of "Authorship of Shakespeare," p. 628.)

† Spedding, "Letters and Life of Bacon," vol. i, p. 108.

‡ "Appletons' Journal," June, 1879, p. 496. Id., February, 1879, p. 124.

* Cited by Holmes, "Authorship of Shakespeare," third edition, p. 71.

† "Studies of Shakespeare," p. 337.

‡ Id.

lifting a voice in protest, or to declare which were his and which were not.* Besides, if he had revised them for the glory of his own name, why did he not cause them to be printed? Nor can we suppose that he was employed to revise them, for pay, by Heminge and Condell, because, if they did so employ him, why did they carry the expense of the revision for seven long years, until he and his wife were both in their graves, before reimbursing themselves by printing the first folio for the market? Last, and most wonderful of all, in this first folio are included no less than nineteen entirely new plays which had never been heard of before! Who wrote those, and why?

The answer to these riddles, the Baconians say, is that, when again at leisure, Bacon be-
thought himself of his scattered progeny, and—whether proposing to publicly own them or not—whether to secure them for posterity or merely for his own pastime, he devoted his leisure to a revision of the works by means of which he had bridged the first long interval in his career. At any rate, when the revision appeared, it is matter of fact that William Shakespeare was dead and in his grave, and speculation has nothing to do with that.

Besides the coincidence of the plays appearing during Bacon's first retirement, ceasing altogether at his first elevation, and appearing in revised and improved form again, after his final downfall, and during his second privacy, the Baconians cite: 1. Contemporary statements, which include (A), Sir Tobie Matthews's famous postscript; † (B), a letter from Bacon himself, to Sir John Davies, who is going to meet the new King James (with whom Bacon is striving for favor, looking to his own preferment), in which he commits to Sir John's "faithful care and discretion" his interests at court, and adds, "So, asking you to be good to concealed poets, I continue," etc., etc.; ‡ 2. Evidence by way of innuendo, including another of Matthews's postscripts (the one in which he writes to Bacon, "I will not return you weight for weight, but measure for measure," etc.); also, perhaps, the injunctions of secrecy in Bacon's own letters to Matthews, to "be careful of the writings submitted to you, that no one see them." § The Jonson obituary verses, in which

occur the encomiums so rung in our ears by the Shakespeareans (and which we have—earlier in this paper—seen was all they really had behind them), which we have thought could be most easily explained on the "nil mortuis nisi bonum" theory, are also regarded, we believe, by the Baconians, as innuendo; * and, 3. The parallelisms, that is to say, an almost identity of phraseology, found in both the Baconian and Shakespearean writings. The best list of these is to be found in Judge Holmes's book, covering some twenty-five closely-printed pages.† Of the value of this class of evidence, it is for every reader to judge for himself; but that a writer of exact science and moral philosophy should plagiarize from the theatre, or the theatre from the writer of exact science and moral philosophy; or (still more improbable) that two contemporary authors, in the full glare of the public eye, should select each other's works to habitually and regularly plagiarize upon, are altogether, it seems to the Baconians, out of the question. But even the conceiving of so unusual a state of affairs as a political philosopher and a playwright contracting together to mutually plagiarize from each other's writings would hardly account for the coincidence between the cottage scene (Act IV, Scene 3) in "A Winter's Tale," and Bacon's "Essay on Gardens," in which he maintained that "there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year; in which severally things of beauty may be in their season," which he proceeds to suggest:

BACON.	PERDITA.
For December and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all the winter . . . rosemary . . . lavender . . . marjoram.	. . . Reverend sirs, For you there's the rosemary, and rue; these keep Seeming and savor all the winter long.

"something like a curious under-meaning, impressing the reader with an idea of more than appears on the surface."

* It is curious to find the Baconians appealing to this "best evidence" for the other side. But they read it as an innuendo. For example, the verses—

"Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, cheer the crooping stage!
Which—since thy flight from hence, hath mourned
like night
And despaired day—but for thy volume's light—"

they say, do not, and can not, refer to William Shakespeare at all. For this was published in 1623, and William Shakespeare had been dead seven years. He could not "shine forth" again, except figuratively, in his volume, and this he already does by the publication of his works, and is admitted to do in the next line, where it is said that but for "thy volume's light" the stage would "mourn in night." The Baconians, who believe that Ben Jonson himself was the "Heminge and Condell" who edited the first folio, regard this whole poem as a sop to Bacon, on Ben Jonson's part.

† Pp. 306-326.

* See *post*, "The New Theory," where it appears that, at the time Shakespeare was producing certain plays on his stage, certain others were being printed and circulated, as his, outside.

† "Appletons' Journal," February, 1879, p. 122. Bacon was in the habit of sending certain of his lighter manuscripts to Sir Tobie, and this postscript was appended to a letter acknowledging the receipt of Bacon's "great and esteemed favor of the 9th of April."

‡ Holmes, "Authorship of Shakespeare."

§ There certainly is in most of these Bacon letters

BACON.

Primroses for March,
there come violets, espe-
cially the single blue—the
yellow daffodil: in April
follow the double white
violet, the cowslip, flower-
de-luce, and lilies of all na-
tures, the pale daffodil.

In May and June come
pinks of all sorts: the
French marigold, lavender
in flowers; in July come
gilliflowers of all varieties.

PERDITA.

. . . daffodils,
That come before the swal-
low dares, and take
The winds of March with
beauty; violets dim
. . . pale primroses . . .
bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies
of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being
one!

Sir, the year growing an-
cient—
Not yet on summer's death,
nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the
fairest flowers o' the sea-
son
Are our carnations, and
streaked gillyvors, . . .
Hot lavender, mints, savory,
marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to
bed with the sun;
And with him rises, weep-
ing; these
These are flowers of middle
summer.

Were we assured that the prose in the left-hand column was the poet's first rough notes for the exquisite poetry in the second, would there be any internal evidence for doubting it? And when it appears that "The Essay on Gardening" was not printed until 1625, nine years after William Shakespeare's death and burial, and two years after an edition of his alleged plays, rewritten and revised, had appeared (when so deliberate a "steal" would hardly be profitable), the exoteric evidence seems at least to command attention.

The coincidence between a passage in "The Advancement of Learning" and in the play of "Troilus and Cressida," Act II, Scene 2 (which we shall see later on), first appeared in print, advertised as the work of a novice, in 1609, thereafter, within a few months, to be reissued as by William Shakespeare* (who was not, at the date of that edition, either a novice or a first appearance), is worth pausing to tabulate:

BACON.

Is not the opinion of
Aristotle worthy to be re-
garded, where he saith that
young men are not fit audi-
tors of moral philosophy,
because they are not settled
from the boiling heat of
their affections nor attuned
by time and experience?†

HECTOR.

. . . Not much
Unlike young men, whom
Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philo-
sophy.

That the manager of a theatre, in dressing up a play for the evening's audience (and *such* an audience) should tuck in an allusion to Aristotle, to "catch the ear of the groundlings"—or, finding it already in, should not have a sufficient acquaintance with Aristotle to scent an impropriety and take it out, is no less or no more absurd than that a philosopher, in composing so profound and weighty an essay as the "Advancement of Learning" should go to a cheap playhouse for his reference to the Greek sage. If Bacon *did* attend the theatre that night to learn the opinion of Aristotle (whom he had criticised at college at the age of fifteen) on young blood and philosophy, he was misled, for Aristotle said that young men ought not to hear, not *moral* but *political* philosophy. And the error itself is proof positive—it seems to the Baconians—of an identical source for the two passages. It must not be forgotten, however, that the evidence from these coincidences is cited not to an ANTI-SHAKESPEAREAN case—which is purely historical—but as cumulative to the BACONIAN case alone. And yet, though the evidence from the "parallelisms" is the least forcible of any presented by the Baconians, so systematically do they occur that the ablest Baconian writer, Judge Holmes, claims that he has been able to reduce them to an *ordo*, and to know precisely where to expect them, by reference merely to a history of the life of Lord Bacon, and the date of the production. "When I got your 'Letters and Life of Bacon,'" he writes to Mr. Spedding, "and read that fragment of a masque, having the dates of all the plays in my mind, I felt quite sure at once in which I should find that same matter, if it appeared anywhere (as I expected it would) and went first straight to the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' and there came upon it, in the second act, so palpably and unmistakably that I think nothing else than a miracle could shake my belief in it."*

The facts that Lord Bacon expressed himself to the effect that the best way of teaching history was by means of the drama; that there is a connected and continuous series of historical plays, covering by reigns the entire period of the Wars of the Roses, in the Shakespearean drama "from 'King John,' by way of prelude—in which the legitimate heir to the throne is set aside, and the nation plunged into civil war—to the 'Richard III,' where the two roses are finally united in one line in Henry VII, and winding up with the reign of Henry VIII—wherein, as a grand *finale* to the whole, the splendor of the new line is shown in its reunited vigor"—which (with but one hiatus, the missing reign of Henry VII) is one complete cycle of English history: and that,

* *Post*, "The New Theory."

† It is to be noticed that no similarity of style in these opposed extracts is alleged or relied upon.

* "Authorship of Shakespeare," third edition, p. 621.

on searching among the remains of Francis Bacon, a "History of Henry VII," which might well be the minutes for a future drama—is certainly startling; but no more startling than the thousand other coincidences which the careful student of their writings, Judge Holmes, has massed in his scholarly essay.*

The Baconian theory, it is to be noticed, is quite indifferent as to whether William Shakespeare, on first turning up at London, found employment (as Mr. Grant White asserts) in his "cousin's law-office" or not, or whether at any stage in his career, either in Stratford or London, he was an attorney's clerk, hard 'prentice at the trade of "noverint."† The Shakespearean problem is neither increased nor diminished by the proposition; even an attorney's clerk could not have written all the Shakespearean pages. Should it be necessary, however, to find a law-student in London who could have managed some of them, why not allow Francis Bacon his claim among the rest? He has, at least, this advantage of his rival; that, while it is the general impression nowadays that William Shakespeare was not a law-student, as a matter of fact Francis Bacon was.

As to the bibliography of this Baconian theory, there are two volumes which will probably always remain its text-books, viz., Judge Holmes's book, of which the first edition appeared in 1862; and Mr. Smith's, printed in 1857, which made a convert of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Wilkes's exceedingly fresh and readable work, "Shakespeare from an American Point of View," and Mr. King's "Bacon versus Shakespeare; a Plea for the Defendant," as text-books on the other side, could hardly be expected to produce much disorder in Messrs. Holmes and Smith's stern and compact columns of facts and argument. Surely, if William Shakespeare ever were forced "upon the country," as the lawyers say, as against my Lord Bacon, he would wish his case to the jury rather without Mr. King's "plea" than with it. As a "plea" on any side of an historical question, it is, to be sure, nothing if not candid; but, as a personal appeal to posterity to, willy-nilly,

* This particular coincidence of the historical plays is, we think, emphasized by the discovery of the "Northumberland MSS." Mr. Spedding finds in the library of Northumberland House, among certain MS. of Bacon's, a slip of paper upon which is scrawled eight times the name "William Shakespeare" in a clerkly hand (not Bacon's), together with the names of certain of the historical plays (known), and of certain (as Judge Holmes conjectures) other plays not now known. (Cited by Judge Holmes, third edition, pp. 657-682.)

† Mr. Fulford seems to think that Nash meant, by his well-known slur, not that Shakespeare was a "noverint," but that the young "noverints" of the time were "Shakespeares"—that is to say, that they scribbled out of hand, for the stage.

believe that certain players and others in the age of Elizabeth knew not guile, it is touching and beautiful in the extreme. "Who shall say Heminge and Condell lied?"* "Could rare Ben Jonson, who is worthy of our love and respect, have lied?"† Did Shakespeare practice a deceit upon his noble and generous patron? Could he be guilty of a lie?‡ And so on. To much the same effect (the reverence due the name "Shakespeare," the improbability of Jonson and others telling an untruth, etc.) is an anonymous volume, "Shakespeare not an Impostor, by an English Critic," § published in 1857; and finally, in 1877, was published a paper read before the Royal Society of Literature, by C. M. Ingleby, M. A., LL. D., a vice-president of the same. Dr. Ingleby is severe upon all anti-Shakespeareans, whose minds he likens to "Macadam's sieves," which "retain only those ingredients which are unsuited to the end in view" (whatever that may mean), and thinks that "the profession of the law has the inevitable effect of fostering the native tendency of such minds." Unlike the others, however, Dr. Ingleby does not confine himself to expressions of his interest in the anti-Shakespeareans "as examples of wrong-headedness," but attempts an examination of the historical testimony. In favor of the Shakespearean authorship, he names seven witnesses, viz., John Harrison, Francis Meres, Robert Greene, Henry Chettle, Heminge, Condell, and Ben Jonson. John Harrison was the printer (publisher) who published the "Venus and Adonis" in 1593, and the "Lucrece" in 1594. Each of these was without an author's name on the title-page, though each was dedicated to Southampton, in an address dedicatory signed "William Shakespeare." This is all that the Harrison evidence amounts to, except that Dr. Ingleby says, "It is to me quite incredible that Harrison would have done this unless Shakespeare had written the dedications, or at least had been a party to them." ¶ As

* "Bacon versus Shakespeare; a Plea for the Defendant." By Thomas King. Montreal, and Rouse's Point, New York: Lovell Printing, etc., Company, 1875, p. 9.

† Ibid., p. 10. Heminge and Condell "profess that 'they have done this office to the dead only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare.' Yet their utter negligence shown in their fellow's volume is no evidence of their pious friendship, nor perhaps of their care or their intelligence. The publication was not, I fear, so much an offering of friendship as a pretext to obtain the copyright" (Disraeli, "Aménities of Authors—Shakespeare").

‡ Ibid., p. 13.

§ George Townsend (according to Allibone), London: G. Routledge & Co., Farringdon Street, 1857.

¶ "Shakespeare: The Man and the Book." London: Josiah Adams, Trübner & Co., 1877, Part I, p. 38. "The Authorship of the Works attributed to Shakespeare." ¶ Ibid., p. 52.

to Meres, anybody can see by reading him that he wrote as a *critic* and not as an historian.* To subpoena Greene as a witness to Shakespeare's genius, is at least a bold stroke; for, as has been seen, Greene is very emphatic to the effect that William Shakespeare was a mere "Johannes Factotum," or Jack-of-all-trades, who trained in stolen plumage,† and the Shakespeareans (Dr. Ingleby alone excepted) have universally exerted themselves to break the force of this testimony by proving Greene a drunkard, jealous, etc., etc. Henry Chettle edited Greene, and personally deprecated some of his hard sayings as to Shakespeare, on account of his (Shakespeare's) being a clever, civil sort of fellow, and of "his facetious grace in writing." But the author of the Shakespearean drama had more than a "facetious grace in writing." Heminge and Condell were men of straw whose names are signed to the preface to the "first folio," but who otherwise bear no testimony one way or the other. And Ben Jonson, who brings up the rear of this precious seven, has been already disposed of. That theory must be pretty soundly grounded in truth against which there is nothing but rhetoric to hurl, and, in our opinion, it would be entirely safe—if not for the Baconians, for the anti-Shakespeareans at least—to rest their case on the arguments for the other side.

* "Palladis Tamia, Wit's Commonwealth," 1598. This same Dr. Ingleby has compiled a work, "Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse," which is inclusive of every expression containing an allusion to, comment or criticism on Shakespeare, which Dr. Ingleby has been able to unearth in print, dating anywhere within one hundred years of Shakespeare's death. We have industriously turned every page of this work, and will submit, to any other who will do the same, the question whether it contains a line which militates against the general conclusion reached in these papers.

† That Robert Greene was much more than a drunkard and a pretender, but that, to the contrary, he had many admirers who were not unaware of the effrontery of his debtor Shakespeare, a search among the old literature of the day would reveal. In a quarto tract, dated 1594, "Greene's Funeralls," by R. B., Gent., is a copy of verses, the last stanza of which runs:

"Greene is the pleasing object of an eye,
Greene pleased the eye of all that looked upon him;
Greene is the ground of every painter's dye,
Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him:
Nay, more; the men that so eclipsed his fame,
Purloined his plumes. Can they deny that same?"

He was a graduate of Cambridge—a learned man—"one of the fathers," says Lamb, "of the English stage." He does not seem to have approved of William Shakespeare's borrowing his plumes; but the impression that he was a monster of debauchery and drunkenness is derived wholly from his own posthumous work, "The Confessions of Robert Greene," etc., London, 1592, which lays the black paint on so thickly that it should have put the critics on their guard. Greene was probably no worse than his kind. A selection of his poems, edited by Lamb, is printed in Bohn's Standard Library.

THE NEW THEORY.

Nothing is perhaps easier than to invent a story so utterly unimportant and immaterial that it will be taken for granted, without controversy, and circulate with absolute immunity from examination, simply because worth nobody's while to contradict it. For example, it is likely enough that Demosthenes, in practicing oratory, stood on a sea-beach and drilled his voice, to outroar the waves. The story is always told, however, with the rider, that he did this with his mouth filled with pebble-stones; and, as nobody cares whether he did or not, nobody troubles himself to ascertain by experiment that the thing is impossible, and that nobody can roar with a mouth full of pebble-stones.* To be sure, of a matter so indifferent, no effort of credulity can be predicated, but, when the proposition is historical and capable of proving itself, it is indeed the skeptic who believes the most. It would be interesting to compile a catalogue of the reasons why A, B, and C, and their friends, doubt the real Shakespeare story, and cling to the manufactured tradition. A will tell us he believes it because somebody else (Bacon will do as well as anybody) wrote enough as it was, and was not the sort of man who would surrender any of the glory, to which he was himself entitled, to another. B, because, when somebody else wrote poetry (for example, Bacon's "Paraphrase of the Psalms"), his style was quite another than the style of the dramas. C, because he is satisfied that William Shakespeare spent some terms at Stratford school, and was anything but unkind to his wife. D, because the presumption is too old to be disturbed; as if we should always go

* And experience almost seems to prove that the human mind, as a rule, will be found to prefer wasting laborious days in accounting for, rather than take the very simplest pains to verify, a fact. It was objected to the system of Copernicus, when first brought forward, that, if the earth turned on its axis as he represented, a stone dropped from the summit of a tower would not fall at the foot of it, but at a great distance to the west; in the same manner as a stone dropped from the mast-head of a ship in full sail does not fall at the foot of the mast, but toward the stern. To this it was answered that a stone, being a part of the earth, obeys the same laws and moves with it, whereas it is no part of the ship, of which, consequently, its motion is independent. This solution was admitted by some and opposed by others, and the controversy went on with spirit; nor was it till one hundred years after the death of Copernicus that, the experiment being tried, it was ascertained that the stone thus dropped from the head of the mast does fall at the foot of it; and the story of Charles II, who set the Royal Society at work to find the reason why a dead fish weighed more than a live one (which it doesn't), is familiar enough. Why, then, should anybody disbelieve in the Shakespearean myth, simply because it is so late in coming to the surface?

on believing in William Tell and the man in the moon, because our ancestors believed in them. And so on, through the alphabet. For there never yet was beam in human eye so immense as to interrupt the distinctness with which it could perceive motes in its neighbor's vision. It is so much easier, for instance, to believe that miracles should appear by the page, or that universal wisdom should spring fully armed from the brain of a Warwickshire clown, than that Francis Bacon should write anonymously, or in two hands, or use as a *nomme de plume* the name of a living man, instead of inventing one *de novo*. And if, at about that time, a living *nomme de plume* was wanted, whose name was more cheaply purchasable than that of the young "Johannes Factotum," of the Blackfriars, who, by doing anything and everything that was wanted, and saving every honest penny he turned, actually became able to buy himself a coat-of-arms (the first luxury he ever appears to have allowed himself out of his increasing prosperity)* and a country seat? Four or five years before our historical William Shakespeare had bethought himself of wandering to London, one James Burbage, father of Richard, the actor, had built the Blackfriars Theatre, a plain, rough building on the site of the present publishing office of the "Times." Before its door (for the Blackfriars will answer as well as the Globe) we may perhaps imagine the rustic lad fresh from Stratford, and foot-sore from his long tramp, attracted by the crowd and the lights, standing idle and agape. Possibly, then, riding up, some gallant threw young William his horse's bridle, and William Shakespeare had found employment in London. At any rate, the spot where he now began to spend his busy nights is still known as "Playhouse Yard." By attention to business, William in time came to control the horse-holding business, and took his predecessors into his pay; they were known thereafter as "Shakespeare's boys," and the young speculator's name penetrated to the inside of the theatre; in the course of time he comes to be a "*serviteur*" (what we now call a "super," i. e., supernumerary) inside, and ultimately (according to Rowe, an actor himself, and the nearest in

* We happen on traces of the fact that William Shakespeare's particular weakness was his "noble descent" very often, in exploring the annals of these times, and that his fellow actors by no means spared his weakness. "It was then a current joke to identify Shakespeare with 'the Conqueror,' or 'Rufus,' as if his pretensions to descent from the Norman dukes were known" ("Ben Jonson's Quarrel with Shakespeare," "North British Review," July, 1870). And certain lines in "The Poetaster" are supposed to be a fling at Shakespeare, as indeed, is the whole play (id.). We shall see how this weakness was fostered by the new set into which circumstances forced Shakespeare, later on.

point of time to William Shakespeare to write his biography) "the reader" * of the establishment; and naturally, therefore, stage editor of whatever is offered. He has no royal road to learning at his command, nor does he want one. The "knack at speech-making," which had delighted the rustic youth of Stratford, mellowed by the new experiences which surrounded him, is all he needs. Not only the plays of Greene and others, which he now remodeled (and improved, no doubt), but essays of his own, became popular. The audience (we shall see more of them further on) called for "Shakespeare's plays," and his name came to possess a market value.

The dramas we now call "Shakespearean" surely did appear in his lifetime, and under his name. Were they ever performed at his theatre? Let us glance at the probabilities.

The "theatres" of this day are barely more than inclosures, with a raised platform for the performers, and straw for the audiences to stand or go to sleep in, as they prefer. Wotton, in a letter to Bacon,† says that the fire that destroyed the Globe Theatre burned up nothing but "a little wood and straw and a few forsaken cloaks." Sir Philip Sidney, writing in 1583, ridicules the poverty of the scenic effects and properties of the day in an often-quoted passage: "You shall have Asia of the one side and Africke of the other, and so many other under kingdomes that the plaier, when hee comes in, must ever begin with telling where hee is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then you must believe the stage to be a garden: by-and-by we have news of a shipwreck in the same place; and we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave, while, in the mean time, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field!"‡

And M. Taine has drawn a lifelike picture of the audience which applauded this performance: "The poor could enter as well as the rich; there were sixpenny, twopenny, even penny seats. . . . If it rained, and it often rained in London, the people in the pit, butchers, mercers, bakers, sailors, apprentices, receive the streaming rain on their heads . . . they did not trouble themselves about it. While waiting for the pieces they . . . drink beer, crack nuts, eat fruit, howl, and now and then resort to their fists: they have been

* In this capacity he read and accepted Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," which was the beginning of the intimacy which ended with their lives.

† Smith's "Bacon and Shakespeare," p. 74.

‡ "The Defence of Poesie," edition 1626, p. 592.

known to fall upon the actors, and turn the theatre upside down. At other times they were dissatisfied and went to the tavern to give the poet a hiding or toss him in a blanket. . . . When the beer took effect there was a great upturned barrel in the pit, a receptacle for general use. The smell arises, and then comes the cry, 'Burn the juniper!' They burn some in a plate in the stage and the heavy smoke fills the air. Certainly the folk there assembled could scarcely get disgusted at anything, and can not have had sensitive noses. In the time of Rabelais there was not much cleanliness to speak of. Remember that they were hardly out of the middle age, and that, in the middle age, man lived on a dunghill." Mr. White assures us further, that pickpockets were apt to be plentiful among this audience, and when discovered were borne upon the stage, pilloried in full view* and there left, the play going on meanwhile around them; and, moreover, that the best seats sold were on the stage itself, where any of the audience who could pay the price could sit, recline, walk or converse with the actors engaged in the performance."† "Practicable" scenery of any sort, even the rudest, was utterly unknown,‡ and it is thought that the actors relied on barely more than the written action of the piece for their guidance. In the plays of this period we come continually on such stage directions as "Here they two talke and rayle what they list"; "All speak"; "Here they all talke," etc., § which prove that much of the dialogue was trusted to the inspiration of the moment—to which inspiration the gallants and pickpockets may not unnaturally have contributed. Before an audience satisfied with this rudimentary setting, upon a stage crowded with smirking gallants and flirting maids of honor, we are assured that Hamlet and Wolsey deliv-

ered their solemn soliloquies, Anthony his impassioned oratory, and Isabella her pious strains; while the clowns and pot-wrestlers discoursed among themselves of Athens and Troy, and Hecuba and Althea, of Galen and Paracelsus, of "writs of detainer," and "fine and recovery," and "præmunire," and of the secrets of the pharmacopœia! "At this public theatre," says Mr. Smith, "to which every one could obtain access, and the lowest of the people ordinarily resorted . . . we are called upon to believe that the wonderful works which we so greatly admire and feel we can only appreciate by careful private study—that not only Englishmen like Coleridge confess, in forty years of admiring study of Greek, Latin, English, Italian, Spanish, and German philosophers, literature, and manners, to have found bursting upon him with increased power, wisdom, and beauty in every step,"* but foreigners like Schlegel, Jean Paul, and Gervinus, "have fallen down before in all but heathen adoration"—were performed. In 1880, when we force a common-school education at state expense upon the people, the Shakespearean plays are disastrous to managers. They "lose money on Shakespeare," and unless "carpentry and French," unless ballet and spectacle are liberally resorted to, are dragged down to desolate houses and financial ruin. "Shakespeare" is "over the heads" of *οἱ πολλοί* in these days of compulsory education. And yet we are calmly asked to credit the astounding statement that in and about the year 1600, in London, these grave, intellectual, and stately dialogues are taking by storm the rabble of the Bankside, and entrancing the tradesmen and burghers of the days when to read was quite as rare an accomplishment as serpent-charming is to-day—when, if sovereigns wrote their own names, it was all they could do—and when the government could not afford to hang a man who could actually write his name.† "And yet," to quote Mr. Smith again, "it was from the profit arising from this wretched place of amusement that Shakespeare realized the far from inconsiderable fortune with which in a few years he retired to Stratford-upon-Avon." If not actual intellectual giants, the rabble of that day must have been the superiors in literary perception of some very eminent gentlemen who were to come after them. Evelyn notes that, in 1661, he saw "'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' played; but now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his

* "Kempe, the actor, in his 'Nine Days' Wonder,' A. D. 1600, compares a man to such an one as we tie to a post on our stage for all the people to wonder at when they are taken pilfering."—"Shakespeare," by Richard Grant White, vol. i, p. 183.)

† Ibid.

‡ Whenever we come on a stage direction, therefore, in a play, which supposed "practicable" scenery, we may assert with confidence that the same was written in or after 1662, up to which date there was no such thing as practicable machinery. In the original edition of "The Tempest," for instance, there is no intimation by way of stage direction that the first scene occurs on shipboard. In the first edition of "As You Like It" there is no mention of a forest in the stage direction. Nor in the early quartos of "Romeo and Juliet" is there any intimation that Juliet makes love in a balcony. "What child is there, that, coming to a play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?" says Sidney, in his "Defence of Poesie."—(R. G. White's "Shakespeare's Scholar," p. 489, note.)

§ These stage directions are taken from Greene's "Tu Quoque," A. D. 1614.

* "English Literature," chapter ii, i.

† Benefit of clergy was only abolished in England by Acts 7 and 8, George IV, c. 28, sec. 3, in 1827, fifty-three years ago; in the United States it had been disposed of (though it had never been availed of) by act of Congress, April 30, 1790.

Majesty has been so long abroad." * Pepys, his contemporary, says that the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" "was the most insipid, ridiculous play he had ever seen. . . . and, but having lately read the 'Adventures of Five Hours,' Othello seemed a mean thing," though he liked Davenant's opera of "Macbeth," with its music and dancing.† It is doubtful if Milton ever read the Shakespearean plays, in spite of the eloquent verses, "What needs my Shakespeare," etc. For, in *L'Allegro*, he speaks of his (Shakespeare's) "native wood-notes wild."‡ Surely if there is anything in letters that is not "native wood-notes," it is the stately Shakespearean verse, full of camps and courts, but very rarely of woodlands and pastures; besides, whatever Milton might say of the book called "Shakespeare" in poetry—like Ben Jonson—he showed unmitigated contempt for its writer in prose: about the worst thing he could say about his king in "The Iconoclast," was that Charles I kept an edition of Shakespeare for his closet companion. § "Other stuff of this sort," cries the blind poet, "may be read throughout the whole tragedy wherein the poet used much license in departing from the truth of history."||

John Dryden, in or about 1700, complained that William Shakespeare is "many times flat, insipid—his comic wit degenerating into elenches, his serious swelling into bombast"; that the plays themselves are "a little obsolete," and "so pestered with figurative expressions that it is as affected as it is obscure."¶ Lord Shaftesbury complains, at about the same date, of their "rude and unpolished style and antiquated phrase and wit."** The immaculate Addison (whom everybody "admires" and nobody reads) pronounces the Shakespearean plays "very faulty in hard metaphors and forced expressions," and joins them with "Nat. Lee," as instances of the false sublime.†† Samuel Johnson is reported as say-

ing that William Shakespeare never wrote six consecutive lines (he subsequently made it seven) without "making an ass of himself"; not to mention Tate—of whom nobody expected else; and Richard Steele, in "The Tatler,"* borrows the story of the "Taming of the Shrew," and narrates it as "an incident occurring in Lincolnshire," feeling, no doubt, that he did a good deed in rescuing whatever was worth preserving from the clutches of such obscure and obsolete literature!

As an alternative to believing that these pearls, over which this nineteenth century gloats, were cast before the swine of the sixteenth, the theory we are now considering offers, as less violent an attack upon common sense, the supposition that what we now possess under the name of "Shakespeare's plays" were *not* produced upon the stage of any playhouse in those days, but were *printed* instead, the right to use the name of William Shakespeare having been first acquired as surety for a certain circulation. The well-attested fact that William Shakespeare was a playwright is not ignored by this supposition; for the new theorists believe that, although no fragment of the Shakespeare work now survives, its character can be readily determined. From what knowledge we possess of the tone and quality of the audiences of those days, it is not difficult to imagine the rudeness and crudity of the plays. These were the formative days of audiences, and, therefore, the formative days of plays.

Sir Henry Wotton, in the letter from which we have just quoted, written to Lord Bacon in 1631, refers to one of these plays called "The Hog hath lost its Pearl." Says this letter: "Now it is strange to hear how sharp-witted the city is; for they will needs have Sir Thomas Swinnerton, the Lord Mayor, be meant by the hog, and the late Lord Treasurer by the pearl."‡ There is no disputing the fact, at least, that the plays we call "Shakespeare's" are cast in a mold by themselves, and have no contemporary exemplar. The student of these days knows the fact that Dekker, Webster, Massinger, Jonson, or any

passages as he thought might be safely admired by the rest of mankind. "Rymer," says Pope, "is a learned and strict critic." Rymer called Othello "a bloody farce"—"The Tragedy of the Pocket-Handkerchief"—and calls his book "A Short View of Tragedy, with Some Reflections on Shakespeare and other Practitioners for the Stage." "Practitioner" is good, and it is to be remembered that Rymer was not maintaining an extra Shakespearean authorship.

* Vol. vi, No. 31. He complains in number 42 that the female characters in the play make "so small a figure."

† A specimen of this work is given by Lamb in his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets" who lived about the time of Shakespeare, printed in Bohn's Standard Library.

* "Amenities of Authors—Shakespeare," p. 210.

† *Ibid.*, p. 211.

‡ Dr. Maginn, in his Shakespearean papers ("Learning of Shakespeare"), endeavors to explain what Milton meant by "native wood-notes wild."

§ "Amenities of Authors—Shakespeare," vol. ii, p. 208. *Ibid.*, p. 209, note.

|| It is fair to say that "stuff" may only have meant "matter," but it is indisputable that the passage was meant as a slur on one who would read "Shakespeare."

¶ "Works," edited by Malone, vol. ii, p. 252.

** Mr. De Quincey's painful effort to demonstrate that neither Dryden nor Shaftesbury meant what he said is amusing reading. See his "Shakespeare" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Also Knight, "Studies of Shakespeare," p. 510, as to Dr. Johnson.

†† "Spectator," 39, p. 285. Pope, to show that he was not insensible to the occasional merits of the plays, was good enough to distinguish, by inverted commas, such

other who wrote in periods that are counted "literature," made no fortunes at their work. That such as this one alluded to by Wotton—and one example will suffice—were what the town ran to see in those days, mere local sketches, lampoon on yesterday's event, and coarse parables, the allusion of which could be met and enjoyed by the actors themselves (were to the popular taste, that is to say), is much easier to conceive than that the "Hamlet" and the "Lear" were to the popular taste. One Dr. Heywood (who, it is to be noted, is sometimes called "the prose Shakespeare") is understood to have produced some two hundred and twenty of this sort of sketches alone; and, possibly, this was the sort of "early essays at dramatic poetry" which Aubrey speaks of, this "the facetious grace in writing that approves his wit" which Chettle assigns to William Shakespeare—mere sketches in silhouette of the town's doings, such as would appeal, as this sort still do in cities, to a popular and local audience. There is some curious testimony on the subject, which looks to that effect.

Cartwright,* in his lines on Fletcher, says:

"Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
I' th' ladies' questions, and the fools' replies,
Old-fashioned wit, which walked from town to town
In turned hose, which our fathers called the clown;
Whose wit our nice times would obscenity call,
And which made bawdry pass for comical.
NATURE WAS ALL HIS ART: thy vein was free
As his, but without his scurrility."

One Leonard Digges—who, Farmer says (in his essay on "The Learning of Shakespeare"), was "a witt of the town" in the days of Shakespeare—wrote some verses laudatory of William Shakespeare, which (Farmer says again) "were printed along with a spurious edition of Shakespeare" in 1640. In this copy of verses occur such lines as—

"Nature only led him, for look thorough
This whole book, thou shalt find he doth not borrow
One phrase from Greeks, nor Latins imitate,
Nor once from vulgar languages translate."

A startling declaration to find made, even in poetry, concerning compositions that Judge Holmes has demonstrated are crowded with classical borrowings, imitations drawn from works untranslated from their originals at the date when quoted; so that it would be impossible to say that the quoter found them in English works and took them with no knowledge of their original source.† Digges, too, is confirmed in what he says by Denham, who asserts that "all he

[Shakespeare] has was from old mother witt."* And Dominie Ward says, to the same effect, in his diary, "I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural witt, without any art at all";† though, of course, this was, and could have been, nothing more than matter of opinion. It is probable that, in the production of these plays, William Shakespeare was not always scrupulous to compose "without blotting out a line" himself. That he was a reckless borrower, and scissored unconscionably from Robert Greene and others (so much so that Greene wrote a whole book in protest), we have Greene's book itself to testify. From its almost unintelligible pages we can glean some idea of the turgid English of the day. It was, of course, in the composition of this popular English that Shakespeare, by surpassing Greene, awakened the latter's jealousy. Otherwise, there would have been no superiority in Shakespeare over Greene which Greene could have perceived, or, at least, no cutting into Greene's profits wherein Greene could have found cause for jealousy. For, if Greene had continued to earn money indifferently to whether Shakespeare carried on his trade or not, he would not have been "jealous." But so fluent and clever a fellow as this William Shakespeare of Stratford, who could hold, when a mere boy, his rustic audience with a speech over a calf-sticking, was a dangerous rival among the hackney, stock-playwrights of London, and would easily have made himself invaluable to his management by dashing off scores of such local sketches as "The Hog hath lost his Pearl," suggested by the current events of the day.

But, even if "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Julius Cæsar" could have been produced by machinery, and engrossed *currente calamo* (so that the author's first draft should be the acting copy for the players), they could have hardly been composed, nowadays, without a library. And even had William Shakespeare possessed an encyclopædia (such as were first invented two hundred years or so after his funeral) he would not have found it inclusive of all the reference he needed for those five plays alone. They can not be studied as they are capable of being studied—as they were found capable of being studied by Coleridge and Gerwinus—without a library. And yet are we to be asked to believe they were composed without one?—in the days when such a thing as a dictionary even was unknown! Who ever heard of William Shakespeare in his library, pulling down volumes, dipping into folios, peering into manu-

* Poems, 1651, p. 273.

† See Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," third edition, p. 5.

* Farmer, p. 13.

† "Diary of Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford, extending from 1648 to 1679," p. 183; London, 1839, p. 30.

scripts, his brain in throe and his pen in labor, weaving the warp and woof of his poetry and his philosophy, at the expense of Greece and Rome and Egypt, pillaging alike from tomes of Norseman lore and Southern romance, for the pastime of the rabble that sang bawdy songs and swallowed beer amid the straw of his pit, and burned juniper and tossed his journey-actors in blankets? It is always interesting to read of the habitudes of authors—of paper-saving Pope scribbling his "Iliad" on the backs of old correspondence, of Spenser by his fireside in his library at Kilcolman Castle, of Scott among his dogs, of Gibbon biting at the peaches that hung on the trees in his garden at Lausanne, of Schiller declaiming by mountain brook-sides and in forest paths, of Goldsmith in his garrets and his jails. Even of Chaucer, dead and buried before Shakespeare saw the light, we read of his studies at Cambridge, his call to the bar, and his chambers in the Middle Temple. But of William Shakespeare, after ransacking tradition, gossip, and the record—save and except the statement of Ben Jonson how he had heard the actor's anecdote about his never blotting his lines—not a word, not a breath can be found to connect him with, or surprise him in any agency or employment as to, the composition of the plays we insist upon calling his—much less to the possession of a single book!

Did William Shakespeare own a library? Had we found this massive draught upon antiquity in the remains of an immortal Milton or a mortal Tupper, or in all the range of letters between, we should not have failed to presume a library. Why should we believe that William Shakespeare needed none?—that, as his pen ran, he never paused to lift volume from the shelf to refresh or verify his marvelously retentive recollection? There was no Astor or Mercantile Library around the corner from the Globe or the Blackfriars, in those days. And, as for his own possessions, he leaves in his will no hint of book or library.

Just here we are referred to a passage in Fuller's "Worthies": "Many were the wit combats," says Fuller, "between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; . . . I beheld them," etc., etc. But Fuller was only eight years old when Shakespeare died, and possibly spoke from hearsay, as it is hardly probable that an infant of such tender years was permitted to spend his nights in "The Mermaid." Besides, these "wit combats" at "The Mermaid" are now said to be "*wet* combats," i. e., drinking-bouts, by a long-adopted misprint. But even if they were "wit combats," and not friendly contests at ale-guzzling, like the early tournament at "piping Peabworth and drunken Bidford," the "wit" could not have been

intense! Let one example suffice, preserved in the Ashmolean manuscripts at Oxford, as stated by Capell: "Ben" (Jonson) and "Bill" (Shakespeare) propose a joint epitaph.

Ben begins:

"Here lies Ben Jonson,
Who was once one—"

Shakespeare concludes:

"That while he lived, was a *slow* thing,
And now, being dead, is *no*-thing."

This being the sort of literature which William Shakespeare's pen turned out during his residence in London, he could manage very well without a library.* And it was the most natural thing in the world that, after retiring to the shade of Stratford, it should have produced, on occasion, the famous epitaphs on his friends Elias James and "Thinbeard." At all events, this is a simpler explanation than the "deterioration of power, for which no one has assigned a sufficient reason," which Halliwell† was driven to assume in order to account for this drivell from the pen which had written "Hamlet," and, moreover, it is a satisfactory explanation as well of what can not be explained in any other way (and which no Shakespearean has ever yet attempted to explain at all), namely, of the fact that William Shakespeare, making his last Will and testament at Stratford, in 1515, utterly ignored the existence of any literary property among his assets, or of his having used his pen at any period in accumulating the competency of which he died possessed. Had William Shakespeare been the courtly favorite of two sovereigns (which Mr. Hallam doubts‡), it is curious that he never was commissioned to write a Masque, which was the standard holiday diversion of the nobles of the

* Mr. W. H. Smith maintains that Shakespeare, like the rest of his family, was unable to write, and had learned, by practice only, to make the signature which he was assured was his name. Mr. Smith founds his theory on the fact that, in the Will, the word "seale" (in the formula, "witness my seale," etc.) is erased, and the word "hand" substituted. In a letter printed in the appendix to the third edition of Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," p. 627, Mr. Smith claims that this erasure and substitution prove that the draughtsman who prepared the Shakespeare Will, knowing that the testator could not write, did not suppose that he would sign his name, and so prepared it for the superimposition of his seal. "I know," says Mr. Smith, "that you will ingeniously observe that that might have been his belief, but that the fact could better have been proved if 'hand' had been erased and 'seale' inserted. But Shakespeare, being proud of his writing, and, as this would probably be his last opportunity, insisted on exhibiting his 'hand.'" According to Mr. Smith, therefore, Ben Jonson's speech about "never blotting out a line," was redundant.

† "Life of Shakespeare," p. 270. London, 1848.

‡ "Literature of Europe," vol. iii, p. 77 (note).

day, to which royalty was so devoted that it is said the famous Inigo Jones was maintained for some years in the employment of devising the trappings for them alone (though, of course, it is no evidence, either way, as to the matter we have in hand). But if William Shakespeare was the shrewd and prosperous tradesman that we have record of (and, that he came to London poor and left it rich, everybody knows), was he not shrewd enough, as well, to see that his audiences did not require philosophical essays and historical treatises; that he need not waste his midnight oil to verify the customs of the early Cyprians, or pause to explore for them the secrets of nature? We may assert him to be a "great moral teacher" to-day; but, had he been a "great moral teacher" then, he would have set his stage to empty houses. He could have earned the same money with much less trouble to himself. The gallants would have resorted to his stage daily (as they would have gone to the baths if they had been in old Rome); and the ha'penny seats have enjoyed themselves quite as much had he given them the school of "The Hog hath lost his Pearl," or "The Devil is an Ass," or the tumbles of a clown. Why should this thrifty manager have ransacked Greek and Latin and Italian letters, the romance of Italy and the Sagas of the north (or, according to Dr. Farmer, rummaged the cloisters of all England, to get these at second hand)? Had they all been collected in a public library, would he have had leisure to sit down and pull them over, to this precious audience of his, these gallants and groundlings, when his money was quite as safe if he merely reached out and took the nearest at hand (as he took his "Winter's Tale," "seacoast of Bohemia," and all, from Robert Greene)? But, if we may be allowed to conceive that it was the *action* (that is to say, the "business") of the Shakespearean plays that delighted this Shakespearean audience, and that certain greater than the manager used this action thereafter as a dress for the mighty transcripts caused to be printed under the name of the popular manager—if we may be allowed to conceive this, however exceptional, it is at least an accounting for the Shakespearean plays as we possess them to-day, without doing violence to human experience and the laws of nature.

Southampton, Raleigh, Essex, Rutland, and Montgomery, are young noblemen of wealth and leisure, who "pass away the time merely in going to plays every day."* We have seen that the

best seats were on the stage, and these, of course, the young noblemen occupied. There were no actresses in those days—for female parts were taken by boys—but titled ladies and maids of honor were admitted to seats on the stage as well as the gallants, and a thrifty stage manager might easily make himself useful to both. If my Lord Southampton was bosom friend to William Shakespeare (as rumor has it), their intimacy arose probably through some such service. A noble youth of nineteen, of proverbial gallantry and unlimited wealth, was not at so great a loss for friends in London in 1593 (the date at which the "Venus and Adonis" is dedicated to him) as to be forced to forget the social gulf that separated him from an economical commoner (lately a butcher in the provinces), however popular a stage manager, except for cause; and it takes considerable credulity to believe that he did forget it (if he did) through being dazzled by the transcendent literary abilities of the economical commoner aforesaid. For Southampton lived and died without ever being suspected of a devotion to literature or literary pursuits; and, besides, the economical commoner had not then written (if he ever did write) the "Hamlet" and "Lear," and those other evidences of the transcendent literary ability which could seduce a peer outside his caste. That the gallants and stage managers of the day understood each other just as they perhaps do to-day, there is reason to believe. Dekker, in his "Gull's Horn-Book," says that, "after the play was over, poets adjourned to supper with knights, where they in private unfolded the secret parts of their dramas to them." By "poets" in this extract is meant, as appears from the context, the writers of dramas for the stage; such as, perhaps, William Shakespeare was. But whether these suppers after the play were devoted to intellectual and philosophical criticism is a question for each one's experience to aid him in answering. Whether William Shakespeare was admitted to this noble companionship, or was only emulous of the honor, we have no means of conjecture, as either might account for the fact that with his first savings he purchased a grant of arms for his father, thus obtaining not only an escutcheon, but one whole generation of ancestry; a transaction which involved, says Dr. Farmer, the falsehood and venality of the father, the son and two kings at arms, and did not escape protest;* for, if ever a

of Shakespeare," p. 34, note. London: Longmans, 1864.) But it may be noted that Southampton and Raleigh were opposed to each other in politics.

* A complaint must have been made from some quarter that this application had no sufficient foundation, for we have, in the Herald's college, a manuscript which purports to be "the answer of Garter and Clarenceux, kings of arms, to a libellous scrowl against certain arms

* "My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland come not to the court, the one but very seldom; they pass away the time merely in going to plays every day."—(Letter from Rowland White to Sir Robert Sidney, dated October 11, 1599, quoted by Kenny, "Life and Genius

coat was "cut from whole cloth," we may be sure this was the one.

Whoever wrote Hamlet's soliloquy and Antony's oration might well have written the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Lucrece," and was quite equal to the bold stroke describing the former (the most splendidly sensuous poem in any language—a poem that breathes in every line the *blasé* and salacious exquisite), as the first heir of the invention of a busy London manager and whilom rustic Lothario among Warwickshire milkmaids. The question as to the authorship of the one hundred and fifty-four "Sonnets," which appeared (with the exception of two printed in 1598, in a collection of verses called for some unsuggested reason "The Passionate Pilgrim") in 1609, need not enter into any anti-Shakespearean theory at all. Except that one Francis Meares, writing in 1598—eleven years before—had reported William Shakespeare to have circulated certain "sugred sonnets among his private friends,"* we have one of these (the one hundred and thirty-sixth) says the author's name is "Will" (the common nickname of a poet of those days).† There

supposed to be wrongfully given"; in which the writers state, under the head "Shakespeare," that "the person to whom it was granted had borne magistracy, and was justice of peace, at Stratford-upon-Avon; he married the daughter and heir of Arden, and was able to maintain that estate." The whole of this transaction is involved in considerable, and perhaps, to a great extent, intentional, obscurity; and it still seems doubtful whether any grant was actually made in the year 1596. In the year 1599 the application must have been renewed in a somewhat altered form. Under that date there exists a draft of another grant, by which John Shakespeare was further to be allowed to impale the ancient arms of Arden. In this document a statement was originally inserted to the effect that "John Shakespeare showed and produced his ancient coat-of-arms, heretofore assigned to him whilst he was her Majesty's officer and bailiff of that town." But the words "showed and produced" were afterward erased, and in this unsatisfactory manner the matter appears to have terminated.

It is manifest that the entries we have quoted contain a number of exaggerations, one even of positive misstatements. The "parents and antecessors" of John Shakespeare were not advanced and rewarded by Henry VII; but the maternal ancestors, or, more probably, some more distant relatives of William Shakespeare, appear to have received some favors and distinctions from that sovereign. The pattern of arms given, as it is stated, under the hand of Clarendieux, Cooke, who was then dead, is not found in his records, and we can place no faith in his allegation. John Shakespeare had been a justice of the peace, merely *ex-officio*, and not by commission, as is here insinuated; in all probability he did not possess "lands and tenelements of the value of five hundred pounds"; and Robert Arden, of Wilmeccote, was not a "gentleman of worship."—(Kenny, "Life and Genius of Shakespeare," p. 38. London: Longmans, 1854.)

* Hallam does not think these are the sonnets mentioned by Meares.—("Literature of Europe," vol. iii, p. 40, note.)

† See "Appletons' Journal," June, 1880, p. 484, note.

is nothing to connect them with William Shakespeare except his name on the title-page—in the days when we have seen that printers put whatever name they pleased or thought most vendable upon a title-page. (When the aforesaid "Passionate Pilgrim" was printed in 1598—also as by William Shakespeare—Dr. Heywood recognized two of his own compositions incorporated in it, and promptly claimed them. "No evidence," says Mr. Grant White,* in commenting on this performance, "of any public denial on Shakespeare's part is known to exist. It was not until the publication of the third edition of the poem in 1612 that William Shakespeare's name was removed.") But what involves the authorship of the sonnets in still deeper obscurity is the fact that their publisher, Thomas Thorpe, himself dedicates them to a friend of his own. He addresses his friend as "Mr. W. H.," and signs the dedication with his own initials, "T. T."† Perhaps it was just as the name "Shakespeare" was fastened to the title-page of "The Passionate Pilgrim," and the plays to which, as we have noticed, the Shakespearians declare it never belonged, that Mr. Thomas Thorpe called his book "Shakespeare's Sonnets, never before imprinted,"‡ and makes in the pages in the Stationers' Company the entry: "20 May, 1609. Mrs. Thorpe. A book called Shakespeare's Sonnets." They appear conjointly with a long poem entitled "A Lover's Complaint," and two of them (as we have said) had already been printed in "The Passionate Pilgrim," published by Jaggard in 1598.

Mr. Armitage Brown, who flourished in or about the year 1838, and appears to have been the first gentleman who ever took the trouble to read them, has demonstrated§ that these sonnets are actually six poems of different lengths—

* "Shakespeare's Works," vol. iii, p. 77.

† This unhappy dedication has been so twisted by the commentators, to serve their turns, that the only safety is to print it as it stood in this first edition:

"TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
THESE . INSUING . SONNETS .
MR . W . H . ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNETIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OUR . EVER . LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTURER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH .
T . T . "

‡ The title reads: "Shakespeare's Sonnets never before imprinted: at London, by G. Eld, for T. T. And are to be sold by William Apsley. 1609."

§ "Shakespeare's Autographical Poems, being his Sonnets clearly developed," etc. By Charles Armitage Brown. London: James Bohn, 1838.

each poem having a consistent theme and argument (and he made this discovery by the simple process of reading them). Can anybody believe that, if these six poems had been the work of the mighty Shakespeare of the Shakespeareans, they would have waited until 1838 without a reader? And, most wonderful of all, that this mighty poet in his own lifetime would allow six of his poems to be torn up into isolated stanzas by a printer, stirred together and run into type haphazard, and sold as his "Sonnets"? The Shakespeareans tell us sometimes of their William's utter indifference to fame, but they have never claimed for him an imperturbability quite so stolid as this. And while we could not well imagine Mr. Tennyson regarding with complaisance a publisher who would print his "Maud," "Locksley Hall," "Lady Clara," etc., each verse standing by itself, and calling the whole "Mr. Tennyson's Sonnets," so we think even Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe would have thought the printers were going a little too far.

But, all the same, the Shakespeareans, Mr. Armitage Brown among the rest, are determined that these sonnets shall be Shakespeare's and nobody else's, and proceed to tell us who "Mr. W. H." (to whom Mr. Thorpe, at William Shakespeare's request—as if the man who wrote the sonnets could not write a dedication of them—dedicated them) is. Certain of them believe the letters "W. H." to be a transposition of "H. W.," in which case they might stand for "Henry Wriothesley," Earl of Southampton. Mr. Boaden and two Mr. Browns* read them, as they stand, to mean William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (in either case accounting for William Shakespeare addressing an earl as "Mr."—which may mean "Mister" or "Master"—on the score of earl and commoner having been the closest of "chums"). A learned Frenchman, M. Chasles, has conjectured that Thomas Thorpe wrote the first half of the dedication including the "Mr. W. H.," and William Shakespeare the second half (including, perhaps, though M. Chasles does not say so, the "T. T."). An equally learned German (Herr Bernsdorff) suggests that "W. H." means "William Himself," and that the great Shakespeare meant to dedicate these poems to his own personality (possibly as did George Wither, who in 1611 dedicated his satirical poems, "G. W. wisheth himself all happiness"; and agreeing with Swift, who says "Whatever the poets pretend, it is plain they give immortality to none but themselves"). And there have been other equally

absurd speculations—such as that the word "Hewes" in the line "a man in Hewes all Hewes in his controlling," "Hewes" is spelled with a capital letter—that "W. H." means "William Hewes," whoever he might have been. Mr. Niel believes that "W. H." means "William Hathaway," Shakespeare's brother-in-law, and that "onlie begetter" of these sonnets means "only collector"; and that Hathaway collected his brother-in-law's manuscripts and carried them to Thorpe, going into considerable philology to make good his assertion. Mr. Massey has, for his part, constructed a tremendous romance out of the sonnets,* in which "W. H." means William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. But all these commentators alike agree to ignore the fact that William Shakespeare did not dedicate the sonnets to anybody, or, so far as we know, request Thomas Thorpe to do so for him.

Then, again, anonymous authorship was a fashionable pastime among the gallants and the gentle of this Elizabethan day, and joint authorship a familiar feature in Elizabethan letters. If certain noblemen of the court proposed amusing themselves at joint anonymous authorship, they were certainly right in concluding that the name of a living man, in their own pay, was a safer disguise than a pseudonym which would challenge curiosity and speculation. At least—so say the New Theorists—such has turned out to be the actual fact. It is the New Theory that, while in employment at the theatre, William Shakespeare was approached by certain gentlemen of the court. Perhaps their names were Southampton, Raleigh, Essex, Rutland, and Montgomery, and possibly among them was a needy and ambitious scholar named Bacon, who, with an eye to preferment, maintained their society by secret recourse to the Jews or to anything that would put gold for the day in his purse. Possibly they desired to be unknown, for the reasons given by Miss Bacon.† In what they asked of him, and what he did for them, he found, at any rate, his profit. The story goes that the amount of profit he realized from one of these gentleman alone was no less a sum than a thousand pounds. If so—considering the buying power of pounds in those days—it is not so wonderful that, at this rate, William Shakespeare retired with a fortune. Even at its most and its best, it is an infinitely small percentum of the world's wealth that finds its way into the poet's pocket; poetasters are

* "Shakespeare's Autographical Poems." By Charles Armitage Brown. London, 1838. "The Sonnets of Shakespeare solved," etc. By Henry Brown. London, 1870.

* "Shakespeare's sonnets never before interpreted," etc., etc. By Gerald Massey. London, 1866. A poem, "The Phoenix and the Turtle," is sometimes bound up with these, described as "Verses among the Additional Poems to Love's Martyr; or, Rosalin's Complaint," printed in 1601, but we know not by what authority.

† Vide "Appletons' Journal," June, 1880, p. 494.

sometimes luckier than poets. That William Shakespeare's fortune came faster than the fortune of his fellows we do know, and this was at once the most secure and the most lucrative use he could have made of his name, for, as we have seen, owing to the condition of the common law, while he could hardly have protected himself against the piracy of his name by injunction, he might have loaned it for value to the printers, or to any one desirous of employing it.

This scheme of assimilated authorship seems at least to tally with the evidence from what we know as the "doubtful plays." In 1609 there appeared in London an anonymous publication—a play entitled "*Troilus and Cressida*." It was accompanied by a preface addressed "A never writer to an ever reader," which, in the turgid fashion of the day, set forth the merit and attractions of the play itself. Among its other claims to public favor, this preface asserted the play to be one "never stal'd with the stage, never clapperclawed with the palms of the vulgar"—which seems (in English) to mean that it had never been performed in a theatre. But, however virgin on its appearance in print, it seems to have very shortly become "staled with the stage," or, at any rate, with a stage name, for, a few months later, a second edition of the play (printed from the same type) appears, minus the preface, but with the announcement on the title-page that this is the play of "*Troilus and Cressida*, as it was enacted by the King's Majesty his servants at the Globe. *Written by William Shakespeare*."* Now, unless we can imagine William Shakespeare—while operating his theatre—writing a play to be published in print—and announcing it as entitled to public favor on the ground that it had never been polluted by contact with so unclean and unholy a place as a theatre, it is hard to escape the conviction that he was not the "never writer"—in other words, that he was not its author at all—but on its appearance in print levied on it for his stage, underlined it, produced it, and—it proving a success—either himself announced it, or winked at its announcement by others, as a work of his own.

Again, in 1600, a play was printed in London entitled "*Sir John Oldcastle*"; in 1605, one entitled "*The London Prodigal*"; in 1608, one entitled "*The Yorkshire Tragedy*"; in 1609, one entitled "*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*," and, at about the same time, certain others, viz., "*The Arraignment of Paris*," "*Arden of Feversham*" (a very able work, by the way), "*Edward III*," "*The Birth of Merlin*," "*Fair Em*," "*The Miller's*

Daughter," "*Mucedorus*," "*The Merry Devil of Edmonton*," and "*The Two Noble Kinsmen*." All the above purported and were understood to be, and were sold as being, works of William Shakespeare, except "*The Merry Devil of Edmonton*," which was announced as by Shakespeare and Rowley, and "*The Two Noble Kinsmen*," as by Shakespeare and Fletcher.

Now, it is certainly a fact that William Shakespeare, from his box-office at the Globe or from his country-seat at Stratford, never corroborated the printers by admitting, or contradicted them by denying, his authorship of any of the above enumerated plays. The "*Hamlet*" had been previously published in or about 1603, and the "*Lucrece*" had made its appearance in 1594.

It is certainly a fact that none of these—from "*Hamlet*" to "*Fair Em*," from "*Lucrece*" to "*The Merry Devil of Edmonton*"—did William Shakespeare ever either deny or claim as progeny of his. He fathered them all as they came, "and no questions asked." And, had Mr. Ireland been on hand with his "*Vortigern*," it might have gone in with the rest, with no risk of the scrutiny and the scholarship which exploded it so disastrously in 1796. No plays, bearing the name of William Shakespeare on their title-page, now appeared from 1609 to 1622. But in the year 1623, seven years after William Shakespeare's death, a folio of *thirty-six* plays is brought out by "Heminge and Condell," entitled "*The Works of Mr. William Shakespeare*." Of the many plays which had appeared during his life, and been circulated and considered as his, there are only *thirteen* in this folio, while *twenty-three* plays are admitted which had never been published before, either on the stage or anywhere else! Surely, under the circumstances, we are justified in asking the question, "If William Shakespeare ever wrote any plays or poems, which of the above did he write, and which are doubtful?"

Whether the hand that wrote the "*Hamlet*" also composed the "*Fair Em*," or the classicist who produced the "*Julius Cæsar*" and the "*Coriolanus*" at about the same time achieved "*The Merry Devil*" and "*The London Prodigal*," is a question, as lying within that sacred and peculiar realm of "criticism," or, rather, of that inexhaustible realm of "internal evidence" which has established and for ever proved so many wonderful things about "our Shakespeare"—a realm beyond our purview in these papers, and wherein we should be a trespasser. Fortunately, however, the question has been settled for us by those to whom criticism is not *ultra vires*, and may safely be said to be at rest now and for ever. The judgment of the whole critical world is of record that certain of the above-mentioned plays, known to have been published under the name of

* Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," third edition, pp. 144-147.

William Shakespeare are "spurious"; that, during the lifetime of William Shakespeare, and in the city where he dwelt—under his very nose, that is to say—divers and sundry plays *did* appear from time to time which he did not write, but which he fathered. Whether, in pure philanthropy and charity, he regarded these as little Japhets in search of a father, and so, pitying their abandoned and derelict condition, assumed their paternity, or, whether he took advantage of their bastardy for mere selfish and ill-gotten gain, it is impossible to say and unprofitable to speculate. But there can be no reasonable doubt that, in London in the days of Elizabeth, in the name "William Shakespeare" there was much the same sort of common trade-mark as exists, in Cologne, in the days of Victoria, in the name "Jean Maria Farina"—that it was at everybody's service. And, if William Shakespeare farmed out his name to playwrights, just as the only original Farina farms out his to makers of the delectable water of Cologne, wherein shall we find fault? If, two hundred years after, a lesser Sir Walter of Abbotford, be acquitted of moral obliquity in denying his fatherhood of "Waverley," for the sake of the offspring, surely, the elastic ethics of authorship, for the sake of the great book, will stretch out far enough to cover the case of a Shakespeare, who neither affirmed nor denied, but only held his peace! William Shakespeare, at least, in the days when Lord Coke says that a play-actor was, in contemplation of law, a vagabond and a tramp,* never had to shift for his living. He always had money to spend and money to lend in the days when we know many of his contemporaries in the theatrical and dramatic line were "in continued and utter extremity, willing to barter exertion, name, and fame for the daily dole that gets the daily dinner."† Of all the sixteen co-managers—and, among them, one Burbage was the Booth or Forrest of his day—William Shakespeare is the only one whose pecuniary success enables him to retire to become a landed gentleman with a purchased "Esquire" to his name.

No wonder that Robert Greene, a well-known contemporary actor, but "who led the skeltering life peculiar to his trade," and who had either divined or shared the secret of the "Shakespearean" dramas, raised his voice in warning of the masquerade in borrowed plumes! But William Shakespeare was a shrewd masquerader,

and covered his tracks well. The search for a fragment of Shakespearean manuscript or holograph has been as thorough and ardent as ever was search for the philosopher's stone. But no scrap or morsel has been found. The explanation of all this mystery, according to the new theory, is of very little value, except in so far as it throws light upon what otherwise seems inexplicable, namely, that the magnificent philosophical dramas (which are more precious in our libraries as text-book and poems than as stage shows wherewith to pass an idle evening in our enlightened day) should have been popular with the coarse audiences of the times from which they date. But, if, to conceal their real authors, these magnificent productions were simply sent out under a name that was at everybody's disposal, the discovery is of exceeding interest. From the lofty masterpiece of the "Hamlet" to what M. Taine calls "a debauch of imagination . . . which no fair and frail dame in London should be without"—the "Venus and Adonis"—it was immaterial what they printed as his, so this William Shakespeare earned his fee for his silence. As for young Southampton—then just turned of nineteen—his part in the covert work of the junta seems to have been the accepting of the famous dedication. That a rustic butcher-lad should, while holding horses at the door of a city theatre, produce as "the first heir of his invention"—the very first thing he turned his pen to—so maturely voluptuous a poem as the "Venus and Adonis," would be a miracle, among all the other miracles, not to be lost sight of.

At any rate, that these gentlemen of the court were satisfied with their bargain, we have every reason to believe. It is said that the great dramas we call Shakespeare's so persistently nowadays, and which began to appear unheralded at about this time, bear internal traces of courtly and aristocratic authorship. The diction is stately and sedate. No peasant-born author could have assumed and sustained so haughty a contempt for everything below a baronet (for only at least that grade of humanity, it is said by those who have carefully examined the dramas in this view,‡ does any virtuous or praiseworthy attribute appear in a Shakespearean character. Everything below is exceedingly comic and irresistible, no doubt, but still "base, common, and popular"). We believe that historical and circumstantial evidence alone is adequate to settle or even to disturb this Shakespearean question; for it appears to be the unanimous verdict of

* "The fatal end," he says, "of these five is beggary—the alchemist, the monopolist, the concealer, the informer, and the poetaster." A "play-actor," he elsewhere affirms, was a fit subject for the grand jury, as a "vagrant."

† "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," August 7, 1852, p. 88.

* Crawley, quoted by Taine, "English Literature," book ii, chapter iv.

† Mr. Wilkes's "Shakespeare from an American Point of View" (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1875) is devoted to a careful demonstration of this view.

criticism that the style of Bacon and the style of "Shakespeare" are as far apart as the poles (experts have even gone so far as to reduce both to a "euphonic test,"* and pronounce it impossible that the two could have been written in the same hand). But this is not very valuable as evidence; for never, we think, can mere expert evidence be of itself sufficient as to questions of forgery, of authorship any more than of autograph. If mere literary style had been all the evidence accessible, our Shakespeareans would have been making oath to the Ireland forgeries to-day as stoutly as when, in the simplicity of their hearts, they swore the impromptus of a boy of eighteen surpassed anything in "Hamlet" or Holy Writ. It was only by just such circumstantial evidence as has been grouped in these papers (such as the Elizabethan orthography, and philology—the use of Roman instead of Arabic numerals, etc.) that the Ireland imposture was exploded. Forgery is the imitation of an original, and, if the original be inimitable, there can surely be no forgery. In the case of forgery of a signature, lawyers and experts know that the nearer the imitation the more easily is it detectable; for no man writes his own name twice precisely alike, and, if two signatures attributed to the same hand are found to be fac-similes, and, on being superimposed against the light, match each other in every detail, it is irrefutable evidence that one is intentionally simulated.† In the case of literary style, however, we are deprived of this safeguard, because, the more nearly exact the counterfeit, the more easily the critic is deceived; and not only the Chatterton, Ireland, and Macpherson forgeries, but the history of merely sportive imitation and parody prove that literary style is anything but inimitable; that, in fact, it requires no genius, and very little cleverness to counterfeit.‡ Nor is what is incessantly appealed to—"the internal evidence of the plays themselves" of any particular value to the end in view. Were the question before us, "Was the author of these works a poet, statesman, philosopher, lawyer?" etc., etc., this internal evidence would be, indeed, invaluable. But it is not. The question is not *what*, but *who*, was the author? Was his family name "Shakespeare," and was he christened "William"? The Shakespearean has been allowed to confound these questions, and to answer them together, until they have become as inseparable

as Demosthenes and his pebble-stones. But, once separated, it is manifest to the meanest comprehension that the internal evidence drawn from the works themselves, however satisfactory as to the one question, is utterly incompetent as to the other, and that it is by purely external—that is to say, by circumstantial evidence, by history, and by the record—that the question before us must be answered, if, indeed, it ever is to be answered at all. And, therefore, it is by circumstantial evidence alone, we think, that literary imposture can be satisfactorily exposed. Neither can we trust to internal evidence alone; for an attempt to write the biography of William Shakespeare, by means of the internal evidence of the Shakespearean plays, has inevitably resulted in the questions, Was Shakespeare a lawyer, was Shakespeare a physician—a natural philosopher—a chemist—a botanist—a classical scholar—a student of contemporary life and manners—an historian—a courtier—an aristocrat—a bibliotist—and the rest?—and in giving us the fairy stories of Mr. Knight and Mr. De Quincey in place of the truth we crave. For we can not close our eyes to the fact that history very decidedly negatives the idea that William Shakespeare, of Stratford, was either a lawyer, a physician, a courtier, a philosopher, an aristocrat, or a soldier. Moreover, while the internal evidence is fatal to the Shakespearean theory, it preponderates in favor of the Baconians; for, when we should ask these questions concerning Francis Bacon, surely the answer of history would be, Yes—yes, indeed; all this was Francis Bacon. The minute induction of his new and vast philosophy did not neglect the analysis of the meanest herb or the humblest fragment of experimental truth that could minister to the comfort or the health of man.* And where else, in the range of letters—except in the Shakespearean works, where kings and clowns alike take their figures of speech from the analogies of nature—is the parallel of all this faithful accumulation of detail and counterfeit handwriting of Nature? He had stooped to watch even the "red-hipped humble-bee"† and the "small gray-coated gnat."‡ Had the busy manager been studying them as well?

* The last act on earth of the great ex-Chancellor was to alight from his carriage to gather handfuls of snow, to ascertain if snow could be utilized to prevent decomposition of dead flesh; and it is related that, in his dying moments—for the very act precipitated the fever of which he died—he did not forget to record that the experiment had succeeded "excellently well."

† "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act IV, Sc. 1.

‡ "Romeo and Juliet," Act I, Sc. 4. See "The Natural History of the Insects mentioned in Shakespeare," by R. Patterson. London: A. K. Newman & Co., Leadenhall Street, 1841.

* Wilkes's "Shakespeare from an American Point of View," Part III.

† Hunt *versus* Lawless, New York Superior Court, November, 1879 (not as yet reported). And see, also, Moore *versus* United States, 2 Otto, United States, 270.

‡ The curious reader is referred to "Supercherics Literaries, Pastiches," etc., one of the unique labors of the late M. Delepierre. London: Trübner & Co., 1872.

From this to lordly music,* and in all the range between, no science had escaped him. Had the busy manager followed or preceded the philosopher's footsteps, step by step, up through them all? And did he pause in his conception or adaptation of a play, pen in hand, to make it an encyclopædia as well as a play as he went along? If the manager alone was author of these works, there is, it seems to us, no refuge from this conviction. But if, as is the New Theory, these plays were amplified for the press by a learned hand, perhaps, after all, he was the stage manager, actor, and human being that history asserts him to have been. If, as has been conjectured, William Shakespeare sketched the clowns and wenches with which these stately dramas are relieved, it would account for a supposed Warwickshire source for many of them. For example (says Aubrey), "he took the humor of the constable in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' † at Grendon, in Bucks, which is on the road from London to Stratford." We can readily imagine William Shakespeare as pretty familiar with the constabulary along his route between home and theatre, so often traveled by himself and jolly coetaneans with heads full of Marian Hackett's ale, and that he thought some of them good enough to put in a play. Or, if not equal to the clowns and wenches himself, those most interested in fostering the deception could easily interwrite them from his mimicry at second hand. The "New Theory" and the "Delia Bacon Theory" coincide in this, that William Shakespeare was fortunate in the plays brought to him, and grew rich in matching them to his spectacles. But these plays, as now performed, are the editions of Cibber, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Macready, Booth, Irving, and others, and, while preserving still the dialogues which once passed, perhaps, through Shakespeare's hands, retain no traces of his industry, once so valuable to the Globe and Blackfriars, but now rejected as unsuited to the exigencies of the modern stage. Little as there is of the man of Stratford in our libraries, there is still less of him in our theatres in 1880.

Such, briefly sketched, are the three theories concerning these glorious transcripts of the age

* Ulrici, p. 248, book ii, chapter vi., refers to "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act I, Sc. 2, as proving that the author of that play "possessed in an unusual degree the power of judging and understanding the theory of music."

† Aubrey intended to say, the "Much Ado about Nothing."

of Elizabeth, that, while two centuries of literature between is obsolete and moribund, are yet unwithered and unstaled, and the most priceless of all the treasures of the age of Victoria. And yet, there seems to be a feeling that any exploration after their authorship is a sacrilege, and that this particular historical question must be left untouched—as Pythagoras would not eat beans, as parricidal—that William Shakespeare is William Shakespeare—and the doggerel curse of Stratford hangs over and forefends the meddling with his bones. And yet, no witch's palindrome for long can block the march of reason and of research. Modern scholarship is every day dissolving chimera, and, if this Shakespeare story has no basis of truth, it must inevitably be abolished along with the rest. If this transcendent literature had come down to us without the name, would it have been sacrilege to search for its paternity? And does the mere name of William Shakespeare make that, which is otherwise expedient, infamous? Or, is this the meaning of the incantation on the tomb—that cursed shall he be who seeks to penetrate the secret of the plays? Such, indeed, was the belief that drove poor Delia Bacon mad. But we decline to see anything but the calm historical question. It seems to us that, if we are at liberty to dispute as much as we like as to whether two *a*'s or only one, or three *e*'s or only two belong of right in the name "Shakespeare," surely it can not be debarred us to ask of the Past the origin of these thousand-souled pages we call by that name. We believe that, if the existence of these three theories—as to each of which it is possible to say so much—proves anything, it proves that history and circumstantial evidence oppose the possibility of William Shakespeare's authorship of the works called his, and that, moreover, there is a reasonable doubt whether any ONE MAN did write, or could have written, either with or without a Bodleian or an Astor Library at his elbow, the whole complete canon of the Shakespearean works. With the highest admiration and respect for literary scholarship and criticism—for all that it has done, and all that it can do—the anti-Shakespeareans attempt not to strip the "SHAKESPEARE" of his glorious renown; but, far to the contrary, because they so ardently admire and venerate the genius we call Shakespearean, they would fain set up an ideal Shakespeare in the place of the historical man they find so unsatisfactory—in short, they are not ICONOCLASTS, but IDEALISTS.

APPLETON MORGAN.

MODERN ITALIAN PICTURESQUE SCULPTURE.

IT is sufficiently lamentable to witness the preference given by a large class of painters to painful, vulgar, or debasing topics, and a predilection for the ugly and commonplace, particularly those emotions and conditions of humanity which show its special degradations, sufferings, petty aims, and least noteworthy phenomena, under the specious plea of rendering natural truth. The old feeling for the æsthetic in art is superseded by a passion either for a low standard of realism, mere surface imitation of the most familiar things of every-day life, or an abnormal appetite for whatever is difficult, sensational, and horrible, chiefly for display of technical dexterity, and of shocking the public mind rather than entertaining or instructing it. Petty materialism and demoralizing sensualism are thus banishing from much of modern art its primitive spiritual essence and function, and substituting for Beauty the Beast in its inmost soul. Sculpture not only follows the lead of painting in its baser choice of motives, but, condemning its rightful limitations, invades the realm of painting, seeking to outdo its sister art in realistic effects, and those imitative details which color, light and shade, and linear perspective of the brush alone can adequately depict. Consequently it tends more and more to lose its true dignity of character, and become a mere trick of the chisel, as superficial in aim and expression as children's toys, and of scarcely more account in the world of thought.

Highest art essays to transmute the indefinable and suggestive into visible, sensuous form or sound. It is the opening wide of the windows of the imagination for the soul to look into the realms of an ideal universe, of which it is both the song and prophecy. Owing to its organic purity and freedom from gross elements, as an art-vehicle, marble has more of latent spiritual power than colors, however nobly used. For, like music, besides their intellectual suggestiveness, they inevitably quicken the sensuous apprehensions of men. Pure form in sculpture, on the contrary, is strictly intellectual and spiritual in its associations and interpretations. Mind must conjure up out of itself base feelings and ideas to wrest it to mean and sensual uses; for its reflex action in this direction is not instinctive, as with its sister arts. Hence, in trying for the picturesque and grossly real, sculpture plays an unnatural, unworthy rôle, in which, competing with painting, it can have no permanent success even in the artistic sense it struggles for; while, as a corrupter of taste and stimulator of debasing

ideas, by inciting the mind to comprehend its ambiguity of meanings and salacious artifices, it becomes a pander to the lowest springs of human action and character. We must acknowledge that modern sculpture, with little exception, instead of representing any wholesome idealism, is rapidly dwindling into a more or less vapid plagiarism of past heroic or lovely types, or else a confession of its incapacity to create anything that is not absolutely realistic and pictorial; in fine, a low standard of imitative art, overwhelmed by heavy accessories or petty details, which, however proper to painting, have no legitimate place in sculpture.

In strongly condemning this realistic-pictorial tendency, justice demands the recognition of one feature coincident with it, alike honorable to art and human nature. This is the broad spirit of humanity sometimes seen in an endeavor to realize, in a silent eloquence, to our senses the trials and struggles of honest life, with the view of begetting for it practical sympathy and respect, and of widening and deepening the ties of human brotherhood. Any motive of this character, if seriously treated, although foreign to the scope of the classical rule of æsthetics, comes within the broader compass of Christian art. I give one instance in point as a hopeful sign of the times.

There is now exhibiting in Florence a statuette, by Signor Gori, called "Senza Lavoro" ("Without Labor")—representing a tall, vigorous, well-made man, in the prime of life, of good brain and noble countenance, unkempt hair, head cast down, seated in forlorn posture, meditating on his hopeless condition. In his emaciated, deeply furrowed features, and sunken eyes lost in vacancy, there is no ferocious despair, no degrading appeal to charity or expression of vindictiveness, but a touching consciousness of utter inability to contend longer against the inevitable. The shrunken limbs, gaunt body, thread-worn, much-patched clothing, still neatly respectable in decay, unmistakably bear witness to a hard-fought battle against want; of willingness and capacity to labor, and the severity of the defeat that has overtaken him. This little work has a beauty of its own, for its skillfully subdued realism, joined to pathetic sentiment and recognition of the claims of labor, raises it to the level of fine art, and sanctifies it for all time.

Italy's studios and shops of sculpture are as busy and full in this nineteenth century as ever they were when the art was in its prime. The

demand does not abate, but only changes its taste. Indeed, the passion for festivals is not stronger in the Italian mind than for sculptured monuments and portraiture. As in classical times, marble is the favorite medium of art expression and commemoration, from the simple mural tablet to the projected monument to Victor Emanuel, costing millions of francs. In all other civilized countries sculpture is, more or less, an exotic, but in Italy it is the natural outcome of the deeply ingrained intuitive feeling for plastic art, which makes this country still the chief source of the world's supply or inspiration. Hence, both the moneyed expenditure and native skill are quite sufficient to sustain a much higher standard of taste and motives than now obtains, and to redeem sculpture from the low position of catering mainly to debauched fancy, or providing *genre* novelties for uninstructed persons. If the epitomized plastic reproductions of the paintings of the old masters, now so popular, might be confined to groups like those plagiarized from Raphael's best pictures, and others equally facile for the chisel, none may object. Although not new, they come from a lofty and altogether lovely ideal—wholesome to look upon and keep in daily remembrance. But Raphael erotically toying with the charms of a mistress-model, a group conspicuously exhibited in a fashionable shop-window, is indecent art and a wanton libel on that artist, whose types of virgins and mothers, sacred or profane, are always comely and pure. Every observer can note for himself the multitudinous inanities of which sculpture is now guilty in simpering, skipping, lascivious, impish, freakish, over- and under-toileted forms, ridiculous attitudes or fashion-plate costumes, peeping and muttering indescribable things, savoring more of art travestied in some grotesque carnival than sane work, and which will amuse or disgust him, according to his own æsthetic sensibility and understanding, as they greet his eyes with every alluring device to make them marketable.

Leaving these aside, let us examine specifically a few of the works of some of the young sculptors of Florence who evince undoubted capacity, and seem destined, for better or worse, to impress their idiosyncrasies more or less deeply on the taste of the present generation, carrying realism to its extreme plastic limits. Three prominent names will suffice to illustrate the scope and practice of the rising school which makes war on all old traditions and motives. These are Albano, Carnielo, and Gallori.

Albano is a native of a rude hamlet in the Abruzzi Mountains, where there was no art whatever to suggest to him a career as a sculptor, so that the impulse which, despite every obstacle, forced him to become one, sprang wholly from within

himself, and in the outset was quite independent of example, instruction, and patronage. Indeed, it may be remarked that very many of the great painters and sculptors of Italy have been born in similar localities, where there was little or nothing to prompt them to the choice of a profession which required their migration to the chief art-centers for its perfect development. In most instances they owed nothing to systematic academic instruction, but developed in themselves those principles and that finished execution which led subsequently to the foundation of regular institutions of art-instruction. Real genius comes to the front in its own way with or without these artificial helps, which never create, although they may aid it.

Albano has a peasant's power of persevering toil, and is as sturdy in *physique* as one of his native oaks. Still in his most vigorous youth, he has filled a large studio with a variety of ideal and realistic works, grave and gay, that in number would suffice an average lifetime. Too many, however, are hastily gotten-up shop-merchandise, wanting in refinement, heavily materialistic in feeling, with, in the fancy busts, overmuch pseudo-picturesque detail. The sculptor is unjust to his own genius in bestowing his time on them. These unmistakably crude and bad works appear all the worse from their contrast to those of an opposite character, in which the actual ability of Albano is shown. The most graceful in lines and contours, significant in action, original in sentiment, well conceived and modeled, is called "The Slave." It is the nude figure of a girl in the first freshness of her charms, impotently struggling to free her hands from the rope that holds them; her beautiful face and shrinking body aglow with passionate indignation and mingled shame, there being more anger than fear in her glance. The movement is energetic, feeling natural, and both serve to enhance the harmonious beauty of a form undisfigured by exaggeration of action, although sensible of the greatest indignity that can be offered to pure womanhood. By a happy unity of subtle modeling and lively emotions, if not quite subdued to that æsthetic repose which is one of the highest elements of art, there is no obtrusive consciousness of nudity either in the maid or the spectator, but chaste beauty and lively sympathy become the predominant impressions. This result is highly creditable to the sculptor, besides the freshness he has given to a hackneyed motive, so unmeaningly treated and unskillfully executed by Hiram Powers.

Turning from this ideal composition, we see an extreme of realism in the shape of an old man crouching, so true in wrinkles, unelastic pose, and shriveled flesh, with animalized dotage stamped on every feature, as to seem almost to be a cast from some decayed specimen of flesh and bones

itself. If any good can come of art devoted to material decay, and which shows only what is unpleasant to look on and repulsive to reflect about, without any intellectual reason for its treatment, Albano shows his power over the same. But the reality of disease, decay, and death is too near all men at all times for any one to take delight in looking on their counterfeit reminders in art, reflecting as they do a material bondage out of which every soul capable of aspiring to an ideal life eagerly looks forward to escape.

More masterful and imaginative is its companion-piece, a colossal group taken from Dante's "Inferno," of the *Ladro*, or Thief, agonizing in the folds of biting serpents, which entwine his limbs every direction. Although recalling the idea of the Laocoön, it is more horrifying in character and execution; expresses intenser, hopeless, slow-consuming physical torment. As it has received a *Salon* medal at Paris, and not been sold, we may conclude the cleverness of execution has not been able yet to counterbalance the disagreeableness of the motive. The places for which such art would seem to be best fitted are penal settlements and prisons for the worst criminals.

In his latest statue, of Faust's "Marguerite," Albano has shown equal capacity for the other extreme of ideal composition. It is beautifully modeled and draped, with a pure conception of maidenly love and pensive reflection. The type is very lovely, and the whole figure thoroughly refined, simple, and characteristic, with acute appreciation of the motive.

It will be noticed, however, from the four noteworthy examples cited, and his minor compositions, that Albano is equally sensitive to the classical and mediæval traditions and treatment of his profession, even if he yields too much to the exigencies of modern taste in florid picturesqueness or unqualified realism.

This is not the case with his still youthful rival Carnielo. He finds nothing to please him in classical types and aims, and throws himself zealously into the modern passion for truth of nature as opposed to the Grecian spirit of idealism and restricted choice of the beautiful for forms of art. Unmodified naturalism is his art-creed. Like all extremists, he leans backward in his enthusiasm of emancipation from old theories and rules, exaggerating the freedom of his own until his work borders on the sentimentally ridiculous or grotesque. This is especially exhibited in his studio in several carefully modeled sepulchral monuments in the shape of flat sarcophagi, with figures of men and women bending over them in presumable grief. These are gracefully posed and accurately executed, the attitudes are most decorous, and the men all have the latest immaculate cut of clothes, with stylish hats and

canes in fashion-plate poise, while the women might serve for Worth's lay figures to exhibit the elaborate details of long, extended dresses of richest materials, which, descending from their tightened bodices, flow in rippling streams over their delicate limbs, and expand on the ground into freshets of costly dry-goods, dying gracefully away in surges of rich trimmings. Exquisite fans, gloves, and every touch and accessory of dainty toilets, are fashioned in strict fidelity to nature—if this word be expressive enough to cover all the craft and artifices of bodily decoration—completely extinguishing the body itself, and drowning any incipient graveyard sentiment and mournfulness, to say nothing of the hopes and fears of a future existence, in a swashing flood of worldliness, which serves to recall both the last flirtation and the modiste's bill. The old pagans of Rome and Greece were not fond of unpleasant symbolism in their cemeteries regarding the mysteries of the tomb, but, in their wildest imaginations for diverting the mind from distasteful thoughts, they never invented such a commingling of the pomps and vanities of life with the memories of the dead as we see figured in Carnielo's groups, and actually cut in marble on a large scale by other artists in the Campo Santo at Genoa.

Carnielo also has tried his hand on old age, and produced a bust even more strikingly materialistic than Albano's. It certainly does not make the spectator any fonder of wrinkles, crow's-feet, muscle shrinkage, and anatomical structure, while seeing nothing of the soul they hide.

But this sculptor's supreme effort is his "Dying Mozart," which has been bought by the Minister of Public Instruction, Paris, to be placed in the Conservatoire of Music. The great composer is represented just as his latest breath has escaped him, attenuated by a wasting consumption, his lips apart, little tufts of hair sprouting on his sunken cheeks, his head turned sidewise, half buried in a large square pillow, and his meager form extended in a capacious, high-backed arm-chair. A very heavy, cumbersome dressing-gown encircles the body with well-defined folds, disclosing the drooping anatomy beneath, the lines and contour of which are well suggested. Besides the face, only the thin neck and hands are shown. These are admirably modeled, of a refined character, and taken from the sculptor's own handsome extremities. One lies on the autographic sheet of music in Mozart's lap containing the "Requiem." The expression is not painful, nor is it ecstatic or precisely peaceful, but as if there were either some apprehension of the future or the material phenomena of death had not quite subsided into perfect rest. It just misses the spiritual element, because of

too much study of the physical. There is no doubt of its being a clever realistic representation of a death by consumption of a young man of prepossessing appearance, but it is nothing more, and, except the sheet of music, has no special significance as regards the proposed motive. Beyond its baptism, the spectator must derive whatever consciousness of the dying scene of Mozart he can quicken in his own mind, from his own associations or knowledge. True to his theory of uncompromising eye-fact as his basis of art, Carnielo so carefully studied in the hospitals the death-scenes of several dying young men, that the critic has no fault to find with his plastic representation of the usual phenomena, simply as such, in this statue. But it leaves the impression on the mind that a motive of this character is not suited to sculpture, especially if treated in the picturesque style, in which the accessories overpower the subject when given in marble, embarrass its interpretation, and confuse its delineation. Those logical sequences and natural conditions of things which are facily shown by painting are most difficult in the more solid and less subtle materials of sculpture. They should be simply suggested, not directly imitated, but completely subdued to the chief motive, whose recognition must be complete and immediate to be effective.

Unlike, however, the emphasis given to organic decay, destitute of feeling, and in aspect repulsive, as seen in other works of this new school, the motive of the "Mozart" is pathetic and pure, and the imagination incited to healthful action. Its failure is partly due to the surplussage of accessories, and partly to its unfitness, as treated, to sculpture. Neither the naked truth nor the whole truth must be bluntly told in art. For it has a higher mission than to record facts: this mission is to suggest ideas, invent new joys, and so manifest the true and beautiful that this last feature shall always be first in the mind's appreciation, and precede analysis and instruction. The only immortal art is that in which the ideal and æsthetic dominate the real and changeable, whatever the creed or circumstance.

The new-born nascent delight in organic ugliness and low motives reaches its climax in some works of E. Gallori, likewise of Florence. Realism in its coarsest vein he fondles as if it were the sweetest nosegay. In his work there is the heartiest good-will, as well as skill of hand. Loving it himself, he wants all the world to like it equally, and flings its insolent shamelessness into our faces as freely, according to Ruskin, as Whistler does his pots of paint; which pictorial feat, however, is innocence itself, or, at worst, harmless phantasmagoria, compared with Gallori's plastic revelations of mental and physical filth.

The first example to be gibbeted is that of the half-figure of a big-boned toper, prematurely aged, weather and vice battered, with clothes in keeping, leaning on a Tuscan wine-cask, and bending forward in sympathetic fondness of his support, resting his skinny, deeply-furrowed cheeks on his claw-like fists. One eye is sightless, apparently battered out, and the other, buried in unwholesome swellings, has a cavernous look of light gleaming bodingly and jeeringly out of some demon's den. Combined with the other rugged, malevolent features, they give an audacious leer to the vulgar, satyr-like countenance. His sunburned, muscular arms are like sharply-trained whip-cords. The open, liquorish mouth shows stumps of decayed teeth and two whole ones, retaining a pipe. Hair, beard, and mustache resemble the stubble of a burned field. The entire conception is an artistic apotheosis, startlingly well done after its beastly fashion—may the brute creation forgive me!—of brutal human degradation, rejoicing in its depravity, seemingly bereft of every saving element; a compound of carnal appetites and plenary indulgence, minus a soul.

But this abominable art invention is undefiled religion by the side of Gallori's masterpiece, the statue which a few years since caused so much discussion in Italy, and is now circulated in statuette form taken from the colossal original. It is called "Nerone," being an effigy of Nero, of heroic size, in the maddest freak of his debauchery and folly, attired as an actress. As regards the special motive and strong *physique* of the Emperor, it is powerfully modeled, posed, and fittingly costumed, with accurately studied details of a fashionable Roman lady's toilet of the most sumptuous character, and every meretricious ornament and dainty device that the most prodigal female vanity of dress and person could sigh for. The lineaments and form, despite the disguise and counterfeit action, are heavily masculine; the type of features and movement, being decidedly ponderous and gladiatorial, contrasts repulsively with the assumed part, feigned grace, and smirk of Nero, simpering in admiration of himself, and watching with tiger-gleam of eye for any failure of the spectators' applause to equal his leviathan self-conceit. If the work were less seriously and cleverly executed, the sense of the grotesque-ludicrous might be uppermost on seeing it. But it is too thoroughly a realistic exhibition of human diabolism concentrating into one emphatic expression and action all its possibilities of lechery, vanity, deceit, and malignity; a male debauchee and tyrant, intoxicated by supreme power, inventing a fresh supreme debasement of himself, and meanly attempting to pass it off on the world as the true image of the sex

which he ridiculously and foully seeks to imitate in borrowing the artifices of dress, the luxury, the outspoken coquetties, the obscene allurements, and the monstrous vices of the worst of the women of a court that was a bottomless abyss of lust, cruelty, and falsehood. No doubt Nero in his paroxysms of wickedness was quite the revolting monster that Gallori has made him, but no good can come of art that spontaneously and with pleasure exhibits the depths of degradation which humanity can sound within the limits of its free choice of good or evil; for it

generates and perpetuates types of wickedness and ugliness that to susceptible souls only suggest even greater progress hellward, and familiarize them with the paths that lead thitherward. Evil art, like public executions, chiefly operates to deteriorate humanity, increase immorality, and multiply criminals. The greater the talent shown in its creation, the more powerful it becomes for mischief. Modern taste should at once stamp it out by welcoming only that which is sound in principle and pure in feeling, as well as true and beautiful in execution.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES (*The Art Journal*).

THE VARIATIONS OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

EVERY one has heard of Bossuet's work on the "Variations of Protestantism." It is worth while to ask whether a similar work might not be written in a less carping spirit on the variations of Catholicism. There are two advantages which would result from such an investigation: First, we should learn more properly to appreciate the worth or worthlessness of the claim put forward by the Roman Church to the exclusive possession of unity and authority. Secondly, we should be induced to regard the Roman Communion more peaceably and hopefully if we were convinced that, being a Church of like infirmities and inconsistencies with the Protestant Churches of Christendom, it has therefore like chances of improvement in the future.

We do not aspire for a moment to rival either the eloquence or the fierceness of the Eagle of Meaux. The subject is one which would require a volume to do it justice. But a few illustrations may not be useless by way of indicating the general direction which such an inquiry might take.

Let us divide what we have to say into two parts. The first relating to the Roman Church in the times before the Reformation, and the second relating to its present existence:

I. In regard to the times before the Reformation, it is important to remember that the Roman Church was, in many essential points, in a very different position from that in which it was left after the disruption of the Protestant Churches from it. No doubt there is an historical continuity between the state of the Roman Church before and after the Reformation, as there is between the state of the Church of England, and to a certain extent of the Church of Scotland, before and after the same convulsion. It remains the great trunk from which the other communions have

been divided in Western Christendom, just as the Churches of England and of Scotland are the historic trunks from which the nonconforming communities of Great Britain have been divided. Leo XIII is the successor of Gregory the Great, but in the same sense as the present Archbishop of Canterbury is the successor of Augustin, the present Lord Chancellor the successor of St. Swithin, and the present Principal of St. Andrews is the successor of the first Provost, John Althamar, appointed by Bishop Kennedy. In each case the continuity and the discontinuity, though differing in degree, are the same in kind. But to acknowledge this is to acknowledge also that the elements of Protestantism, which have since been drawn off in a large measure into the Protestant communions, existed in the Roman Church before the Reformation in a sense in which they do not exist now. Let us notice a few of these:

1. The Roman Church broke off from the old Eastern Church in the same way and under impulses of a similar kind with those which led to the disruption of the Protestant Churches from itself. It had within it the instinct of change and progress, which in the Eastern Church had almost died away, but which in the West was sure to end, at last, in movements like that of Luther or Knox or Wesley. The Pope, as has been often remarked, is, in the eyes of the Eastern Church, the first Protestant, the first schismatic, the first Rationalist. In the predominant and separatist attitude of the Papal See was the first great infringement of the ancient historical government of equal patriarchal sees, which had come down from the fifth century. Under a like impulse there took place, in the middle ages, changes of such magnitude, at least

in worship and ritual, as have hardly been equaled even by the Reformation itself. The two sacraments were completely transformed, partly, no doubt, from superstitious motives, but partly also from the onward rational inquiring tendency which belongs to all Protestant Churches. The Eucharist, which in the early ages was, and in the Eastern Churches still is, administered to infants, was, in the thirteenth century, by the authority of the Roman Church, withheld from them. No more severe blow has ever been dealt against the magical and mystical theory of the sacramental system. Baptism, which, as its name indicates, and as it was universally understood in the early ages, signified a total immersion, was also in the thirteenth century gradually begun to be exchanged to the totally different rite of sprinkling. Confirmation was deferred to an age of consciousness, and thus was transformed into a new and instructive ceremony, which became the germ, and also has received the influences, of the ordinance which, under the same name, has played so large a part in the Lutheran and Reformed Churches. These are but samples of a tendency, which, having been often noticed, need not here be followed into fuller details.

2. Another element of the mediæval Church which, if it can not properly be called Protestant, is certainly not exclusively or peculiarly Roman, was its peculiar development of the genius of architecture. The great cathedrals which from the eleventh to the fifteenth century sprang into existence belonged to an instinct which after the sixteenth century entirely died out of the Roman Church, and which has been subsequently revived more actively in the Protestant than in the Catholic countries of Europe. There are, no doubt, in Gothic cathedrals some features better adapted for those peculiar devotions to saints and relics,* which form the distinguishing features of much of modern Roman Catholicism. But the general aspect of the old cathedrals belongs equally to both sides of Christendom; and, as regards their simplicity, their elevation, their subordination of the parts to the whole, are characteristic, as Dean Milman well observed,† rather of the Christianity of the philosophical and rational period which the Reformation inaugurated than of the small, minute observances in which modern Roman religion delights. It is a confirmation of this view that the curious imitations of the worst parts of

Roman Catholicism, which has been recently developed in the English Church, are almost entirely confined to modern buildings, and have never taken possession of or been fostered by our historical cathedrals. And in the Roman Church itself the gaudy dresses of wonder-working images, and accumulation of ex-votos, artificial flowers, grottoes, and the like, are far less common in the ancient triumphs of architectural genius than in the popular resorts of modern pilgrimage or of local devotion.

3. Another element of similarity to the Protestant character in the mediæval Church is to be found in the free-spoken language adopted both by clergy and laymen, before the Reformation, on the subject of ecclesiastical abuses. In the mediæval literature there are about half a dozen works which have survived the shock of time and the change of fashion. Of these hardly one could have been produced in the Roman Church since the sixteenth century. The audacity with which the "*Divina Commedia*" of Dante touches on the relations of the Empire and the Pontificate, the temporal power of the Papal See, and the vices of the clergy, would now be intolerable to the Roman hierarchy. The book on which he chiefly prided himself, the "*De Monarchiâ*," is actually on the Index. Chaucer and Petrarch would never have been regarded as genuine products of the Church in any time later than Leo X. The "*Imitation of Christ*" speaks of pilgrimages in a tone far more Protestant than Roman, and soars into an atmosphere, for the most part, wholly unlike to most of the books of Roman devotion since the time of Ignatius Loyola. The invectives of saints like Bernard, of theologians like Gerson, of scholars like Erasmus, against the superstitions and corruptions of the Church, which were all deemed compatible with fidelity to the Roman Communion before the sixteenth century, have become almost impossible since. Whenever such voices have been raised, in later times, within the pale of the Roman Church, they have been either immediately suppressed, or regarded with aversion and suspicion. The spirit which animated them has passed across the border and taken refuge in those Churches which threw off the Roman yoke, and which, therefore, justly claim an affinity with these their precursors in the mediæval Church far more deep and close than can be claimed by champions of modern Catholicism.

4. Another mark of Protestant variety in the mediæval Church may be found in the incessant rivalries of the monastic orders between themselves and, or against, the bishops, as well as in the fierce animosities of the various scholastic systems. Erasmus,* in noticing them as obsta-

* We refer particularly to the side chapels. But these are obviously excrescences on the main idea of the building which are quite inconsistent with the earlier ideas of Western Christendom, as may be seen in the Cathedral of Milan, and with the plan, never altered from ancient times, of the Eastern churches.

† "*History of Latin Christianity*," book xiv, chapter viii.

* "*Enchiridion*," p. 8.

cles to the spread of the gospel among the heathen, spoke of them in exactly the same terms as we might speak at present of the diversities of Protestant sects. This sign of discord or life, according as we choose to regard it, may perhaps still exist in the Roman Church. But its utterances very rarely reach the outer world.

II. Let us pass to the present condition of the Roman Church :

1. It naturally follows, from what has been said, that the chasm which exists between a large portion of the ancient spirit of the mediæval Church and the spirit of the modern Roman Church must create a constant jarring and discord, and present a long series of variations.

There is hardly more unity of thought between the architecture of a modern Jesuit church and Cologne Cathedral, than there is between that of Cologne Cathedral and a Quakers' meeting-house. The whole style and genius of the buildings, and the minds that inspired them, are different.

The changes just noticed in the case of the Sacraments are as irreconcilable with the claim of unchangeable unity, as the restoration of the Eucharistic cup in the Protestant Churches, or the abolition of the water of baptism by the Society of Friends.

In the authorized books of devotion, what an extraordinary depth of discordance in spirit the moment we penetrate below the surface ! Take the Breviary, now for the first time rendered comparatively accessible by the elaborate translation into English, which has been given to us by the careful labors of Lord Bute. There is no point where the authoritative decision of a Church is more required than in the discrimination of the devotional materials which it furnishes for the moral and intellectual food of the people. Look at the stories which the Breviary contains for instruction on saints' days. The stories of Pope Silvester and Pope Marcellinus, regularly incorporated in the Breviary, are condemned in Lord Bute's annotations, guardedly but decidedly, as unworthy of acceptance. Yet they still remain, and other tales of the same kind remain also without such warning. We would not be hard in our requirements. Every Church must find it difficult to meet from age to age, and year to year, the exactions of modern criticism. Yet, as far back as 1552, the Church of England did not hesitate to exclude the festival of St. Mary Magdalen from the Prayer-book, because it rested on a precarious interpretation of the Biblical text. And, in a Church possessing such a machinery for authoritative declarations as that of Rome, it is a mark of rare lethargy or laxity, when we find it leaving such questions to be thus initiated and ventilated by a private layman.

Again, in the most solemn and sacred form

of all—the Canon of the Mass. It is well known to students that this venerable document contains two elements entirely incompatible with two of the most widely recognized doctrines of the Roman Church. One is the fact that, in that formulary, the priest confesses to the people and the people absolve the priest ; exactly in the same terms as, immediately before, the people confess to the priest and the priest absolves the people. This interesting passage, now obscured by the unimpressive and unintelligible manner in which these solemn words are uttered, is obviously quite irreconcilable with the ordinary doctrine that the priest alone is the dispenser of absolution. The other is the fact that the words "Oblation," "Host," "Sacrifice," are said of the bread and wine before their consecration ; and that, therefore, the Sacrifice, the Host of the Eucharist, is not the body and blood (into which, on whatever hypothesis and with whatsoever meaning, the bread and wine are said to be transformed by the words of institution), but the natural fruits of the earth, according to the primitive usage of thanksgiving, for the benefits of Providence in the gifts of creation. The Eucharistic Sacrifice, in the sense of offering up the body and blood of the Redeemer, exists in the decrees of Trent, and in the minds of many devout Roman Catholics ; but it is not that which is found in the solemn and authorized Liturgy of the Roman Church.

2. There can be no question that the theory and law of marriage lie at the basis of human society. Yet on this important subject the widest diversities exist in the Roman Church. In modern times what is called civil marriage (that is, a marriage before witnesses without religious services) has been condemned by high Roman authorities, as hardly deserving the name of marriage at all. But this very form of matrimony is that which, before the Council of Trent, in all Continental Christendom, was regarded by the Catholic Church, not only as a *bona fide* union of man and wife, but as a sacrament.* The consent of two persons in the presence of a witness was sufficient to constitute a valid marriage. It was not till the Council of Trent that the intervention of the parish priest was considered necessary ; and even then, not as himself performing the marriage, but as a witness.† The celebration of the sacrament is not vested even now in the person of the priest who gives the benediction, but in the person of the man and woman who make the solemn agreements in his presence. This form of *sponsalia per verba de presenti* (i. e., by words on the part of the contracting

* Lord Stowell in *Dalrymple vs. Dalrymple*, 2 *Consist.*, 64, quoted in Burn's "Ecclesiastical Law," p. 455.

† Fleury, "Histoire Ecclésiastique," book v, chapter xvi, c. 22.

parties containing the assurance of their present intention) was regarded as the essence of the sacrament, with or without the religious ceremony. In England, indeed, before the Reformation, and down till the passing of Lord Hardwicke's act, the witness was to be a clergyman, but a clergyman of any kind. Hence the Fleet marriages, and the well-known incident of "The Vicar of Wakefield." But in all other parts of Europe, including Scotland, which followed the practice of the Continent, any witness was sufficient. What are in Scotland called irregular marriages—what are by many persons regarded as excessive instances of Protestant laxity, are in fact the relics of the ancient Catholic system. And although, as has been said, the Council of Trent has restricted the selection of the witness to the parish priest, and the Code Napoléon to the mayor or registrar, yet in principle all these marriages are identical. Every valid marriage in Christendom is thus a civil marriage; the clergyman, whether in Protestant or Catholic countries, is regarded only as a public witness, and yet this doctrine is hardly to be recognized, under the denunciations which are leveled against marriages contracted without the Roman ceremonial.

Divorce, again, according to the theory of the Roman Church, is impossible. But the nullification of marriage, which amounts to the same thing, is, with the proper dispensations, freely allowed for pretexts which none but the laxest of Protestant Churches would admit. Marriage under compulsion, and compulsion often of the slightest kind, is, if the parties apply afterward for a separation, admitted by the ecclesiastical authorities with a readiness quite incompatible with the abstract theory of the permanence of the marriage-bond. Political necessities have overridden moral obligations of long standing. The dissolution of the marriage of Henri IV with Marguerite of Navarre and of the Emperor Napoleon I with Josephine* are cases which leap to the memory, without enlarging on like events, completed or projected, nearer to our own time.

3. On the question of the marriage of the clergy, which inspires in some Catholic countries a feeling of abhorrence almost like that of a natural instinct, the practice of the Roman Church, and, we must add, therefore, its theory, have been as widely discordant and divergent as they can have been in Protestant Churches. Not to speak of the concubinage almost recognized at times in the mediæval Church, and still said to be in that of South America and of Portugal, there is a latitude permitted on this subject by the highest au-

thorities of the Roman Church quite incompatible with the contemptuous strains in which its divines sometimes permit themselves to speak of the married clergy of Protestant Churches, or of such a burning and shining light within their own Church as Father Hyacinthe. In the great assemblies of the adherents of the Roman Communion which have of late years taken place in Rome, including the representatives of those Eastern Churches which, having acknowledged the Pope's supremacy, are thereby reckoned as integral parts of the Roman system, there have been numbered clergy whose wives and children are as fully recognized as they would be in England or Sweden; and by whom, therefore, as married priests, sacraments are celebrated and confessions are heard without the slightest animadversion. And it is well known that Pius VII had instructed Consalvi, in arranging the Concordat with the French Government, to permit, on the part of the Papal See, the marriage of the French clergy, and the permission was only not granted because the Government thought it more prudent not to insist upon it.

4. Again, no question is more important in the education of the Church than the withdrawal or concession of liberty to read freely the general literature of the times. On the greatest of all books, the Bible, a startling variety of opinion has prevailed in the Roman Church. In early times, the very name of the authorized translation of the Bible, "the Vulgate," implies, what was certainly the fact, that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament were freely used in the vernacular languages. Nor has the use been forbidden entirely in modern times. But the precautions and the difficulties thrown in the way of such reading are such as to have produced one of the profoundest differences between the literature of the exclusively Catholic and the exclusively Protestant countries. One or other of the two principles must be right. But in the Roman Church both have prevailed at different times and in different countries. In the case of more general literature, the modern Roman Church has pronounced, with a severity which at first sight would appear to admit of no exception. It is illustrated by a case which recently occurred in Canada. A French Catholic Canadian was excommunicated during his lifetime, and after his death refused Christian burial, on the ground that he belonged to an institution which contained in its library books condemned by the Roman Index.* For

* In the case of Josephine the religious form of the marriage (if Madame de Rémusat is to be believed) was performed (on the evening before the coronation) under the authority of the Pope himself.

* The case was referred by the ecclesiastical authorities of Canada to the Holy Office at Rome, and the decree (sanctioned by the Pope) on which the excommunication of Guibord was founded is as follows: "Itaque nemo cujuscumque gradus et conditionis prædictæ opera damnata atque proscripta, quocumque loco, et quocumque

seven years his body was kept above-ground, while his widow pursued from court to court her determination to have this censure mitigated. The case arrived, finally, before the English Privy Council, and was there decided in favor of burying the remains of the excommunicated man; chiefly on the ground that, inasmuch as the Decrees of Trent had not been promulgated in the kingdom of France at the time of the annexation of Canada to the English crown, they could not be understood to have any validity in the Canadian Dominion. The Roman Church itself, however, remained inflexible; and, although the body was buried in the great cemetery of Montreal under an escort of Canadian troops, the Roman clergy went afterward through the ceremony of desecrating the grave, and the civil authorities were obliged to place upon it an enormous stone, still to be seen, in order to prevent the ecclesiastical authorities from carrying away the body by stealth. Such a display of ecclesiastical discipline might be supposed to carry with it a universal force, at least among all devout members of the Roman Church. But this is far from the case. The very same offense,* which on a Canadian bookseller was visited with such tremendous penalties, is perpetrated constantly in London by distinguished members of the Roman Church, who may often be seen at the Athenæum Club, which possesses on its shelves books of the very same nature as those which, in the Canadian Institute, provoked the excommunication leveled against Joseph Guibord; and, if any of those eminent persons were to die as members of the Athenæum Club, they could not be buried in consecrated ground consistently with the doctrine of the Papal Court, as expressed in the excommunication of Guibord, and the desecration of his grave, unless by the merciful indulgence of the English Privy Council, which would, no doubt, take the same ground as in the more humble example at Montreal, namely, that the Decrees of Trent have never been formally promulgated within the realm of England. Such an inconsistency of practice and theory, if it were found in the English or Scottish Church, would, no doubt, excite a boundless derision and invective among members or admirers of the Roman Communion. In the Roman Communion it is often overlooked alike by its friends and its enemies.

5. Another line of variation, partly practical

idiomate, aut in posterum edere, aut edita legere vel retinere audeat, sed locorum ordinariis, aut hereticæ pravitatis Inquisitoribus ea tradere teneatur, sub penis in Indice librorum vetitorum indictis."—"Judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council," delivered November 21, 1874, p. 5.)

* "Cette excommunication a atteint M. Guibord par le fait même qu'il était membre de l'Institut."—(Ibid., p. 22.)

and partly doctrinal, is to be found in the numerous bulls, decrees, and treatises issued by popes, councils, and casuists, maintaining the reality of witchcraft and the unlawfulness of usury. The belief on which those authoritative utterances were founded has been so completely abandoned in the Roman Church, that in this respect there is no difference between the practice and opinion of most Roman Catholics and that of enlightened Protestants.

6. One of the points of which most complaint is heard against Protestant Churches is their want of discipline. But in the Roman Church the discipline is not only lax, but varies in the most marked diversity according to nationalities. It is, for example, of considerable importance to the social standard of the community whether the profession of actors is to be encouraged or condemned. Even in Protestant Churches there is a vast variety of judgment. But in the Roman Communion there is much deeper and wider disagreement. In the French Church they are, or were till recently, excommunicated, and were denied the rites of Christian burial. In the Italian Church they have all the privileges of the faithful. On this vast divergence the central authority of the Roman Church has pronounced no decision.

7. The question of the endless torments of the wicked is one which cries for a solution. There is a terrible description of these torments and their incessant and interminable duration, in a work by a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. J. Furniss, written as if by an eye-witness, and published with the authoritative permission of his superiors. No book like that of Dr. Furniss would be allowed to circulate in the English Church with the sanction of its prelates, especially after the decision of the Supreme Court that the duration of future punishment is an open question. Nothing could justify such a publication except the most absolute certainty on the subject. But, so far from there being any such certainty in the Roman Church, we find the utmost divergence. Not only are there expressions of a totally different character in Tertullian, Origen, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Gregory of Nazianzus, St. Ambrose—the last three recognized by the Roman Church as canonized saints—but even in modern times a brief but significant hint is dropped in a foot-note to a well-known work* by the foremost theologian of that Church, that the Catholic Church has never ruled anything at all on the subject.

8. Or, again, take the subject of missions to

* "De hac damnatorum saltem hominum respiratione nihil adhuc certè decretum est ab Ecclesiâ Catholici."—Petavius, "De Angelis" (quoted in Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Assent," p. 417).

the heathen. No question can be more important than that which lies at the very threshold of missionary enterprise: from what to what is the conversion to take place? That is to say, how much of the old heathenism may be left?—how much of the new Christianity is to be adopted? The question has not been solved in Protestant Churches. But neither has it been solved in the Roman Church. Witness the long struggle, not yet determined, between the Popes* and the Jesuit missionaries in India and China on the qualifications which are or are not to be required from converts.

9. Or, again, take the doctrine which in these later days has been represented as the crowning test of the fidelity of Roman Catholics to the See of Rome—the recent dogma of the Pope's infallibility. On this dogma it is not too much to say that a wider divergence exists among the members of the Roman Church than on any single doctrine professed by any of the Protestant Churches. It is not merely that different shades of opinion exist among professing members of the Roman Communion on this subject, such as are found in Protestant Churches on the subject of the doctrine of the Trinity or of Justification, but the Roman Communion includes, on the question of the Pope's authority, opinions which, on the one hand, regard him to be an impersonation of divine wisdom, and, on the other, a fallible mortal, with even less chance of arriving at truth than most of his fellow-creatures.

Compare the language of the Spanish or French prelates who promoted the dogmas of the Vatican Council, with the language of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates who, in answer to the question, "What is Papal infallibility?" caused the catechumen to reply, "It is a Protestant calumny." Compare the almost adoring language held by extreme Ultramontanes respecting Pius IX, with the latest utterances of Montalembert, who spoke of him as "the idol in the Vatican"; or with the contemptuous style in which the whole subject was treated by the distinguished Catholic laymen who, for a short time, ventured to express their opinions in the public journals of England. Compare the language of the two highest Roman authorities in England. One of them supported with all his energy the promulgation of the dogma, and afterward spoke of its importance and its force in the most unqualified terms. The other regarded the formation of the dogma as the work of "an aggressive, insolent faction which," as a student, "he could not defend in the face of the facts of history"; and, even after accepting it, he reduced his allegiance to the very minimum of

which human language is capable. Or, again, consider the assertions of those members of the Roman Communion who declare that they have acquiesced in this dogma, to their co-religionists so important, only on the understanding that as no Pope from the beginning* of time ever has spoken authoritatively, so it is probable that no Pope to the end of time will ever so speak; or, as another alternative, that the moment any Pope falls into error, that moment, *ipso facto*, he ceases to be a Pope, and therefore ceases to speak as an authority. And to these variations among theologians we ought to add those still wider divergences which exist among the large classes of the Roman Communion, whose numbers form a material element in the dazzling pretensions which it puts forth; and yet of whom it is not too much to say that, both among the educated and uneducated classes, there are thousands to whom the Pope's claims to infallibility are entirely inoperative. It might perhaps be asked whether, even among the strongest upholders of the dogma, any one ever quotes or accepts it except on behalf of something to which he is previously inclined. For all other cases, the qualifications in reserve are so large and numerous as to supply some means of escape.

10. There is one final example, perhaps in some respects the most striking of all—the various types of character which the Roman Church has included. Unity of character, after all, is the essential sign by which the unity of a Church can be known. If any society is absolutely uniform in itself, the moral and mental character of its members will be absolutely alike also. This uniformity has been to a large extent attained in some of the Protestant Churches. There is a family sameness in all members of the Society of Friends, and in most members of the Scottish Free Church, which we vainly seek either in the Church of Rome or the Church of England. In the Church of Rome this diversity may be said to be of two kinds. There is first the diversity of extreme depravity and extreme goodness, and this among not merely private personages, but high officials—not merely among lax adherents, but devoted members. The infamous Cardinal Dubois was a more august representative of his Church, as far as authority and dignity were concerned, than the devout Fénelon or the excellent Massillon. The cruel Louis XI and the profligate Louis XV were as ardent followers of the Roman See as the saintly Louis IX and the pure and tolerant Louis XVI. Again, there is the diversity which may be yet more within the reach of modern experience, and which is found

* See Archdeacon Grant's "Lectures on Missions."

* Letter to Cardinal Manning, by Mr. Maskell.

not only in the extremes of virtue and vice, but in the more complex shades of character, which, nevertheless go far to divide and bewilder men's minds in the selection of churches. There may be those members or converts of the Roman Communion who are absorbed in the intrigues, the trivialities, the proselytism which form so large a part of the occupation of the inferior spirits of the religious world in all churches. There are also those members, and even converts, who avoid these pursuits with the utmost distaste, who live in that higher region of faith and charity which is common to the just spirits of all churches—of these it may truly be said that they are Roman by accident, Catholic * by nature, and Christians by the grace of God. Let the Roman Church have both the advantage and the disadvantage of these fundamental divergences.

III. These are some of the examples of the variations of the Roman Church—we might indefinitely extend them: The position of the Virgin Mary in devotion, as represented by St. Alphonso Liguori, on the one hand, or Cardinal Newman, on the other hand; the profound credit, or absolute discredit, attached to La Salette or Lourdes; the elevation or depression of this or that local saint in the celestial hierarchy; the various opinions implied or expressed on the efficacy of indulgences. It may be asked why, if they are so palpable, they have not produced a greater effect, either in deterring the leaders of Roman proselytism from appeals to a unity so obviously fallacious, or in opening the eyes of those for the sake of whom those appeals are made to their illusory character? There may be several answers to this question; but one is sufficient. It is, that the Roman Church has, in its later years, possessed the power which in the middle ages it had not yet acquired, of silencing, suppressing, and disguising the true expressions of the discontent and discordance of its members. That in this power so exercised there is something calculated to impress the imagination we do not deny—that all churches are naturally eager to suppress the traces of discord and quarrel. Nevertheless, to high-minded men it would appear of all ecclesiastical privileges one of the least enviable.

The conclusions which we would, therefore,

* We here use this word in the original and true sense of "universal," "comprehensive."

draw are those which we stated at the beginning. The Roman Church is a vast institution, which, by the very reason of its antiquity, in its earlier history contained all the various elements, good and bad, which go to make up the Christianity of modern Europe. It was, as Matthew Arnold says of the lives of the saints, it was "the world." In its later days many of its good elements have been strained off into the Protestant Churches; some good have remained, some bad elements have been added; both, perhaps, have been intensified. Of it we may say, whether in good-natured blame or in merciful indulgence, what a Scotch minister of the Established Church said to a Scotch dissenter: "When your lum has reeked as long as ours, it will have as much soot." And this indulgence should be specially extended to those who, whether in the Roman Church or any other old institution, are struggling to maintain the better elements, and to sweep away some of the accumulated accretions. This consideration also opens the possible prospect in which we may indulge of the Roman Church for the future. It is within the reach of possibility that both Popes and General Councils will at last, on some one occasion, have the courage and common sense to acknowledge, what all the educated classes, both within and without the Roman Church, accept, that they and their predecessors have erred even in the most important matters. Whenever this simple truth has been once uttered authoritatively, whenever the natural inference is drawn that Christianity consists of many different communions, with diverse gifts, working toward a common end, the supposed necessity for aggressive proselytism would be removed, and the chief cause of bitterness between Roman and Protestant Christendom would disappear, and the variations of Catholicism would prove to have been as great a benefit to the world as the variations of Protestantism. The Roman Communion would in that case lose the attributes of a party, and would assume the attributes of a Church—one Church among many—fulfilling its own functions in the household of faith, and capable of receiving the good influences of the communions around it. The variations of the past, when once acknowledged, would open the door to improvements in the future, perhaps not less than those which the Reformation brought with it, alike to Protestants and Catholics.

A. P. STANLEY, *Dean of Westminster (Fraser's Magazine).*

— PLEA FOR MUSICIANS.

I HAVE before me an impression of Hogarth's "Grub Street." How well the woes of the poor author are told! A sense of aspiration disappointed pervades the apartment. The milk-woman clamors for money, the baby wails for milk, in vain; the cat and kitten, trespassing in search of warmth on their master's coat, will shortly be turned off with ignominy; the dog, who is making free with the scanty viands reserved for a future meal, will be discovered; and so on, down to the poor poet, who,

"Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound,
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Then writ and floundered on in mere despair."

Such were, such are, the woes of undiscovered authorship; and the world sympathizes. But there is another class of composer, whose ranks are crowded with indigent members similarly endeavoring to subsist on a barren imagination—I allude to musicians. No Hogarth has delineated their griefs; it has been reserved, I believe, for melodramatists of recent years in rambles after fresh subjects to paint mixed pictures of their absurdities and sufferings. The world has no sympathy with them, and what is the reason of her insensibility? Is she not grateful to them for the many hours of happiness they have afforded her? How could she give her evening parties without Signor Rimbombo and Herr von Strom, whose joint efforts create a satisfactory emulation among the voices of the conversationists?

The world has no gratitude; no memory for aught but disagreeables. And yet I know not why one should speak of her so hardly, making her, as it were, the scapegoat of individuals—so meek and unvengeful as she is too. I suppose the cause is cowardice; a collective hatred, too, has all the relish without the bitter after-taste of a personal animosity. But to continue. The world hates all musicians because they make a noise. She classes them with German bands, barrel-organs, paper-boys, old-clothes-men, the irrepressible sparrow, the matutinal quack of the park-haunting duck and the town-bred chanticleer, who, by crowing throughout the night, forfeits his only claim to respect. Musicians violate the peace of the domestic hearth; their art is an obtrusive one. The poet who recites his verses and tears his hair is not, though his ravings equal those of the Cumæan Sibyl, as a rule, audible through that razor-like partition which, as in Swedenborg's other world, separates many a heaven and hell; but the abortive efforts of the

tyro-musician can not be restrained by the thickest and hardest of walls. Shut the window and door, the detestable flat notes drift down the chimney with perplexing perseverance. Do what you will, short of stopping your ears with wax, you can not escape those unsirenish sounds. The only resource left to you is to fly to your piano—I don't ask if you have one—has a prize-fighter fists? did Fitzgerald possess a pair of pistols?—to fly to your piano and revenge yourself on your unoffending neighbor on the other side. Thus the musician is not only the direct means of destroying other people's comfort, but is indirectly the author of multitudinous evils, and consequently an object of universal execration. Would not the composer of "Home, Sweet Home," whoever he may be, turn in his grave if he knew that his innocent composition was daily torturing the most Christian souls into mingled thoughts of hatred and revenge? The Persians have doubtless lived to curse that king who, in mistaken kindness, when he saw his subjects dancing without music, introduced twelve thousand musicians and singers from abroad.

Yet no one will say roundly that he hates music. "Are you fond of music?" you ask your partner in the mazy waltz. "Very," she replies, with a look of rapture; "but," she adds, "I don't care for Mozart, Händel, Beethoven," etc. One of England's wisest men is devoted to music, but *dislikes all compositions in the minor*.

Music is like the quack panacea for all ailments, to which, if it be successful, each attributes a particular virtue. "Ah! it may not be of any use in cases of pericarditis or acute mania, but it has often saved me from a fit of gout. Jim, you know, takes it for the hiccough." Music is the good fairy of our childhood, in whose basket is something good for every good boy. "Il Barbieri" for me; the "Eroica" symphony for you. It is not her fault that we little boys will quarrel as to which gift is the best, and abuse the donor.

The many-sidedness of music makes her many enemies. That which pleases everybody delights nobody; and music, like everything else, has points that invite criticism. London walls are not built to withstand the battery of sound with which they are so often assailed. Hence the surly attitude of the householder, enhanced, no doubt, by British idiosyncrasies. "An Englishman's house is his castle," is a favorite English proverb, a typical "John-Bull-itude." The blessings of privacy are little understood in southern climates, where the necessity of a house as a

shelter from the elements is not so imperative. A well-known artist, traveling in the south of Italy, had occasion to make lively protestation against an ancient sow for a bedfellow, and he subsequently heard the natives exclaiming among themselves, "Son matti! son matti! tutti gli Inglesi son matti." We Englishmen resent the slightest circumstance which forces us to acknowledge ourselves as part of the community; and there is no more forcible reminder, except perhaps a summons to serve on a grand jury, that such is our position, than the impertinent intrusion of the music of our neighbors. The faintest sound that penetrates the sacred *paries* we regard as violating our national privilege. We harden our hearts against it. We blunt our æsthetic sensibilities. We have a stereotyped formula to express our opinion of all music so heard. It is execrable. I once had lodgings next door to a famous tenor. I thought he sang atrociously; and it was only when I found out who he was that I was obliged to recognize in him the artist who had so often entranced me at the opera. We are, in fact, like dogs—dogs in the manger—who howl at all music alike, good and bad. True it is we are not always so fortunate. True it is that the vicinity of the ambitious amateur is not to be coveted—nay, hardly to be borne.

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."

But if those voices be *not* soft, and if those records be discords, the vibrations of which the memory is sensible are more pronounced, more prolonged. We mark our disapprobation of the noise-loving qualities of Frenchmen by calling them "our lively neighbors," but if we apply these words to "the people next door" it is with a ghastly facetiousness that masks a world of concentrated spite and hoarded venom appalling in these days of civilization. We are shocked at the immodesty that causes them to give publicity to their abortive efforts. We can not understand their want of consideration for the feelings and comfort of others; we fail to imagine how they can derive enjoyment from such ill-assorted harmony (?); we are at a loss to comprehend why their common sense does not step in and put a check upon them. Our dilemma is excusable, and the horns of it are wide apart and grievously pointed.

My facetious friend T. H. says that every man, when he is under an arch, thinks he can sing; echo is the cause of many a self-admiration. Now, there are people who are born, who spend their existences, under an arch—a moral arch, I mean. To them, if their bent be musical, crescendos and diminuendos are fantastic

adornments, time an unnecessary restriction, semitones needless refinements. They thump, they bang, they bellow, they roar, they shout, they scream, they squeal. But to them the meanest, the most erratic, sound they make is better than heaven's sweetest music. It is trying to listen to the facile, well-connected amateur who dashes off a *pot-pourri* of the popular airs of the day. It is trying to detect the labored efforts of the humble, untiring, untalented student, who is ever striving, ever failing, to attain the correct rendering of a well-known classical composition. But, reader, have you ever lived next door to a family of orthodox ladies who every afternoon sing a selection of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," artfully so contrived that there is at least one note in each tune half a tone beyond the compass of the performer's voice? Why is it—I submit it to you—why is it that all musicians, good as well as bad, are prouder of their extreme notes than of any other portion of their voice? Why should the bass be ever struggling to perform feats natural to the tenor? why should the soprano be constantly endeavoring to commit larceny on the property of the contralto?

Is it because the result attained, though perchance unsatisfactory to others, is endeared to the performer by reason of the difficulty of the undertaking? Is this why these sorry sounds are prized as things of beauty, the more precious because they can not last for ever? Perhaps! But I think a deeper moral truth is here involved.

Gentle friend, have you ever been stirred into consciousness in the early morning, when the fires are unlit, when the housemaid is in bed, when the winter snow is on the ground, and the east wind is howling unreasonable retribution—by the sounds of the piano? Has the citadel of your slumber ever been thus rudely assaulted by the scaling-ladders of perversely laborious young ladies? If not, you have not known regret. Young ladies, I weep tears—no *crocodile* tears—over your *scales*.

Thou, wicked old creature, with thy fallow notes, thy withered legs, thy cracked voice, of what hours of misery, of what ghastly profanities, of what needless chillblains hast thou not been the cause? Picture me, reader, as I lie in bed, thus bereft of two hours of blissful forgetfulness. "The people next door"—that is to say, that portion of the people next door in whom I am so painfully interested, consist of five young ladies ranging from twelve years of age to twenty—"sweet and twenty," it is called—all immolating themselves on the altar of fashion, striving to be musical. They succeed each other, for to each is allotted a certain period of antepandial martyrdom. As there are family

characteristics in voice, in figure, in face, so are there in music. I have heard of a self-made man, who purchased a nobleman's castle in the north, and employed a skilled painter to construct him a gallery of ancestors, in which his plebeian bottled-nose was palpably deduced, through a hundred nicely modulated gradations, from the delicate aquiline that came over with the Conqueror. A similar study is now presented to me, not in noses, but in ears; here are five young ladies all playing in succession the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata, with a stress of varying degrees of diabolicity on the last note of each triplet. There is some interest in the subject, but it is soon exhausted. This species of torture is enhanced when the torturer is scientific. I was calling the other day on some friends who have the impudence to imagine that living in a flat is the secret of true comfort. I found them in the wildest despair. I asked, "Why?" They only answered, "Listen." I listened. Overhead was a piano. They told me it was *tenanted*—I say *tenanted*, because I fancy the piano was of more importance to its owner than the room in which it stood—it was tenanted by an operatic composer. He was rehearsing a storm. "Tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—rom! pom!" There was no mistake about its being a storm, and what a storm it was! If I thought the composer was in any way attempting to be faithful to nature, I would not visit even Paris again. I have since come to the conclusion that he must have studied meteorology, and in theory only. The hero was probably a meteorologist gone mad—that is, one who had over-meteorologized himself. An ideal or complete storm was visiting him in his dreams; a storm with fixtures; a storm with all possible accessories; a storm with frightful, unheard-of, auxiliary occurrences; such a storm, in fact, as would have effectually prevented *Æneas* from *eating his tables*—such a storm as Walt Whitman would delight to catalogue:

I hear the so-ho of the sailors and the creaking of
the chain that uplifts the anchor:
I hear the squelch of the billows on the gunwale:
I hear the cheery champing of hungry jaws at dinner:
I hear and rejoice;
For am not I part of them and they of me?

I hear in the morning at breakfast the champing
of jaws diminish:
I hear the angry warnings of the rising gale:
I hear the mutterings of the animated ocean:
I hear and fear, for am not I part of them and
they of me?

I appreciate the bravado of the captain:
I appreciate the sang-froid of the officers:

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I appreciate the futile questionings of the anxious
passengers.

For am not I part of them and they of me?

I fear the whirlwind, the whirlpool, the tornado,
the simoom, and the sirocco:

I fear likewise the thunder and the lightning.

I fear the plagues of Egypt.

For am not I part of them and they of me?

I listen to the creaking of the straining cordage:

I listen to the orders of the captain amid the over-
bearing din of the tempest;

I listen to the clatter of the axes and the crashing
fall of the mainmast:

I listen to the thud of the keel on the shingle:

I listen to the unbounded license of the crew:

I listen to the screaming of the affrighted passen-
gers:

I listen to the awful *ultimate* silence.

For is *that* not part of me and I of *that*?

So did we listen perforce, and we wished it had been. He pauses breathless. We congratulate ourselves that Providence has placed limits to human exertion even in moments of the wildest inspiration. Silence at last! But no! tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—rom! pom! Another storm is brewing. I bid my friends farewell and return home—I confess it—to speculate on the enormous advantages that would accrue to mankind if operas could dispense with composition. But was I right thus to give way to irritability? Let me calculate the comparative importance of my discomfort and my musical friend's unpleasant undertaking! Am I penning an epic that will eclipse "*Paradise Lost*"? Am I writing a history that will outdo Macaulay? Or rather, do I think I am? Then let me use all my endeavors to suppress my tuneful neighbor. I fear, however, that it is only when I am idle that I find time to grumble, or that there is aught to grumble at.

Most of us run in a groove and make ourselves very unpleasant if that groove is not well oiled for us; and thus it comes that the minor calamities of life constitute its real unhappiness, just as the little unexpected pleasures furnish the chief contribution to its happiness. After all, we are little better than children to whom the divine justice of nature has decreed that so many sugar-plums entail so much castor-oil. Therefore let us not repine if the permission to sleep in a warm, soft bed is qualified with a seasoning of adjacent discords.

We tolerate infancy, let us be charitable to infant musicians. We gloze over that period of our children's lives when their existence is a hideous nightmare—a constant alternation of famine and surfeit; when the wail of inanition follows hard upon the stertorous breathing of re-

pletion, for the sake partly of the sudden random gleam of inner light that breaks from them, and reminds us of the great anti-Darwin. But, to make prose of one of England's most beautiful poems, an admixture of the world's baser influence is necessary to utilize the divine essence of man. Experience teaches expression, though in that expression the subtler, ethereal quality of the mind becomes for the most part bewildered into commonplace. Divine wisdom must conform to the rules of grammar and the coarse sounds of current speech: so must the harmony of Apollo himself be thrust through the straitened mold of chromatic scales and made to thread the intricacies of counterpoint.

Therefore grumble not, O hardened unsympathetic Londoner, if thy morning slumbers be broken by the shriek of the fiddle, or the shrill pertinacity of the flute. You can not, of course, bring yourself to believe that futile attempts to master a simple theme may be the untutored stammering of a soul bursting with music, whose lot perhaps in some future day, in some future world, will be to entrance his thousands, even as Israfel holds spellbound the denizens of paradise with the music of his heart-strings. This, you say, is hard to believe; therefore let me put another picture before you!

The scene is a garret; it is a bitter winter's day; the wind howls around and enters through a hundred crevices; an ember or two smolder on the hearth. At a rickety table, huddled up into the corner in a vain attempt to elude the network of draughts which intersect the apartment, sits, lost in his work, the young musician. He has just completed the score of his symphony; it is his first. Smaller works he has done, and has tried in vain to get them performed; but this is that work which will make him famous for centuries to come. Perhaps it is the last thing he will ever do. Pinched by famine, benumbed with cold, he has, sown in his veins, the seeds of a fatal disease. He has just finished his score, which he regards with admiration. He has no doubts of its success. He turns to the beginning, hums the theme, gets more and more excited, rises to his feet, and seizes the crutch on which he drags himself to the nearest eating-house when he has money for a meal. He fancies himself in the National Concert Hall. Thousands of eager spectators throng that vast auditorium behind him. He hears the hum of expectancy. He gives the signal. The muted violins whisper forth the air; the basses and the 'cellos give it body; it develops; the brass contributes a mellow fullness; a running wave-like accompaniment is heard from the harp; the whole body of instruments is now at work. "Crescendo!" The action of the young composer's arm becomes ani-

mated. The time is quickened. Faster! faster! The movement is reaching a climax. "Forte! forte! più! più! fortissimo!" There peals forth a tremendous unison. But no! poor soul, there is no answer to his call but the trembling of the crazy boards on which he sways his feeble frame. There are no thousands in whose hearts he can raise a kindred glow of emotion. That symphony, too, like his other works, will decay unknown in the closet. He sinks into his chair in a passion of weeping.

No doubt he is one of those whose efforts at composition, before he was forced to sell his piano, have educated many a muttered oath from his luckless neighbors. But he is a man of a great soul and a noble, useful life.

You deny; you disbelieve. You deny the utility of a life that achieves naught but disappointment. Reader, the fame of many a contemporary is built on *such* disappointments—the disappointments of others. You disbelieve that the history I have sketched is possible in these days of enterprising managers, of universal good taste, of charity organizations. Reader, the world is a wide world, and there is many a dreary spot in it. You ask, "Why does he waste his time and his life in seeking after the unattainable?" You hate the pride that spurns what you call "a useful life." You would have him scrape the fiddle in a music-hall. You would wish him to dance attendance in the schoolrooms of the rich. But you forget that where Nature bestows fine brains she seldom adds a broad back. You forget that the subtle imagination of the artist may be blighted in the tussle with mechanical routine and enforced inferiority. And yet you doubtless have friends whose existences have been embittered by the impossibility of exercising a fancied creative power, but to whom the necessity for bread has appeared paramount. Our poor friend did not so regard that necessity; and, seeing the alternative, there is much to be said for his way of thinking. I beg pardon, I have unwittingly become serious.

Hogarth, I said, had not represented the woes of musicians—I meant the woes of unrecognized musical talent. His picture of "The Enraged Musician" portrays the outrage of musical sensibility. The ear that has, by long use, become accustomed only to sweet concordance, feels acutely the babel of that barbarous serenade. The sufferings of "The Enraged Musician" are our own intensified. It never, I confess, occurred to me till the other day that a musician who had thus suffered might mentally transfer his martyrdom to his neighbor, and thus become so struck with the brutalities he is committing as to desist altogether from music. This possibility suggested itself to me while reading

Mr. Schuyler's interesting book on Turkistan. There appears to exist among the Tartars a refinement of feeling not credited to European votaries of harmony. Mr. Schuyler will doubtless pardon me for not quoting the anecdote *verbatim*, as certain variations of language are necessary to elucidate the meaning which I attach to the fable.

Its hero was a local saint, Khorkhut by name, whose stature, fourteen feet, made him an object of some eminence in the country. He was fond of music, and had a desire to learn to play upon the lute. Accordingly, being of a sensitive temperament himself, and knowing of what discomfort to others are the ill-harmonies evoked by the unskilled hand, he unselfishly withdrew to the edge of the world in order to complete his musical education. In this hope, however, he was disappointed. Visited one night by a dream, he thought he saw some men digging a grave. "For whom is that grave?" he asked. "For Khorkhut," they replied. He awoke, and the result of this short but plainly-pointed conversation was that he speedily removed his abiding-place. So hasty a determination, so evident a care for life, may strike the reader as inconsistent with that strength of character which marks every truly great man. A word about this hereafter. From the edge of the world Khorkhut now removes to its eastern corner. No rest, however, can this giant son of harmony find here. The same vision again assails him and with the same results. Now he pitches his tent on the western corner; now on the northern; now on the southern; but all in vain. At length it dawned upon him that his only resource was to try the center of the world; and he consequently encamped upon the banks of the Syr-Daria, which, as every well-informed person knows, is the center of the world. But alas! there too these hideous phantoms pursued him. "Must I," he cried in piteous lamentation, "must I then resign all hope of being able to discourse with thee, O lute, O mistress, in that sweet language which thou alone understandest? Ye gods, if there be any pity in heaven," he continued (unconsciously quoting *Aeneas's* stock phrase), "have mercy on your hapless slave, who, after all, only wants to learn to play upon the lute!" Then seeing the dark waters of the Syr-Daria rolling beneath, and despairing of pity, he cast his mantle on the stream and himself on the mantle. But, wonderful to relate, those murky waters did not engulf him. He floated, and there, in this unassailable position, he found peace at length. He played his lute; he played it for a hundred years; and *then* he died. The manner or the cause of his death has not been transmitted to us. It must ever remain a mys-

tery whether his passion for the lute was the secret of his longevity; or whether, had he been no musician, and lived like other folk, he might not have attained to even a greater age. Perhaps the mere fact of having so completely his own way delayed the process of natural decay. But, be that as it may, the issue is foreign to our subject.

The question which now concerns us is why was Khorkhut sainted? In some rustic European calendars we find such undeserving saints as Pilate and his wife; but the Easterns have generally some sufficient reason for their canonizations. Of his pedigree we know nothing; we may conclude, therefore, that the dignity was not hereditary. Stature is a sign of distinction in the East, but it is an attribute of devils as well as heroes. Thus we may conjecture that his sainthood was conferred on him for some such reason as the following: He was a man who lived a long life with a distinct object in view, and, despite the difficulties thrown in his way, at last attained that object. These difficulties were aggravated—1. By the fact of his enormous stature, which rendered his proceedings a matter of general notoriety; 2. Because of his extremely sensitive nature, which did not allow him to interfere with the comfort of his fellows; for the nightmares, which haunted him, were nothing but the reproaches of his unselfish conscience. Once, however, in the midst of the desolate flood of the Syr-Daria, he knew that he was at length alone, and could learn how to unburden his music-laden soul without annoyance to any one. These are nice points of feeling to be commemorated by barbarian Tartars, say you. Timour was a Tartar; and the reasons he alleged for conquest were substantially the same as those now put forward by Christian Russia.

Music is a physical necessity for certain people. No one will be inclined to doubt this who has been at the university, and heard the simultaneous burst of melody which arises the very instant that the clock marks the hour when the authority of learning is placed in abeyance and music sways the alternating scepter. Thus, without doubt, there are many of us whom delicacy of feeling prevents from seeking to express our thoughts in harmony, herded together, as we are, in the metropolis, and since, unlike Khorkhut, we can not play nomad.

Half of us thrive on noise, and the other half can not subsist without absolute quiet. What, then, can be done? Can we, like the reverse of a solution I once heard of the poor-rate difficulty in London, namely, to surround each rich man's house with a circle of squalid hovels—can we banish all pianos and such like inventions of the evil-one to one quarter of London? Imagine,

if you can, the difficulties of this! And, if it were accomplished, imagine the rivalry that would spring up between the musical and the non-musical members of the community.* Our boasted London would then be little better than the Indian village of which Sir William Sleeman writes, where there are two Mohammedan parties, who celebrate their religion, one in silence, the other to the sound of the tomtom. (N. B.—I should think the quietists would ultimately adopt the rival mode of worship.)

I know of no remedy for this state of affairs. To me the problem appears insoluble. But let us not sit with folded hands! There is a palliative which suggests itself to me—a medicine pre-

scribed by the most famous physicians—a medicine easy of application, but difficult to meet with. It is *charity*.

Do I doctor myself with the medicine I prescribe to others? you ask; or am I a musician, and thus plead the cause of my profession?

Between ourselves, dear reader, neither is the case. I certainly do not practice what I preach, but, being capable of some sort of studied noise which the lenient might possibly recognize as music, I am thus in a position to exercise the "*lex talionis*," which I do rigidly—"an eye for an eye," a headache for a headache. For further particulars, inquire next door.

L. T. (*Cornhill Magazine*).

AN ADVENTURESS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

I.

IN the small *salon* devoted to foreign artists at the Grand Exposition of 1867 in Paris, there was a picture to be seen which excited especial attention, and in front of which was always gathered an interested group.

The picture was remarkable in detail and in execution, but still more remarkable in the morbid horror of its subject. Once seen, it was never forgotten. Water is pouring into a dimly-lighted cell as from a mill-dam, and has nearly reached a miserable pallet, on which stands a woman whose clothing is mere rags.

The woman is young, and, despite her squalid raiment and traces of mental and physical suffering on her face, still very beautiful. Her look of high birth and breeding is unmistakable. She presses herself close to the wall with hands held high above her head, vainly clutching for some support. Her eyes are wild with terror, and her lips parted as if calling for aid. She sees and feels that death is inevitable, and that in a few minutes more this prison will be her tomb.

This picture was first exhibited in 1864 at St. Petersburg, where it created great excitement, and was painted by a celebrated Russian artist, Flavitsky, who died before he could enjoy his success in France.

The scene represented by the painter was the death of the Princess Tarakanov, daughter of the

Empress Elizabeth Petrovna. According to the legend, this Princess was in childhood secretly abducted by the Polish Prince Casimir Radzivil, the illustrious adversary of the Czartoryski. He carried her to Italy, in the hope that she would one day serve his purposes. Under his direction, she endeavored by intrigues, in Rome and elsewhere, to make herself recognized as the legitimate heir of the crown of Russia. Count Alexis Orlof, being commissioned by the Empress Catharine II to obtain possession of the Princess, she was finally, through his intervention, shut up in the Château de Schlussembourg, on the shores of the Lac Ladoga, in a subterranean dungeon which her husband, Peter III, had built with the intention that she should be its occupant—a project which he was on the point of carrying into execution, when she, suspecting it, promptly disembarassed herself of him in a manner which it is not necessary here to recapitulate.

The unfortunate Princess languished in this dungeon until a great flood in 1777, when she died. The Neva then rose ten feet above its ordinary level, and its waters filled all the lower portion of the fortress. Such is the generally accepted version, which, for the last century, has been published by historians without contradiction from any source. It is to be found at length in the "*History of Catharine II*," published in 1798 by Castara, and is repeated with fuller details in a German work of note, and thus has become incorporated into all histories of Russia, although to certain minds there were many flaws in this legend. It was no easy matter, however, until the last few years, to dissipate

* Victor Hugo evidently imagines that some such division of London was necessitated by the bitterness of party-feeling there, when he defines "*le West-end*" as "*partie occidentale de Londres habitée par les Tories*."

the obscurity in which this incident of Catharine's reign was enveloped, and which gave a wide field to the imagination.

The story, besides, was reasonable enough itself. It is known that the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, daughter of Peter the Great and of his beautiful Livonian servant, was not more austere in morals and manners than had been her mother Catharine I. She combined, with her excesses, the greatest possible fanaticism in matters of religion. Under the idea of a penance for her faults, she adopted the most extravagant practices, and abandoned herself without reserve to the most puerile superstitions.

She had not married, lest she should give herself a master, or, at least, an inconvenient observer. Hardly was she seated upon the throne, which had become hers through a revolution, than she sought, with money and with dignities, to recompense those who had aided her to thrust aside the Regent Anne. She had taken as a lover a grenadier, Alexis Gregorievitch Rasumovski. In the first enthusiasm of her passion she had created him, in rapid succession, Chevalier of the Order of Saint André, Master of the Hunt, and count. She gave him the magnificent Château d'Amtskoi, which, by a series of singular circumstances, eventually returned to the crown, and served a second time as a reward for similar services, being bestowed by Catharine II on Potemkin. The rumor ran that Rasumovski had ended by inducing Elizabeth to grant him her hand secretly. However that may be, it is certain that she had several children by him, two sons and a daughter, to whom were given the titles of Prince and Princess of Tarakanov.

One of the sons died in childhood in a convent; the other lived until 1800, when he was accidentally killed in his laboratory while making some chemical experiments with his German tutor. The fate of the daughter, who was placed in a convent in Moscow, was involved in mystery, which gave rise to many conjectures, finally concentrating on the political intrigues and subsequent death of a woman who for many months occupied the attention of the Empress Catharine II, and was the foundation of the romance which has come down to our day.

The Emperor Alexander II finally determined to know the truth, if it were possible, in regard to this affair. He therefore ordered the voluminous documents preserved in the archives of St. Petersburg relative to the pretended daughter of Elizabeth Petrovna to be examined. The result of this examination was sent to him in a printed report, which it was not deemed advisable, however, to give to the public. Its existence became known, nevertheless, and awoke fresh curiosity in regard to the obscure history of the Princess

Tarakanov. The journals took it up; and finally a monthly magazine, published by the University of Moscow, gave in 1867 a sufficiently copious extract from the memoir, which throws much light on this strange episode, without, however, dissipating all its uncertainties. If the facts do not correspond with the traditions which have come down to us, if the history has another *dénouement*, it loses none of its romance, and the catastrophe is equally tragic.

While adding another to the already long series of false pretendants in Russia, this history also offers a new and curious example of how a host of people can associate themselves together to support a boldly managed intrigue, and of the success which attends, even in the enlightened eighteenth century, an ably devised and skillfully supported plot. Through the aid of this narration we are enabled to note the growth of the fiction in the mind of her who conceived it, and to judge of a character which had certainly nothing commonplace about it.

The actors were nearly all men. They presented themselves with their arms in their hands, and gained an ascendancy over the masses by their energy and boldness, while gathering about the central figure of a woman who is as courageous as themselves, and whose shrewdness and fertility of invention are almost without parallel.

In the month of October, 1772, three strangers, followed by numerous servants, arrived in Paris, and established themselves in an elegant mansion. The lady of the party was about twenty-five, and called herself Aly Emettée, Princesse de Voldomir. Of the two men one was young, the Baron Embs, who called himself a relative, and between whom and the Princess existed a strong family resemblance; the other was elderly, and was addressed as the Baron de Schenck.

This last, although he treated the lady with the greatest possible deference, seemed to act as protector, counselor, and general manager of the establishment.

The Princess was a blonde, a little too thin, possibly, but very lovely, with regular features, and an unmistakable air of distinction. Her face struck one at first as being singular, but it was some little time before the cause of this singularity was discovered. The fact was that her eyes, remarkably beautiful in form and expression, were not alike in color, and this peculiarity imparted to them a marvelous fascination.

Naturally clever, she was extremely cultivated, spoke several languages, and sang delightfully. Her manners were charming, but characterized by a certain gravity and reserve, while a cold smile played at times upon her lips, revealing a nature that was not very impressible. It was

soon rumored that she was a Circassian by birth, and that she was the niece and heiress of an enormously wealthy Persian.

These strangers lived in great state, keeping up their equipages and entertaining constantly. It is true that in the circle they soon gathered about them there were few women, it being mainly composed of strangers who congregated to enjoy the amusements afforded by the capital, and to acquire the elegances of which Paris was the school.

About this same time Count Casimir Oginski, one of the most conspicuous men of Poland, an illustrious patriot, arrived in Paris with the purpose of soliciting the Cabinet of Versailles in favor of his country. He was a man of great wit and brilliancy, an amateur and patron of the arts, having no mean ability with pencil and brush, and playing on the harp with marvelous skill. It was he, indeed, who invented the pedals for this instrument. This gentleman soon became an *habitué* at the mansion of the Princess.

Another was the Count Rochefort-Velcourt, of a French family, established in Germany, Grand Marshal of the Prince de Limbourg; another a certain Monsieur de Marine, a somewhat equivocal personage, who took the greatest pains to conceal his age, and was invaluable for his flow of good spirits and his fund of social information. There were also a Monsieur Mackay, a book-keeper in the celebrated banking-house of Delaborde, and a Monsieur Poncet, a merchant in La Rue Saint-Denis, both men largely endowed with wealth and vanity, and at the end of a month each had advanced heavy sums to the Princess. The two barons did them the honor to accept the money as her treasurer, and Monsieur de Schenck dazzled them with glowing descriptions of the treasures that the Princess Aly would soon receive from Paris.

It was impossible that love should play no part in a society of which a young and beautiful woman was the center. Oginski placed himself at her feet, and the two kept up a continual interchange of sentimental notes.

The Count Rochefort-Velcourt, whose affairs were said to be in a bad way, and who wished to set himself on his feet again by a wealthy marriage, was an aspirant of a more serious character. He offered himself to the Princess, who neither rejected nor accepted him, but always replied to his advances with a laugh.

One morning Embs, who had signed several bills of exchange, was arrested, and it was discovered that his real name was Vantoers, and that he was the son of a wealthy manufacturer in Belgium, and had been exiled from the parental roof in consequence of several reckless freaks. The surprise among the friends of the Princess

was very great; Mackay and Poncet had especial reasons for astonishment; they took fright, and asked with polite firmness to be reimbursed for their advances.

The Baron Schenck, with a philosophical *sang-froid* which never deserted him, assured them that the little misunderstanding would soon be rectified. To appease these gentlemen, and also to release from prison the young relative of the Princess, Schenck obtained from Monsieur de Marine his note, payable at a certain date. After this things went on as before, and the Princess continued her receptions; but one evening, when Poncet and Mackay appeared at the house, they were informed that the Princess had that day dismissed her servants, sold her horses, and that she, with her two barons and one servant, had left for Germany. She appeared a few days later at Frankfort, where Marine and Rochefort had preceded her, and they all established themselves at the first hotel in the place.

Mackay lost no time in following the barons, and in another week Vantoers was again arrested. The proprietor of the hotel, disturbed by this scandal, immediately dismissed this party of adventurers, turning a deaf ear to the threats of the Princess, who declared that she would lay the matter before the representatives of Russia at Vienna and Berlin; nor would he listen to the remonstrances of the phlegmatic Baron de Schenck. The brilliant Princess and her suite were now in a very bad way, when an unexpected preserver appeared on the scene.

Philippe Ferdinand, reigning Prince de Limbourg, was a poor man in spite of his title, and had been for some seventeen years pushing his claims to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, at the respective courts of St. Petersburg and Copenhagen. He himself had a court but no courtiers; he kept a *chargé d'affaires* at Paris, and another at Vienna. He had an army of which he alone was the entire staff, for he was obliged to practice the strictest economy, recompensing his representatives in foreign lands with titles and with the orders of which he was the founder. In his tiny principality he affected all the pomp and etiquette of a sovereign. Although a Catholic, and devout even to bigotry, he cared little whether he scandalized his subjects or not, and he had several favorites, after the style of Louis XV. He was ignorant and credulous, but piqued himself on his wit and cleverness, which added in no small degree to his silliness.

He heard of the embarrassment in which the lady, whom his Grand Marshal, Rochefort-Velcourt, wished to marry, now found herself. The recital aroused his curiosity, and he went to Frankfort purposely to see her. She was about to leave the hotel, when the Prince de Limbourg

presented himself. Her beauty and the dignity which was her birthright made on him the liveliest impression; she dropped, as if by accident, a word or two of her family and expectations. Men cleverer by far than the Prince de Limbourg would have yielded to the seductions of this siren. He was entirely subjugated when he left her. He promised to pay a portion of her debts, offered himself as security to Mackay and Poncet, and begged the Princess to establish herself, while awaiting remittances from Persia, in one of his châteaux.

He left Vantoers, however, in prison, and the Princess was no more anxious than was Rochefort-Velcourt to restore him to liberty. The Prince finally became so attentive and lavished on the Princess such valuable presents that the Grand Marshal became alarmed, lost his temper, and was foolish enough to allow this to be seen.

The Prince liked to do things in a royal manner, and remembered how Louis XIV had treated Monsieur de Montespan on a similar occasion. He did the same, and shut up Rochefort-Velcourt as a prisoner of state.

The Princess was installed at Neussess, a château belonging to the Prince. With her was the Baron de Schenck. The château was in a frightfully dilapidated condition; and the Prince, realizing that such was the case, placed a number of soldiers there with strict orders to present arms to the Princess whenever she went out, and this honor he felt went a great way toward making amends for the scanty furniture and decorations. He himself paid constant visits to the Princess, and gave the lady every indication of an attachment which she adroitly flattered and at the same time kept within bounds. The Prince had at Vienna, as *chargé d'affaires*, a certain Hornstein, a Catholic prelate, a profound theologian, whose specialty was the making of converts. Hornstein paid a visit at Limbourg, and the Prince took him to see the beautiful Circassian, who at once read the new-comer. She begged him to take compassion on her youth and inexperience, and entreated him to watch over her youth—to be her mentor as well as that of the Prince. She spoke to him with great modesty of the wealth which would eventually be hers, and commissioned him to purchase for her an estate in Germany, as she could not make up her mind to leave, without a hope of return, that country which had become so dear to her. This colossal fortune in no way marred the prestige which she exercised over the people about her, and the Prince in particular, who was up to his ears in debt, and the lady insinuated with delicate tact that she should soon be able to place at his disposal any amount which he might require; and she even went so far as to ask Hornstein,

when that happy day should come, to entreat the Prince not to reject her assistance.

Her ascendancy over the Prince became stronger day by day; she saw that she had inspired him with hopes of freedom from the shackles of death, and that he thought of offering her his hand; but why did he not do so? One day he found her with her eyes reddened by tears, and very sad. He questioned her eagerly, and finally elicited from her the information that a letter from the Prince Galitzin had informed her that day how she was soon to be recalled to Persia by her uncle, who wished her to marry at once. Then the Prince declared himself, and, with an outburst of enthusiasm, begged her not to go, but to grant him her hand.

She had gained her end. She affected the most absolute surprise and intense happiness, but asked for a delay of several days, before she could give her answer. She must consult Prince Galitzin, she said. A week later she informed her lover that Galitzin was willing to authorize her marriage, without waiting to hear from her uncle in Persia, and that he would so arrange matters as to have no unpleasantness there. Hornstein, who was no longer near at hand, wrote to the Prince de Limbourg and made him understand that it was necessary that the lady should produce certain papers relative to her birth, before the marriage could take place. Not in the least disconcerted by this demand, she seemed on the contrary to find it most natural, and, while awaiting the arrival of the papers for which she had sent, she gave further and more ample details of her history.

She was Lady of Azof at the Russian court, and sole heiress of the house of Voldomir. She belonged to the Orthodox Greek Church, and, left an orphan when she was but four years old, she had been taken to the court of her uncle, the Shah of Persia, who subsequently sent her back to Europe on account of the disturbed condition of the country. The estates of her family had been sequestered in 1749 for twenty years. This time had now elapsed, and to enter once more into the enjoyment of these revenues only the consent of the Empress was required, and this consent the Prince Galitzin was certain of speedily procuring. This fable was told with such amazing *aplomb* that it was received without a doubt.

The Prince took his friend Hornstein into his confidence, and this rigid mentor was pleased, as he felt that he could now make another brilliant convert to the Church.

The Princess grew impatient at the non-arrival of the papers which were necessary for the marriage. Vantoers, in prison at Frankfort, vowed he would speak. Mackay and Poncet threatened proceedings. To soothe them, deco-

rations and orders were heaped upon them, but the Lady of Azof had shrewd suspicions that these debtors were instituting inquiries which could hardly fail to bring certain secrets to light. She therefore used the most varied means to bring matters to a crisis. She tried jealousy—she had always kept up her correspondence with Oginski, and this correspondence now became more active. She pretended also to be jealous herself, said she could not be an obstacle in the way of his happiness, that he desired to marry another woman of whom she had heard, and declared she would leave him for some months that he might be free to consult his heart.

The Prince grew angry at these causeless suspicions; he repelled them with alternate anger and mad protestations. Then came periods of profound depression which proved to the Princess how great was the empire she exercised over this feeble nature. She called to her aid all the temptations of interest. The Empress of Russia could not, of course, long refuse to recognize her incontestable rights: the only thing to be feared was that the war with Turkey absorbed so much of her attention that she would have no time to attend to anything else until peace was declared. Would it not be advisable she asked, for her to present herself at the court and thus remind the Empress of her interests? The mere suggestion of this separation filled the Prince with despair, and he determined to keep her at his side at any cost to himself. One concession alone did he ask from her, which was that she should become a Catholic.

This concession cost her very little; at the same time she was desirous of husbanding her resources and make her change of religion bear her an abundant harvest. She allowed herself now to show signs of wavering.

Strange stories were by this time in circulation in regard to the Lady of Azof. Hornstein had heard many, and felt it his duty to lay some of them before the Prince, who disdained them one and all for a time; but the day came when, overwhelmed by his debts, without money and without credit, he found himself in a state of mind which opened a path to distrust. He endeavored to thrust aside these thoughts; but a friend, thinking to win his good graces by speaking with indignation of the falsehoods which were beginning to be believed in connection with the Princess, he as a sole reply struck the speaker violently with the stock of his gun.

An impression had, however, been made, and this impression was strengthened by a letter addressed to him from Frankfort, in which the Princess was painted in the most revolting colors; allusions were made to the life she had led, and the dupes she had made in Berlin, London,

and Paris. This was the last drop—he rushed to Neussess, and, without even asking for an explanation, he proceeded to overwhelm the lady with the most vehement reproaches.

She listened to him in calm silence, and, when he had finished, she, in a heart-broken tone, said that she might have expected just such treatment from a man who had proved himself on so many occasions the slave of public opinion; that she should now leave him—her greatest regret being that it was impossible for her to show her gratitude for his many kindnesses to her by enriching him as she had looked forward to doing. The words had hardly fallen from her lips than he eagerly implored her pardon for his credulity. She knew, he said, that he would always love her were she poor, ignoble, or even criminal. Why, then, had she deceived him?

"Deceived you!" she cried. "Who tells you that I have deceived you? Listen to me," she said, after a brief silence. "I have been the football of fortune ever since my birth. What would have become of me, what will become of me, in this inimical world where I have been thrown without defense by destiny, if I were not armed against the chances of life by my courage and audacity. You ask me for the truth. You would not credit it were I to tell it to you. What is the truth? What is the falsehood? In this strange comedy which we are condemned to play, and where we are not allowed to choose our parts, tell me if you deem yourself capable of distinguishing the masks from the faces. All lie—but some lie foolishly and go to destruction; others know how to plan out their futures: they lie too, if you are pleased to say so, but it is with system. It is among these last that I desire to be enrolled. Condemn me—judge me with severity for daring to love you—for daring to hope that I might deliver you as well as myself from irksome trammels."

This avowal, which the Prince naturally regarded as an outburst of temerity, was in reality the result of profound calculation. It was not enough for her to have the Prince at her feet, and to be the absolute mistress of his will and acts; she now determined to make him her unconscious accomplice. Without initiating him in her projects, and without revealing to him the facts of her birth, it is, moreover, quite possible that she herself knew not who or what she was. This plan succeeded marvelously; he fell into her trap at once.

In his letters he spoke with evident terror of her *system*, but he made no resistance to anything she asked of him. He aided her to strengthen the edifice of inventions which she had raised. He conspired with her against his friend

Hornstein. As the Prince became more and more her slave, the Lady of Azof treated him with more and more indifference. Was it that she now felt contempt for so facile a prey? Was it that this Prince, overwhelmed as he was by debt, no longer appeared to her a desirable *parti*? Or was it that the inequality of his temper, his stormy gusts of passion, followed by his vehement declarations of undying, unalterable affection, began to weary her?

However this may be, it is certain that she no longer spoke of marriage, and seemed to be quite content to feel that it was indefinitely postponed.

It was the end of the year 1773. The Princess had established herself at the Château of Oberstein. About this time new rumors began to be heard. She was not an adventuress. The titles she bore were hers by right, and had been bestowed upon her to conceal the secret of her birth. She was none other than the Princess Tarakanov, daughter of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. She had been placed in a convent, where she had escaped from a poisoned cup which had been offered her. She had been sent to Siberia, whence she had escaped with the aid of compassionate guards and taken to the Court of Persia, but had been compelled to leave that place of refuge on account of the disturbed state of the country. All these reports were supported by singularly precise details, and soon caused a favorable change in public opinion. The Prince de Limbourg believed the whole story, and was not even astonished at it. Nor did he stand alone in this belief. He went to pass the Christmas holidays with his sister, the Countess de Hohenlohe, and thence wrote to the Princess that all about him believed her to be the daughter of Elizabeth and of Rasumovski; and encouraged her to look forward with confidence to the future. The fable was now complete. It opened to the Princess a new career of adventure and ambition, and had besides been so adroitly propagated that it was impossible to trace its author.

II.

IN 1772 the affairs of Poland were in a most disastrous condition, and her noblemen were scattered over Europe, having fled either from the vengeance of their conquerors or from the spectacle of their dismembered and bleeding country. A large number attached themselves to Prince Radzivil, Palatine of Wilna, who, after being vanquished by the Russians at Niewitz, went to France with the vain hope of finding something more than sterile sympathy. Disappointed here, he finally established himself at Mannheim with a number of his exiled countrymen. Among these

was a man named Domanski, who was intelligent, handsome, and still young; enthusiastic in temperament, and courageous to a fault. Although not of noble birth, the Palatine made him his constant companion. Domanski had in his service a youth named Joseph Richter, once a servant of Oginski in France, and later of the Lady of Azof, whom he had followed into Germany. He had more than once talked to Domanski of his former mistress. In December, 1773, during the absence of the Prince de Limbourg, the Princess made a little journey to Mannheim, where she remained for several days. Domanski there saw her, and fell madly in love with her.

After her return to Oberstein a stranger came to reside in the vicinity of the château. He went out rarely, received no one, and apparently desired to avoid observation; he was seen sometimes, at twilight, walking on the road which passed the château, and a courier had seen him several times talking with a woman wrapped in a heavy cloak. In spite of the hood being drawn over the face, the courier was certain that this woman was the Princess. Was this unknown a lover of the Lady of Azof? Yes—for he was Domanski; but love with the Princess was only the means to an end; and, if she encouraged the Pole, it was merely that she intended to make use of him.

Now, it was precisely at this time that all the rumors were in circulation in regard to the birth of the Princess. Is it not possible that these two persons arranged this plot which, if successful, would lead to fortune and enable them to cast their lots together?

It has been stated by certain Russian historians that Domanski was the agent of the Palatine, Prince Radzivil, who had invented the *rôle* and found the actress; but how was it possible for Radzivil, who had never seen the Princess, to conceive such an idea?

She herself knew very well that no such plot could be successfully carried out unless the greater part of its actors were honest and sincere in their convictions. Of all those men, therefore, who were about her, not one, save the Baron de Schenck, knew her project in detail. If she had partially lifted the veil for the Prince de Limbourg, it was because she wished to make him feel that he was her helpless slave and accomplice; and, as soon as she discovered Domanski's passion, she completed her subjugation by her sympathy for the cause of Poland, and gratified his hatred for Catharine-II with plans of vengeance.

Perhaps it was without premeditation that the idea came to her of personating the Princess Tarakanov, the heiress to the throne of Russia, and that this idea was the natural outgrowth of hearing his towering hatred expressed for the Empress.

She recalled many details of the imperial court which she had acquired during her acquaintance with Oginski, and now she received into her intimacy a man who was still more *au courant* with the imperial family; from Domanski, therefore, the Princess eagerly gathered a number of facts with which to enrich her romance.

The general tenor of political events seemed also to justify her dreams; for Russia, insensible to the benefits of a civilization tyrannically imposed, was restless under Catharine's heavy hand. Frequent revolts among the peasantry brought down pitiless retribution. The sullen discontent of the masses invited imposture. A Greek physician, named Stephano, called himself Peter III, and appeared among the Montenegrins. For many months the newspapers had been filled with the exploits of still another Peter III, who emerged from a monastery, and, at the head of a band of Bashkirs, Tartars, and Calmucks, laid the whole country between the Jaik and the Volga in ruins, burning the châteaux and murdering the nobles. The serfs welcomed him as their liberator, and he was impatiently expected by the populace of Moscow, which city he might easily have entered had he taken the notion to enact the part of emperor there.

Catharine II was for a time quite undisturbed by what she regarded as the freaks of a madman, for so she described them in a letter to Voltaire; but, when she heard that Pougatchef had repulsed the regiments sent out to meet him, and had burned the suburbs of Kazan, she was forced to look upon it in a more serious light.

All these facts and increasing discontent were calculated to encourage the hopes of the Princess.

Radzivil was the first person to whom Domanski disclosed the secret which had been confided to him. If the Palatine at first expressed some doubts, Domanski's eloquence, the vehemence of his admiration for the Princess, his absolute faith in her, ended by removing them, and Radzivil wrote to the Lady of Azof a letter, in which he said:

"I look upon the enterprise of your Highness as a direct interposition of Providence in behalf of my unfortunate country."

He went on to say that he was anxious to pay his respects to her, but he deemed it unwise, for both their sakes, to draw any attention to their relations.

The adherence of Radzivil to the Princess and his testimony were sufficient to remove all doubts in regard to the Princess. The story was, therefore, not only credited among the Polish refugees, but throughout the country, and soon found its way to Paris. Oginski heard it, and

sent an emissary to Oberstein, with directions to make every possible discovery.

The readiness with which the Palatine accepted this strange recital is readily explained, since nothing would be better for Poland than a revolution in Russia. Wishing to interest Constantinople, he decided to go to Venice, and open his correspondence there with the Porte. The Princess decided to establish herself there likewise, and for the same purpose.

The Prince de Limbourg was plunged in despair by this move, but, since the Princess Tarkanov had replaced the Lady of Azof, he dared not thwart the will of this exalted personage, but immediately applied himself to raising the money which he needed to take flight also.

Assuming the title of the Countess de Penneburg, an estate of the Prince de Limbourg, the Lady of Azof departed on the 13th of May, 1774.

Radzivil had been expecting her since March. A sumptuous apartment was in readiness in the palace of the French ambassador, and the second day after her arrival the Prince Radzivil came, escorted by a number of his Polish suite, all in rich costumes, to call upon her. Her *incognito* was a very transparent veil, for her birth and projects were known to every one in Venice, and were the subjects of general conversation in the Polish circle, and among the young French officers whose thirst for adventure had drawn them toward the Palatine, and inspired them with the desire to follow him into Turkey. Among these men she had the warmest admirers, and she astonished them by the profound knowledge she seemed to have of the political interests of all the European countries.

She received much company. A friend of the Prince de Limbourg, a certain Baron Knorr, managed her household and was her private secretary. Poles and Frenchmen filled her *salons*, with a sprinkling of other foreigners—among them an Englishman, Edward Wortley Montagu, the son of the celebrated Lady Mary, who was excessively eccentric and also excessively witty.

The Princess, notwithstanding her reserve and dignity of manner and language, made it a rule to disdain no one, knowing by experience that some advantage could be drawn from the most humble.

The director of the Bank of Venice, Martinnelli, was one of the most intimate friends of the Princess. Perhaps she thought that the strong box of the bank would be thrown open for her, but she was mistaken. In vain did the Baron Knorr plan and manœuvre, he could not keep up the luxury of these surroundings; and, just as the Princess saw herself obliged to reduce her expenses to a very conspicuous degree, Radzivil and

the Poles decided to establish her yet nearer Turkey, at Ragusa: and on the day of her departure Radzivil and his sister came with a numerous suite to say farewell, and, in a little address prepared with care for the occasion, expressed the hope that he should see her in the place to which she was entitled by her birth.

She replied that, when she became Empress of Russia, she should take both pride and pleasure in repairing the wrongs committed by another Empress toward Poland. This was the first time that her birth and her projects were officially declared. Radzivil had induced the French consul at Ragusa, Monsieur Desouveaux, to give up his country-house to the Princess. This was a charming little spot among the trees.

No sooner was the Princess established there than the Palatine followed, and this house became the headquarters of the expedition. Radzivil assumed all the expenses, and dined always with the Princess, who quickly surrounded herself with the most prominent members of the Polish and French circles.

The Princess claimed to have in her possession certain papers which established in the most decisive manner the rights she claimed to the imperial crown. Among them was the will of the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, who designated as the heir to the crown her daughter Elizabeth, and for regent until the majority of the Princess, the Duke Pierre de Holstein. These papers she showed to the Palatine, who had a perfect acquaintance, not only with the court, but with the Russian law and its forms of expression.

She proposed to publish in support of her claim a manifesto, which she had prepared, and desired to send a copy at once to the captain of the Russian fleet then at anchor near by. This captain was the brother of Catharine's favorite Alexis Orloff, who was said to have grave cause for discontent, and whom she flattered herself would be easily won over to her side.

Whence came these documents? Radzivil appears to have been thoroughly satisfied with them. It may be either that he did not care to examine them too closely, or that she explained to him in a plausible fashion her possession of these papers. This strange new element of martial courage and hope gave to Ragusa a most extraordinary animation. The history of the Princess was the theme of conversation; her refusal to marry the Shah of Persia, her journeys through Russia in man's attire, the brilliancy of her wit, the beauty of her face and form, the dignity of her manners, and the eloquence with which she discoursed upon her plans, surrounded her with a singular prestige. The year 1774 was singularly fatal to sovereigns, for during it died King Louis XV, Pope Clement XIV, and Sultan Mus-

tapha III, whose successor came to the throne with nothing of the bellicose spirit of his predecessor, and found also an exhausted treasury. This last event disturbed all Radzivil's calculations, and he could not conceal from himself that he had nothing to expect from Turkey.

The Princess, however, did not share his discouragement, and declared that never in her opinion had the situation been better. She spoke of Catharine as the usurper, and said that God was against her, as she had not yet been able to conquer Pougatchef, who had retired with his army to the mountains, whence he emerged, torch in hand, to send terror to the hearts of the nobles and hope to the peasants. "Would not the Sultan," said the Princess, "be willing to recognize Pougatchef when he understood him to be her brother, the Prince Tarakanov?"

The Palatine was naturally considerably surprised at this relative of whom he had never previously heard, for the newspapers spoke of Pougatchef, not as Elizabeth's son, but of Peter III, whom indeed he resembled to an extraordinary degree.

To this objection the Princess replied calmly that it had not been deemed advisable to intrust these ignorant serfs with a secret affecting the honor of their mother; it had been decided that it was best to claim their fidelity with the watchword of a name that was familiar to them.

The story of the Princess, narrated with enthusiasm by the French officers in the letters they wrote to Paris, awakened a vast deal of curiosity. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld and the Count de Bussy went to Oberstein, where the Prince de Limbourg was eating out his heart in solitude. They talked to him of the Princess, and he, in his turn, undoubtedly spoke with some bitterness of her, for the story of Domanski had now reached his ears; possibly he said more than he intended. At all events, these gentlemen wrote divers details to Ragusa, that changed the current of public opinion, which set as strongly against the Princess now as it had hitherto done in her favor.

A most unexpected incident struck a fatal blow at the reputation of the Princess, who had hitherto been regarded, not as prudish, but as excessively careful and discreet.

Toward the end of September, just as the grapes were ripe, a peasant discovered in a narrow path, only a few steps from a little door in the wall of the French consul's house, a man who was wounded and unconscious. In his hand was a key which fitted the door, and the man was Domanski! The watchman stated that he had seen a man among the vines several nights, and had fired at him, but had not supposed that he had hit him. The Poles and the French consul were alike unwilling to undergo the scandal

of a public examination, and succeeded in hushing up the affair. Radzivil remembered that this young man was the first to speak to him of the Princess, and that he had even then been struck by the warmth of his admiration.

The end of this was that the Princess was not only credited with a lover, but was called an adventuress, and Domanski was spoken of as an accomplice.

Nevertheless, the lady was still treated with an external show of respect; she, however, was not mistaken in the change that had taken place, but determined not to invite an explanation. Radzivil was about to return to Venice, his sister had already gone, and a general dispersion was near at hand.

It was time for a decided step, and the Princess was not the woman to hesitate very long. She made an honorable retreat by announcing her departure for Rome.

Martinelli consented to make some small advances, and Edward Wortley Montagu gave her a letter of introduction to Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador at Naples. She talked again of joining the Romish Church. Domanski and a Jesuit, named Chanecki, tempted by the hope of such a distinguished convert, were now all who were left to cling to her fortunes, and the small party, in October, 1774, set their faces toward Rome.

III.

THE English ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, an antiquarian and the possessor of many valuable curiosities, was at this time one of the celebrities of Naples, his hospitable mansion being the resort of all strangers.

He was curious to see the daughter of Elizabeth Petrovna. The intelligence of the Princess, her exquisite grace of manner, her beauty, and air of birth and breeding, produced their usual effect and excited great admiration; but Naples was too near Ragusa for the Lady of Azof to remain there with safety.

She therefore resisted all the entreaties of the ambassador, declaring that business required her appearance at Rome. Provided with a passport, where she figured as the Countess of Walmode, she took her departure for the Eternal City.

She reached Rome on the 21st of December, preceded by a day by the Jesuit Chanecki, whom she had sent on in search of lodgings. Here she was to appear on a new stage, and must change her own character to a certain extent. On this scene of carefully dissimulated rivalries and deep intrigues, where priestly craft, analogous in some degree to feminine cunning, sways the current of daily life, where not a word is spoken that does not conceal an *arrière-pensée*, where no

step is taken without a secret motive, where not one glance of the eyes is allowed to penetrate the surface of the rigid countenances, where all the world, in fact, is clothed in triple armor, the Princess felt that the greatest circumspection in word and act was essential.

Her feminine attractions, which heretofore had served her well, were no longer sufficient. This she fully realized, and effected the metamorphosis with marvelous dexterity. Instead of mingling with the crowd of strangers which fill Rome each winter, she lived a life of close seclusion, taking an apartment in a retired street, in a severe-looking mansion, and adopted a strict *incognito*, her two friends also changing their names. She had no visitors except these two gentlemen, and some Polish Jesuits whom Chanecki gathered about her, and whom she could receive without being in any degree compromised, as every one knew Cardinal Braschi, whose election to the Papal chair was looked upon as highly probable.

As the Princess was often ill, she fixed upon a physician named Salicetti, a very devout personage, a great favorite with women and the cardinals, and thoroughly at home at the Vatican.

Accustomed as she had been to lavish expenditures, she now lived with the strictest economy, attracting remark only by the alms she distributed among the poor of her neighborhood—alms which, by their liberality, struck people all the more favorably by being in such strong contrast with her modest establishment. It was not long, therefore, before the generosity of the foreign lady was noised about through Rome. These alms were, in fact, at this time a serious strain upon her resources, for she was living upon a most scanty income—that derived from the sale of orders founded by the Prince de Limbourg—with which she had taken care to provide herself amply at the time she left his château, and for which her Polish Jesuits found purchasers. This was not, however, a very lucrative business enterprise in the city where the Roman Court were first in the market with their crosses and titles.

In ordinary times, this skillful line of conduct, the blessings of the poor, the shrewd persons by whom she was surrounded, and the hope of making a convert, would have drawn upon her much attention. But the winter of 1775 was one of extreme agitation in Rome. The Papal election was prolonged indefinitely. The cardinals shut themselves in their cells, and Rome without cardinals is a city without a soul; and, as long as the conclave lasted, even society was at a standstill.

The Princess saw that there was nothing for her but patience, but her Jesuit assistant deter-

mined on a decided step. He was anxious to secure the influence of Cardinal Albani, who was astute and enterprising, and the especial partisan of the Poles. Chanecki, therefore, slipped through the window of his cell a note in which he stated that the Princess Elizabeth of Muscovy had arrived in Rome, and wished to have his counsel on a subject of great importance to herself and the Church.

On the very next day, one of the Cardinal's confidential secretaries asked permission to see the Princess on account of Albani. Before granting this interview, she herself wrote to the Cardinal to ask if she might place entire confidence in this secretary, Monsieur Roccacatani—she being clever enough to see that this excess of caution would do her no harm in the opinion of a member of the Sacred College. On receiving a favorable reply from the Cardinal, Roccacatani was admitted to her presence. With her were her two friends, Domanski and Czarnowski. She was ill, and coughed incessantly; in spite of this, however, she persisted in talking.

The Cardinal, she said, was, of course, well aware of the passion that was seething in Poland. It was for him now to raise from the dust that most unhappy land, and restore its religion by establishing on the throne the legitimate heir of Peter the Great. One word from the Court of Rome would fill the hearts of the Polish priests with hope, and they managed the people as seemed to them good. When they were all in revolt, it was easy to lead them into Russia, where the peasants were harassed by taxation and by Catharine's tyranny and exactions, and were eager to shake off the irksome yoke.

Prince Tarakanov (the Princess did not know that he was then a prisoner) had for two years defied Catharine, she said, without any assistance from outside.

The lady then, without seeming to suspect that any one could possibly doubt her word, or that proofs were necessary to support her extraordinary story, showed to Roccacatani the *original* of Petrovna's will. Then she spoke, but with discretion, of the perplexities of her conscience, of the attraction she felt toward Catholicism, and, recalling her conversations with Hornstein, she evinced a certain acquaintance with Catholic dogmas. She then went on to say that a public confession of faith would at this time furnish her adversaries with new arms against her, and prejudice the ignorant masses who were blind to the truth; that such a step would, in fact, be equivalent to renouncing all hope of the imperial crown; while, once on the throne, she could render to the Church a service which she should regard as her mission on this earth, and which would be the crowning glory of her reign.

She begged Roccacatani to lay these reflections and considerations before the Cardinal.

Roccacatani retired from this visit in a state of great astonishment, but fascinated and credulous. His doubts—if he had any—were annihilated by a Father Lindsay, a Jesuit priest who had once been an officer in the Russian army. This man, without the smallest hesitation, declared that he recognized her, having often seen her at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. Roccacatani accepted this statement without hesitation, and his report to the Cardinal was such that his Highness was filled with eager curiosity to see the lady. Roccacatani was the more impressed by the Princess, that she made no attempt to borrow money, and made no plea of embarrassed circumstances, which was what both he and the Cardinal had anticipated.

The truth was, however, that the Princess was in the greatest possible distress financially. Remembering the cordial welcome she had received from Sir William Hamilton when in Naples, she therefore wrote to him that she was on the point of leaving for Turkey, and wished to effect loans to a considerable extent on securities in her possession. She then went on to ask for letters of introduction to the English ambassadors at Vienna and at Constantinople. On the reception of this letter, Sir William Hamilton at once wrote to her that he was ready to raise any sum she required, and to serve her in any way she should designate. He then, to complete the very large sum she required, wrote to one of his friends, Sir John Dick, consul at Leghorn, and sent him the letter written by the Princess.

John Dick was intimate with the commodore of the Russian fleet lying at Leghorn, Alexis Orloff, and laid before him this letter and that of the English ambassador. Orloff at once declared the Princess to be an adventuress, and the author of the mysterious dispatches he had received several months before. He determined to obtain possession of her person at all hazards, for he was a man without scruples of conscience, and hesitated at nothing to achieve his ends.

It would seem that the English consul played a part in this affair that reflects little credit upon him—tempted by the rewards which Catharine II heaped upon him subsequently. He wrote to the English banker at Rome—Jenkins; bade him call on the Princess, and authorized him to open a large credit with her. The lady was astonished at this delicate generosity on the part of Sir William Hamilton, but, on questioning Jenkins, discovered that he had been sent to her by the English consul at Leghorn; whereupon she refused to accept the offer, or at least begged permission to hold it under consideration for a certain time. A few days later she met in the

street a stranger who bowed profoundly, and wherever she went she was sure to encounter this person, who always saluted her with marked respect.

In consequence of bad weather and her delicate health there came a week when she did not leave the house. What, then, was the surprise of the Jesuit Chanecki one morning, when he left the house, to find this stranger waiting for him! The man came forward, and asked for news of the Princess Tarakanov.

Seeing that the priest hesitated to reply, the stranger went on to say that the cause of the Princess was more advanced than she believed, and that there were near at hand persons who only waited a signal from her, to show themselves her devoted friends and adherents.

The next day the stranger boldly presented himself at the door and asked to see the Princess, who, it is possible, was moved by curiosity to admit him, or, it is equally probable, she felt her position to be such that she could afford to lose no chance.

The man was an aide on Count Orloff's staff, named Chresteneck. He openly avowed that he had come from Orloff, and that the steps taken by Jenkins had been at the Count's request, and added that the Commodore felt the greatest regret that his duties did not permit him to leave Leghorn and pay his respects to her.

The aide-de-camp went on to say that Orloff, knowing the Princess was ill, entreated her to leave Rome for Pisa, where a balmy climate would aid in the preservation of a life so precious to Russia.

In vain did Domanski seek to open the eyes of the Princess when he saw her disposed to yield to these arguments and entreaties.

"You are mad!" he said. "You are walking straight to your ruin! Do you know who Orloff is?"

To which she replied, with considerable heat: "Am I in the habit of consulting you? I go where destiny calls me. If you are afraid, stay where you are."

"My life belongs to you," answered Domanski. "I follow where you lead!"

Her departure made more noise than her arrival had created in Rome. She took leave with considerable ceremony of all whom she had known there, and left for Pisa, taking possession of a house which Orloff had furnished superbly for her occupation; but she was at Leghorn a great deal. There she visited the English consul and his wife, who were prompted all the time by Orloff, who in his turn showed her the most devoted attention, while complaining bitterly of Catharine II and her ingratitude toward his family, his brother's temporary disgrace at that time giving a strong

color of truth to his grievance, and allowed her to understand clearly that they would both gladly seize an opportunity to avenge themselves.

The influence of the Princess over Orloff was made apparent to the whole fleet, and Chresteneck having asked her intercession with Orloff to obtain a higher grade in the service, it was granted at her request, and she received during the Carnival mysterious billets in which she was addressed with the title of empress.

The devotion of Orloff was that of a lover, and finally the English consul asked a private interview with the Princess, and with much solemnity laid before her the petition which Orloff, fearing lest he should be wanting in respect to his sovereign, dared not address in person; he begged her to tell him if he might hope that one day she would consent to accept him as her husband? That she was not offended by this homage is certain, and many things go to prove that Orloff was not ashamed to deceive her by a mock-marriage.

Orloff, to celebrate their betrothal, wished to offer her the spectacle of a naval combat off Leghorn. She accepted the attention without the smallest hesitation. The presence of the English consul and his wife, and the fact of a banquet offered by the Admiral, were incompatible with any crafty snare laid for her unwary feet. Domanski again implored her to beware; but she turned a deaf ear to his entreaties.

Gayly-decked barges received the invited guests. The Princess was in the first with Orloff and the two Poles; John Dick, his wife, and several other persons, in the second. Attentive to the panorama before her and to the words of Orloff as he whispered in her ear, the Princess did not notice that they were far in advance of the other barge. Amid the noise of cannon and cries of "Long live the Empress!" she ascended the deck of the flag-ship. Joy, pride, and emotion prevented her from seeing that Orloff had left her side, and that she and the two Poles were surrounded by soldiers. The captain advanced, and told her she was his prisoner.

At the same time all her papers were seized at Pisa, and her domestics arrested. The Princess was utterly stunned for a moment; she turned pale, but did not speak. She was confined in the Admiral's cabin, and two of her own servants, a German and a Dalmatian girl, waited upon her.

One evening, a sentry passing before her open door, threw in, without stopping, a ring she had given Orloff.

"Is it a farewell?" she asked.

He did not reply, but kept up his measured pace. She wrote two or three hurried lines, and, receiving a glance of acquiescence from the sen-

try, intrusted them to him. It was a note to Orloff.

Two hours later she received an orange wrapped in paper, and on this paper was scrawled Orloff's reply. He told her that he was himself a prisoner, and entreated her not to yield to despair. Duped by this last falsehood, and happy that he at least had been true to her and her interests, she grew calm and hopeful. That same day Chresteneck departed for St. Petersburg, where Catharine II, kept fully *au courant* with each shifting scene of this drama, impatiently awaited the *dénouement*. The next day the Admiral set sail. The prisoner, in spite of the advice of the physician on board, obstinately refused to go on deck. Silent and gloomy she sat for hours looking out upon the sea. When she heard, however, that they had arrived at Southampton, she seemed to recover.

Did she believe that she was now to be set free? But when no one went on shore, and she overheard a conversation which showed that Orloff was still at Leghorn and in command, she gave way for the first time to passionate despair. Then, suddenly drying her tears, she rushed on deck, and an English boat passing the vessel at that moment she tried to throw herself overboard. This incident giving rise to many rumors, the Admiral weighed anchor and departed.

He reached Cronstadt on the 3d of May. The Empress had given instructions that absolute secrecy should be preserved. Prince Galitzin himself came on board, accompanied by a captain of the Guard, and a company of grenadiers, and removed the prisoners to the fortress of Saint Pierre.

The following day the examination began, but nothing could be extorted from the servants, who adored their mistress in spite of her excessive reserve. Besides, they really knew nothing, for when she changed her residence they never knew where they were going until they neared their destination.

Domanski showed the greatest caution from the first, and evidently had but one idea, to save the Princess. His replies were characterized by unbounded respect and deference toward her. He had always heard that she was the daughter of Elizabeth Petrovna, and he had no reason to doubt, as he knew that the Empress was secretly married to Rasumovski; and, when one day he had questioned the Princess, she had made no reply. Finally, Domanski allowed it to be seen that a sentiment stronger than curiosity had induced him to follow her fortunes.

Czarnowski was then examined. He said he had seen her always treated by every one, particularly by the Palatine Radzivil, as a princess. He had never solicited her confidence nor re-

ceived it. He had gone to Pisa with her in the hope of recovering a large sum which he claimed to have loaned her, and by a certain feeling of curiosity.

When the Grand Chancellor, on the 26th of May, appeared before the prisoner, she vehemently inquired of him by what right and for what crime she had been arrested, and she showed the most fiery indignation at the treatment she had received.

A few judicious words from the Chancellor calmed her somewhat. She condescended not to reply, for she did not wait to be questioned, but to explain. She told all she knew of her life, and said that after her marriage with the Prince de Limbourg had been broken off or dissolved (she designedly left this point in obscurity) she had intended to go to Persia to see after her interests there; but the Poles whom she met at Venice, being better informed than herself in regard to the secret history of the Russian Court, were certain that she was the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth. About this time she received, in a mysterious way, from whom and whence she knew not, several documents which transformed her own doubts into certainties. From her childhood up she had been guarded and protected by some strange and unknown power. She had rejected, however, as a mad dream, the pretensions to the exalted rank suggested to her, and had no idea of fomenting disturbances in Russia.

"I know life," she said, in conclusion. "I have suffered long and much. Heaven has given me some strength of soul, and, if courage be a princely virtue, I am none the less a princess, I presume, because I am largely endowed with that quality."

This recital produced a great effect, but it left two points in profound obscurity. The first was the real origin of the prisoner; the second was the authorship of the papers sent by her to Count Orloff; but she would answer no questions, saying that she was too weary.

Catharine was not satisfied with Prince Galitzin's report, which was followed by a letter addressed to the Empress, in which the prisoner asked for an audience. She flattered herself, she said, that it was in her power to make certain communications of the highest interest, which would clear up the misunderstanding of which she was a victim. She signed this letter, "The Princess Elizabeth." This audacity completed Catharine's irritation, who accused Galitzin of managing the whole affair in the most foolish manner, and of being cajoled by a clever actress.

Up to this time the prisoner had been allowed to keep her maid, who was now removed, and in her place were men alone—men speaking no tongue which was familiar to her.

The prisoner was placed in another cell, cold and dark, and allowed only the clothing that was essential, and her nourishment was dry bread.

She endured all this with dignity, and submitted unflinchingly to the incessant questions addressed to her. The Empress herself wrote out twenty, and sent them to Galitzin, affirming in one letter that this woman was a Pole, in another that she had certain information that she was the daughter of an innkeeper in Prague.

This all proved her intense annoyance at the affair, and her impatience that it should be brought to a conclusion. Galitzin did his best. The passionate devotion of Domanski for the prisoner had not escaped his observation. He determined to take advantage of it. He allowed Domanski to believe that they could both rely on the magnanimity of the Empress, provided the prisoner would cease to brave her. Domanski, influenced by these promises, admitted that she had played this *rôle* of Elizabeth merely as a support. He had nothing to say of her plans, nor of the documents sent to Orloff, but he implored permission to see his mistress face to face. Galitzin believed that the time had come to confront the accomplices.

Domanski, moved to tears at the sight of the woman he loved, bent his knee before her, and implored her to confess the truth. She crushed him with a look of contempt, and turned away in silence. Then Galitzin appealed to her. This scene lasted for several hours. Finally, Domanski fell at the feet of the Prince:

"Mercy!" he cried. "Mercy for her! The demon of pride possesses her, my lord, and she will not yield. What can the Empress fear from a frail creature like that, whose life may be counted by days? Ask the Empress to give her to me; let me watch over her as my wife. Condemn me to exile, servitude, and poverty, if you will; but harm her not.

The prisoner listened to these words with a strange smile:

"My lord," she said, "have the goodness to relieve me from the presence of this madman!"

She had been suffering for a long time with an affection of the lungs, which was much aggravated by the prison regimen and lack of fresh air. Her energy alone sustained her frail form, but the disease was making rapid strides. The prisoner rarely spoke, and had no longer strength to rise from her bed. The physicians said she could live but a few days if the present hardships continued. Certain changes were made, and she gained strength, and wished to write again to the Empress.

She insisted that she knew nothing of her birth, but she named several persons who she believed could give information—among others,

the Governor of Neufchâtel. She acknowledged nothing; retracted nothing; and persisted in calling herself Princess Tarakanov. The Empress swore that she would chastise this impudence. The Governor of Neufchâtel, George Keith, the friend of Jean Jacques Rousseau, was dead, but others named by the prisoner were living. No application was made to them, however; in fact, all investigation was quietly dropped. It may be that no importance was attached to the representations of the prisoner; or, possibly, it was feared that too much might be elicited.

It is worthy of remark that no attempt was made to destroy the widespread belief that a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth was in existence, nor to prove that this daughter was dead, nor at least to discover what had become of her.

At the end of the summer the prisoner grew very weak again, and on the 30th of November, feeling that the end was near, she asked for a priest of the Greek Church. The Empress herself sent one from the Cathedral of Kazan, whom she first received in her private cabinet, and kept with her for an hour.

The dying woman received him with gentle submission, but soon saw that he had not come to give to her the consolations of religion for which she longed, but thought only of extorting from her revelations or confessions.

Fixing upon him her magnificent eyes, blazing with fever, she said imperiously:

"Recite the prayers for the dying!"

She lived two days after this, and on the 4th of December, 1775, died without having spoken again. She was buried in the night in the courtyard of the fortress, in the presence of Prince Galitzin, by four men, who bound themselves by the most terrible oaths never to disclose any of the circumstances.

After the prisoner's arrival at Cronstadt, the same oath had been exacted from all who approached her—upon the commandant, the jailer, the soldiers, the physicians, and the priest.

The secret was well kept. In no one of the public journals is there any allusion to this event.

But in the spring of 1777, the year of the great inundation, the ambassador from Poland at the Russian Court wrote to his King that a princess of the imperial family, who was insane and shut up in the fortress of Schlussembourg, had died there.

The papers in the archives give no hint of what became of Czarnowski. The two servants of the Princess were, after a detention of a few months, conducted to the frontier, and told never to set foot again on Russian soil. Domanski was sent the following year to Siberia, but it seems that he died on the road.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ OF SPANISH COMEDY.

LOOKING back from some resting-place in his "Pleasant Wanderings," somewhere between 1593 and 1603, Agustin de Rojas, player and playwright, made a survey in poetic form of comedy, and in particular of Spanish comedy. Detailing its growth from its feeble infancy to the almost exuberant vigor of its early manhood, he dated the end of its childhood by the appearance on the stage of five well-marked characters who continued to occupy it to the end. These are the *dama* or lady, the old man (*viejo*) occasionally called *barba* or beard, the *galan* or lover in his double character of accepted or rejected suitor, and the clown at first styled the "bobo" and later on the *gracioso*. These characters were but rude and unpolished at first, but whatever change they were to undergo was to be a change of form not of character. The brilliant dramatists of the seventeenth century treated these types as the school of Spanish sculptors of the previous century had the traditional figures of Virgin and saint. They made works of art out of the rude attempts of earlier men, but it was by following the path their predecessors had pointed out. It is true that the later writers by no means confine themselves to five persons. Their stage is crowded by a far greater number, but when we examine them at all closely we do not find that by increasing the *dramatis personæ* they have also increased the characters. Their greater wealth of ingenuity is shown somewhat like the alderman's increase of fortune, which he could only employ by making two puddings smoke on the board where one smoked before. Lope or Calderon, finding the five too few for the proper development of their intricate plots, doubled or even trebled them. They added an old woman to the old man, a maid-servant to the *gracioso*; but these additions are, in fact, only repetitions of the already existing types, which they do not appear to have felt any greater desire to vary than the chess-player does to alter his bishop or his knight. The Spanish comedy has indeed a marked resemblance to a game of chess played by the right hand against the left. The number of the pieces which are moved to and fro on the board is fixed at least by a maximum, and therefore has an element of stability wanting to the personages of the comedy, but in other respects the resemblance is sufficiently close. The functions and power of the rook are not more rigidly fixed by rule than the character and actions of the *galan*. One piece moves on the white squares,

another on the black, but in other respects they are identical. One *galan* is successfully loving and jealous, another is jealous and loving but unsuccessful; and except in the result we can see no difference between them. On the chess-board and the stage alike, when once we have learned the character of the pieces, our interest centers entirely in the moves. Even the historical characters—kings, queens, and warriors—have to bow to traditional usage. They become *viejos*, *damas*, and *galanes* when presented in a comedy, or, indeed, in dramas of the most tragic nature; for it must be borne in mind that Spanish dramatists never made a division of their plays into tragedy and comedy, and that the two applied indifferently to the same pieces.

But, although it would be difficult to select any number of personages from the works of the Spaniards which are interesting as delineations of human character, the general types have an undoubted literary value. They are generalizations of mankind as seen in Spain, presented not so as to be as like as possible to reality, but as fittest for the purposes of the stage. Had the dramatist tried to be true to life he would have been met at the outset by an almost insuperable difficulty. His subject is love, and the customs of all southern nations in the matter of marriage render courtship quite superfluous. The Oriental jealousy of the Spaniards and the strict supervision of the Church debarred him from falling back on the resource found by the modern French novelist in a similar difficulty. Conjugal infidelity might be the subject of tragedy, but, unless the Spanish dramatist intended to make his "comedia" depend for its interest on terror and the fiercer passions, he must leave it alone. The elder writers seldom touched it. Having, then, to draw love ending in marriage, they were forced to represent it as breaking through social laws, and to give their characters, and in particular their women, a certain conventional character. What the domestic life of women was in Spain we have ample means of knowing. Without, for reasons we have already indicated, trusting too implicitly to the comedies or picaresque novels we get many ideas of what the reality was from them. We see that women lived in a degree of seclusion little less than Oriental, and in a perfectly Oriental dependence on the head of the family. We learn that marriage was, as it still is to a great degree, a mere matter of business arrangement, in which the inclination of the parties most

interested is the last thing taken into consideration. The evidence of travelers completes that of the comedies. Madame d'Aulnoy and Aar-sens de Sommelsdyck state deliberately, and with every appearance of founding their statements on careful observation, that the women of a Spanish family held a position only a little higher than that of the servants, and enjoyed infinitely less freedom. The heroine who has to marry the lover of her own choice against the wish of her parents must therefore employ as much ingenuity and display as much daring as the prisoner who is breaking out of jail. The opportunities which this situation offered for intrigue, plot, counterplot, and incident made it a great favorite among the Spaniards, to whom such things formed the most delightful of recreations—when presented in the form of a story. As, however, the details may vary, the situation is always essentially the same, the character is so too. Its main elements are passion and jealousy. The enamored dama must be ready to sacrifice herself and everybody else too for the sake of her galan. Her sense of honor and delicacy may be painfully obtuse, but the readiness of her wit must be beyond dispute. She must be as easily inflamed with jealousy as with love, but ready to forgive much intermediate infidelity for the sake of final victory. Spanish critics of modern date profess to find a distinct character, if not in individual heroines, in the damas of different writers; but a foreigner will find it impossible to distinguish between the Belisas, Teodoras, and Elenas of Lope de Vega and the ladies of similar names who are the soul and life of the comedies of Tirso de Molina and Alarcon. As far as we can feel any human interest in the *dramatis personæ* of these bright pieces, it is, as is only proper by all laws of gallantry, for the "dama." She loves with such utter abandon, she sacrifices herself so readily for her generally unworthy lover, her resources are so many and so ingenious, her conversation so light and witty, that we can not help thinking Don Felix or Don Felipe has been rewarded very much beyond his merits when the baffled but pacified father finally withdraws his opposition. But our sympathy is not for the individual but for the type. We find all the heroines affecting us in exactly the same way. Not only do we meet the same dama in every piece, but even twice or thrice in the same; and when at the end of the third act the author pairs off his damas and galanes, and winds up his tangled plot more or less neatly, we feel no more anxiety about the future happiness of the ladies than we do about the female dolls of an Italian puppet-show. It is so obvious that we are only looking at puppets that, when Doña Serafina, the second "dama," after embroiling

everything during three acts to prevent the marriage of Doña Beatrix, the first dama, with Don Garcia, the first galan, is given in marriage without a murmur to Don Lope, the second galan, who philosophically accepts her as the next best thing to Doña Beatrix, we are neither shocked nor surprised. The bright little figure, in her picturesque dress, has finished the weeping, laughing, scolding, and wooing she had to go through, and has gone back to her box to lie there till she is taken out to go through the same or a slightly varied round of emotions.

On the galan it is hard to look with any degree of tolerance. If the dama is an idealized type of the passionate and loving side of woman's nature, we can only hope for the credit of young Spain of the seventeenth century that the artistic function of the galan is to give her full opportunity for self-sacrifice, not to represent anything already existing in life. The Schlegels and Count Schack have dwelt in their writings at no small length on the lofty sense of honor displayed by the heroes of Spanish plays, and some English writers have followed their example. By what standard these writers, German and other, judged, it is impossible to say; for certain it is that nothing is more conspicuously absent from the character of the lover of Spanish comedy than not only a sense of honor but even the commonest honesty. In "The Slave of her Lover" ("La Esclava de su Galan"), one of the most brilliant comedies in the Spanish language, Lope has, Mr. Ticknor says, "sounded the depths of a woman's tenderness"; yet in this very piece he presents us with a hero, the object of this tenderness, which he is supposed to return, who is a masterpiece of selfish cowardice. He shows us this gentleman making love from the basest motives to another than the heroine, and excusing himself, or at least accepting the excuse given by his valet, the gracioso, that "a few loving words are not a notarial act." In "The Dog in the Manger" ("El Perro del Hortelano") the cringing hero, after deserting a woman he has already promised to marry for the sake of his mistress, a Spanish Duchess of Malfy, receives without wincing a proposal to murder the servant to whom he owes all his good fortune in order that he may thereby make his secrets safe. Yet in both cases the galan is presented to us as rather a fine fellow, nor is the slightest sense of their meanness displayed by any of the characters in the comedies. The hero of "The Dog in the Manger" is even allowed to boast of his natural frankness. It is true—and this is probably the explanation of the mistake Schack and others made about his character—that the word "honor" is for ever on the lips of the galan. The very men who have just been

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displaying a callous impudence in their actions are on fire in a moment to resent an offensive word. They fight with the readiness and zest of Bret Harte's Californian gamblers. They are represented, with an utter want of artistic consistency and truth to nature, as performing actions of more than human magnanimity. Their delicate sense of honor is a mere regard for public opinion. As Aarsens de Sommelsdyck says in speaking of the manners of the Spaniards, they are grave and serious wherever they are "éclairez de plusieurs personnes," but that in private "on en rencontre d'aussi évaporez, d'aussi badins et d'aussi gaillards que de ceux des autres nations." These galanes are not accurate pictures of real men, but as dramatic types they throw a curious light on the moral condition of the people and time that produced them. They came into the world with those moral treatises of the Jesuits which have been consigned to an immortality of dishonor by Pascal. Comparing the frequent baseness of their conduct with their lofty pretensions and their curious touchiness about mere words, one is inclined to look for their model not in the instinctive purity of the *érmine*, as Schlegel did, but in the great principle of Tartuffe:

"... le mal n'est jamais que dans l'éclat qu'on fait.

Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense,
Et ce n'est pas pécher que pécher en silence."

For the rest there is no more variety of individual character in them than in their "damas." Even in those comedies which are supposed to have been written with the express purpose of developing character we find not a human being, with certain idiosyncrasies, but an embodied quality. But perhaps it is out of place to look on them as capable of either morality or immorality. The most satisfactory course is to treat them as Charles Lamb would have had us treat the personages of the drama of the Restoration, as beings belonging to a fairy-land of intriguing comedy. Looked at from that point of view they have their merits.

The minor characters of almost all comedy exist for the purpose of helping or hindering the love-affairs of the hero and heroine. This is their natural function on every stage, and on the Spanish more eminently than on any other. An English or French dramatist may give them an attraction of their own; he may even gain forgiveness, at least from his reader, for the introduction of a superfluous character by making it interesting in itself as a representation of human nature; but an unnecessary personage is unpardonable in a Spanish comedy. Launcelot Gobbo is allowed more of the stage than his importance in the working of the plot entitles him to; but,

apart from the humor of his character, he has a distinct artistic function. He throws a light on the Jew's household and character. A Spanish dramatist would have perhaps abolished Gobbo, but more probably he would have kept him on the stage from first to last, made him the close attendant of Shylock or of Antonio, and an indispensable part of the machinery of the plot. He would have been, in short, the *gracioso* of the piece, and have been employed in perpetually doing something—the point of interest to the Spanish audience being not the character of Jessica's father or of her home, but the exact method of her escape. Such plot as the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" possesses is in no wise helped by the dancing and fencing masters, tailors, and philosophers who fill the stage round the central figure during the first two acts; but the whole interest of Molière's comedy is centered in the character of M. Jourdain, and, in so far as they illustrate that, these apparently superfluous figures have a truly artistic function to perform. But it is one which no Spanish audience would have understood. From their point of view, minor personages not engaged in helping on the action of the intrigue have no more business on the stage than a third black knight on a chess-board. The ablest dramatists are no doubt guilty in their inferior pieces of multiplying the number of the actors (it would be an abuse of language to say the characters) in a quite needless way; but the laws of a literature are to be deduced from its best not from its worst works. If, then, we take any number of the masterpieces of the Spanish stage, and, disregarding, as we are fully entitled to do, all mere repetitions of the same type as superfluous, we fix our attention on the general models, we find that to the last they were no more than developments of those mentioned by Agustin de Rojas in the "*Viage Entretenido*." They are the old man (*barba* or *viejo*), or rather old age, of which the natural function in comic literature is to oppose the wishes and be baffled by the ingenuity of youth; and the servant (the *gracioso*), with his counterpart the maid, always the assistants, and frequently the inspirers, of the lovers in their stratagems.

The natural position of the *barba* toward the heroine is that of father, the only one which gives him power to dispose of her hand; or he may stand in a similar position toward the hero. There are comedies, no doubt, in which he is neither. In the historical comedies the rôle of the *viejo* is often taken by the king, and in one at least of the comedies of Lope de Vega he appears as lover of the heroine; but in these cases his office of disturber of the course of true love is filled by a mother, aunt, or perhaps elder brother exercising paternal power as head of the house.

Nevertheless, this is the normal function of the barba himself, and the character conferred on him by tradition is eminently well fitted for its discharge. He is choleric and self-willed to the last degree, always ready to arrange his daughter's marriage without consulting her on the subject, keeping his word at least to the ear with great tenacity, and above all ready to shed like water the blood of whoever offends his "honor." He threatens his children as if he possessed the power of life and death, and proposes to sacrifice young gentlemen found under balconies at improper hours with a disregard for life which would have startled a Scotchman of the sixteenth century. It is surely obvious that such a character as this can not be regarded as a truthful representation of anything in Spanish society. The blind want of criticism which made Schack accept him as such is only in keeping with much more learned absurdity which Germany has poured forth on the theatres of England and Spain; but the attempts of Mr. Ticknor, by far the most sensible critic who has treated the literature of the Peninsula, to derive him and his sense of honor from the Goths are equally beside the mark. The viejo is simply the head of the ordinary Spanish family typified, and with his really very large paternal powers exaggerated to suit the *optique du théâtre*, by a race of dramatists endowed by nature with a quite marvelous sense of stage effect. His sense of honor is in perfect keeping with that of the galan. It is an honor of show and parade, which makes him threaten with death a daughter who has been guilty of talking to an unauthorized lover from a balcony and overlook as things of no moment a long course of mendacity and immorality which end in a marriage. The whole subject is one that belongs properly to the history of morals; but it is well to remember, if we wish to understand the meaning of the word honor in Spanish dramatic literature, that the ideas of chastity which made Mary Lamb say that she would not think Queen Caroline a better woman "if she were what you call innocent" are and always have been unintelligible to Spaniards. For the rest we can not help liking the fiery, polite, and somewhat addle-headed old graybeard. He plays his part with spirit and always ends by seeing reason. A sense of what is due to the dignity of age kept Spanish writers from producing, and would have kept Spanish audiences from laughing at, the imbecile *père* of Molière's comedy.

The barba takes precedence of the gracioso by right of his years and dignity, but he is a much less important or at least necessary personage. The former may appear only at the beginning or the end of the piece, but the latter must be in sight throughout. He is always by

the hero's side, ready to execute his plans and equally ready to inspire them; he carries messages, hoodwinks the watchful parent, makes love to the heroine's maid, or keeps watch while Don Juan is making love to Belisa in the balcony; but by far the most important of his duties is to make jokes for the groundlings. The character can not be said to be peculiar to the Spanish stage. Under one shape or another he appears in all comedy—as the *servus* of Terence and Plautus, the clown of England and Germany, or the valet in France. Stasimus is a gracioso, and so are Launcelot Gobbo and Covielle of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The scene in which the latter and the heroine's maid echo and parody the lovers' quarrel of their master and mistress might be taken word for word from a comedy of Alarcon's or Calderon's. But there is another character in "The Merchant of Venice" besides "good Master Gobbo" to whom the name of gracioso might almost be applied. Gratiano has many of his characteristics. The fact that Gratiano is no mere lackey does not affect the question. The gracioso is a servant, but at a time when one gentleman might without loss of status serve a richer or more powerful than himself. The high and poetic loves of Portia and Bassanio are reflected and almost parodied by the loves of the retainer and the maid. This is a stock incident on the Spanish stage. The exact parallel maintained in the last acts between the offenses, excuses, pardon, and final discoveries of the truth by the two husbands differs only in its infinitely superior beauty and taste from many a scene of Lope de Vega's. During the fourth act Gratiano's action has another resemblance to that of the gracioso. His taunts and railing at the Jew express the emotions of the spectator—of the spectator on the stage at least—and he acts as *choragus* to the visible or invisible chorus who witness the action of the poem in the ideal poetic land in which it passes. He is a higher character than the gracioso, but he acts in an altogether higher world than that of the Spanish stage. The perpetual presence of the gracioso on the boards is sometimes difficult to explain at first. He is indeed a most useful fellow; but it is not always clear why he should be allowed to talk such "an infinite deal of nothing," and of singularly offensive nothing too. The Spanish comedy, like that of Shakespeare, deals with the tragic emotions of pity and terror, but it mingles its pity and terror with much vapid buffoonery. A French commentator defines Scapin as "l'esclavage que se venge," and many critics have boldly maintained that the Spanish Scapin, with his tasteless parody of his master's doings, owes his existence to a profound artistic idea; but it is probable that much good philosophical criticism has

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been wasted in both cases. The rascally, self-seeking slave of Menander, who found his way, very little changed, on to the stages of modern Europe, came into existence because he was a useful factor in a comedy. Molière, a much deeper thinker than any of the Spaniards, used him as a mouth-piece by which to utter his keen observations on life; and Calderon or Lope used him to make jokes, some good, many bad, but most of all indifferent. His parody of the hero is not due to an artistic desire to give the comic with the tragic side of every question; if it shows anything at all but the inborn love of the groundlings for buffoonery, it is their sense of the utter hollowness of the hero's grand sentiment. On what supposition, except want of taste or want of feeling, are we to account for such scenes as that in the "Mágico Prodigioso," in which the gracioso burlesques his master's blood-signed contract with the fiend, and strikes his own nose to make it bleed when he wants to sign? The Spaniards have always loved parody, and the indecency which is so common in their churches shows them to be generally destitute of what we call a sense of reverence. It is not that they are irreligious, but only that they have no large comprehension of decency in such matters. Thus in their comedy they see no offense to taste when the fiery declamation of the galan is immediately

echoed in a vulgar parody by the gracioso. Putting aside all idea of a deep artistic intention on the part of the inventors of the gracioso, and accepting him as a necessary part of the plot and the speaker of the jests by which the dialogue is salted, we find him often a very funny fellow. His familiarity with his master, which is necessary for the discharge of his duty, is natural enough in Spain; and his character, which varies as little as that of the other *dramatis personæ*, is well adapted for the stage. He is shrewd, greedy, cowardly, but faithful; with a defective sense of the importance of truth, but a good heart.

The other minor characters are mere repetitions of those sketched above. The maiden aunts and scheming widows are only the barba with a change of sex; the maid is the gracioso over again. The social follies of the day are now and then referred to and satirized; in the historical comedies public officers appear, but there is no attempt to make them definite, and for obvious reasons they are not ridiculed. Manners and men alike yield in importance to the plot, and take a uniform character that it may run the smoother. The only exception is to be found in a few historical figures whose well-marked traits had been stamped on the popular imagination by the ballads.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE GRIEVANCES OF WOMEN.

A NUMBER of invitations have been sent out lately to ladies of all classes to attend a meeting of women in St. James's Hall (I think) in the beginning of this month. It is intended to press upon the notice of the new Government the claims of women to the suffrage. It will, no doubt, be largely attended, but not by the present writer or many others of her way of thinking, and that for the weakest of all possible reasons; but the occasion furnishes a not inappropriate opportunity of expressing some of the opinions of quiet and otherwise voiceless women, with as much dislike to platforms as their grandmothers would have had, upon the subject of feminine grievances, sentimental and otherwise.

Our reason for not going to this meeting or any like it is simple. We are so weak as to be offended deeply and wounded by the ridicule which has not yet ceased to be poured upon every such manifestation. We shrink from the laugh of rude friends, the smile of the gentler ones. The criticisms which are applied, not to

one question or another, but to the general qualities of women, affect our temper unpleasantly. We would rather, for our parts, put up even with a personal wrong in silence, more or less indignant, than hear ourselves laughed at in all the tones of the gamut and held up to coarse ridicule. This is a confession of poverty of spirit and timidity of mind which I am entirely aware of, and somewhat ashamed to utter; but it belongs to my generation. In this way, I am sorry to say, a great many of the newspapers and public speakers of the coarser sort have us in their power, and are able to quash the honest opinion of a great many women whose views on the subject might be worth knowing, perhaps, being the outcome of experience and average good sense, if no more. It is a disagreeable effort even to write on the subject for this very reason. Fair and honorable criticism is a thing which no accustomed writer will shrink from. Some of us have had a good deal of it in our day, and have not complained; even criticism

which the subject of it may feel to be unfair, sometimes is not unbeneficial; but to be met with an insolent laugh, a storm of ridiculous epithets, and that coarse superiority of sex which a great many men think it not unbecoming to exhibit to women, is a mode of treatment which affects our temper, and those nerves which the harshest critic is condescendingly willing to allow as a female property. I admit for my part the superiority of sex. It is not a pretty subject, nor one for my handling. Yet it is a fact. As belonging to the physical part of our nature, which is universal—whereas the mental and moral part is not so—that superiority must always tell. It will keep women in subjection as long as the race endures. We may say and do what we will, but the fact will remain so, as it has always done. I do not believe that on any broad area culture or progress will largely affect it. But this is not an argument which it might be supposed fine minds would care to appeal to. It is the argument of the coal-heaver, and unanswerable in his hands. As a matter of fact, however, it is not only the coal-heaver who employs it, but a great many accomplished persons in other walks of life who might be supposed very capable of meeting and overcoming feminine reasoning without recourse to that great weapon. The one good result which has come of the many recent agitations on the subject is, I think, that the strong abuse poured upon those women who have not shrunk from exposing themselves to ridicule on these questions has a little turned the stomachs (it seems impossible to speak otherwise than coarsely upon such a subject) of the more generous order of men. This is a result, limited as it is, which never could have been attained had all women been as cowardly as I confess to being. The dash in our faces of such an epithet as that of the "shrieking sisterhood," for example, more effectual than any dead cat or rotten egg, would have driven us back, whatever our wrongs had been, into indignant and ashamed silence. But it is well that there are some bolder spirits who have encountered the storm, and made it apparent not only that rotten eggs are no arguments, but that the throwing of them is not a noble office. I am glad to forget the particulars of that famous speech of Mr. Smollett's some years ago which had so great an effect at the time, but it was very advantageous to the object against which it was directed. Notwithstanding this practical improvement, however, men still laugh with loud, triumphant derision, and women, cowards like myself, laugh, too, somewhat hysterically, lest they should be thought to entertain sentiments which evoke so much abusive mirth—laugh on the wrong side of their mouths, to use a vulgar

but graphic expression, and shrink from appearing to take any interest in a question which it is impossible to believe could fail to interest them but for this coercion. I am almost sure that we, women in general, would have preferred that the subject should never have been mooted at all, even when we felt it of the profoundest personal importance, rather than subject ourselves and our position, rights and wrongs and supposed weaknesses, and our character altogether, to discussion before our children and our dependents. It is not pleasant for a woman who has sons, for instance, to feel that they who owe her obedience and respect are turned into a laughing tribunal, before which her supposed pranks are to be exhibited and her fundamental imperfections set forth. But this has now been done for good or evil, and as it has produced, I believe, some good results, and is likely, I hope, to produce more, we can scarcely avoid being grateful, even if with very mixed feelings, to those who have received the first storm of nasty missiles, and borne all the opprobrious names, and have had all the vile motives imputed to them that experts can imagine. While these bold pioneers—let us hope, not without some enjoyment of the fight, such as conflict naturally brings with it—have been bearing the brunt of battle, we have looked on with a great deal of silent exasperation. That men should entertain those opinions of women which have been expressed so largely, has been a painful revelation to many, and it has given a far keener point to the sense of injustice which exists more or less in every feminine bosom—injustice actual and practical, which may be eluded by all sorts of compromises and expedients, and injustice theoretical and sentimental, which it is more difficult to touch. When I say sentimental it is not in any ludicrous sense that I use the word. Any actual injury is trifling in comparison with an injurious sentiment, which pervades and runs through life. And I think the greatest grievances of women, those upon which all others depend and from which they spring, are of this kind. Most of us of a reasonable age prefer to keep our sense of injury, our consciousness of injustice, dormant, but it exists in all classes. It has been handed down to us from our mothers, it descends from us to our daughters. We know that we have a great many things to suffer, from which our partners in the work of life are exempt, and we know also that neither for these extra pangs do we receive sympathy, nor for our work do we receive the credit which is our due. But whenever such questions are brought under public discussion we are bewildered to find how little these inequalities in our lot are comprehended, and how doubly injurious is the estimate formed of us by our hus-

bands, our brothers, and our sons. This has been all stirred up and made apparent by recent discussions, and for this generation at least it is no longer possible to hush it up and keep the feeling it produces to ourselves.

In what I have to say on this subject I do not wish to touch upon any actual wrong or cruelty to which women are by law subjected. As men seem to think that the laws which bear hardly on women are the bulwarks of their own existence, it is very unlikely that they will ever be entirely amended. It is curious that they should be so anxious to confine and limit the privileges of the companion who is avowedly the weaker vessel. The Liliputians bound down Gulliver by a million of little ligatures—but that was a proceeding full of sense and judgment, since he could have demolished a whole army of them. But, if it had been a Liliputian hero who had been bound down by a larger race, it would have been absurd; and it is very inconceivable how it could be dangerous to men to liberate a smaller and weaker competitor, whom they coerce every day of their lives, and whose strength, weak as it is, is burdened by many drawbacks to which they are not subject. So it is, however, and so it is likely to be for a long time at least. But it is the general sentiment which affects my mind more than individual wrong. The wrongs of the law are righted in a great many—in perhaps most individual cases—by contracts and compromises, by affection, by the natural force of character, even by family pride, which does not desire its private affairs to be made the talk of the world. But sentiment is universal and tells upon all. I allow (as has been already said—though not without some contempt for those who stand upon it) the superiority of sex. I may also say that I decline to build any plea upon those citations of famous women, with which even Mr. Mill was so weak as to back up his argument. It does not seem to me of the slightest importance that there existed various feminine professors in Italy, in the middle ages, or even that Mrs. Somerville was a person of the highest scientific attainments. I allow, frankly, that there has been no woman Shakespeare (and very few men of that caliber: not another one in England, so that it is scarcely worth taking him into account in the averages of the human race). If such fanciful arguments were permitted, it might be as sound a plea to say that, with a few exceptions, Shakespeare embodied all that was noblest in his genius, not in men but in women, giving us a score of noble and beautiful human creatures, daughters of the gods, as against his one Hamlet. All this is, however, entirely beyond and beside the question. I do not want even to prove that women are equal to men, or to discuss the points

in which they differ. I do not pretend to understand either Man or Woman, in capitals. I only know individuals, of no two of whom could I say that I think they are entirely equal. But there are two, visibly standing before the world (which is made up of them) to be judged according to their works, and upon these works I wish to ask the reader his and her opinion.

This is mine to start with—that when God put two creatures into the world (I hope that persons of advanced intelligence will forgive the old-fashioned phraseology, which perhaps is behind the age) it was not that one should be the servant to the other, but because there was for each a certain evident and sufficient work to do. It is needless to inquire which work was the highest. Judgment has been universally given in favor of the man's work, which is that of the protector and food-producer—though even here one can not but feel that there is something to be said on the weaker side, and that it is possible that the rearing of children might seem in the eyes of the Maker, who is supposed to feel a special interest in the human race, as noble an occupation, in its way, as the other. To keep the world rolling on, as it has been doing for all these centuries, there have been needful two creatures, two types of creatures, the one an impossibility without the other. And it is a curious thought, when we come to consider it, that the man, who is such a fine fellow and thinks so much of himself, would after all be a complete nonentity without the woman whom he has hustled about and driven into a corner ever since she began to be. Now, it seems to me that the first, and largest, and most fundamental of all the grievances of women, is this: that they never have, since the world began, got the credit of that share of the work of the world which has fallen naturally to them, and which they have, on the whole, faithfully performed through all vicissitudes. It will be seen that I am not referring to the professions, which are the trades of men, according to universal acknowledgment, but to that common and general women's work, which is, without any grudging, acknowledged to be their sphere.

And I think it is one of the most astonishing things in the world to see how entirely all the honor and credit of this, all the importance of it, all its real value, is taken from the doers of it. That her children may "rise up and call her blessed" is allowed by Holy Writ, and there are vague and general permissions of praise given to those who take the woman's part in the conflict. It is allowed to be said that she is a ministering angel, a consoler, an encouragement to the exertions of the man, and a rewarder of his toil. She is given within due limitations a good deal of

praise; but very rarely any justice. I scarcely remember any writer who has ever ventured to say that the half of the work of the world is actually accomplished by women; and very few husbands who would be otherwise than greatly startled and amazed, if not indignant, if not derisive, at the suggestion of such an idea as that the work of their wives was equal to their own. And yet for my part I think it is. So far as I can see, the workingman's wife who has to cook and clean, and wash and mend, and do all the primitive services of life for her family, has harder and more constant work than her husband has; and, rising upward in the ranks of life, I think the same balance goes on, at least until that level of wealth and leisure is reached at which the favorites of fortune, like the lilies, toil not neither do they spin. But I am not concerned with those heights. What dukes and duchesses do, and which of them work the hardest, will scarcely tell upon the argument; nor am I deeply versed in the natural history of millionaires. But, so far as I am acquainted with the facts of existence, the woman's hands are everywhere as full of natural occupation as are those of the man. To talk of the great mass of working-women, the wives of the poorer and laboring classes, in a pretty and poetical way as the inspirers of toil, the consolers of care, by whose smiles a man is stimulated to industry, and rewarded for his exertions, would be too ridiculous for the most rigid theorist. Whatever powers of this passive kind may be possessed by the wife of the bricklayer or carpenter will stand her in little stead if she does not put her shoulder to the wheel. "A woman's work is never done," is the much more genuine expression of sentiment on that level, which is by far the largest, of society. The man's work lasts a certain number of hours, after which he has his well-earned leisure, his evening to himself, his hours of recreation, or of lounging; but his wife has no such privileged amount of exemption from toil. Her work is "never done." She has the evening meal, whatever it may be, to prepare, and to clear away, and the children to get to bed, and the mending to do, in the hours when he is altogether free, and considers himself with justice to have a right to his freedom. In very few cases does it occur to the woman to grumble at this, or to wonder why her lot should be harder than his. It is natural; it is her share. The whole compact of their married life is based upon this, that she should do her work while he does his; and hers is the share which is "never done." I do not say a word against this law of nature; but I object that, while this is the case, the poor woman who works so hard is considered as a passive object of her husband's bounty, indebted to him for her

living, and with no standing-ground or position of her own. She is so considered in the eye of the law; and though the foolishness of the sentiment is too manifest in her individual case to be insisted upon, yet she is implied in the general sweeping assertion which includes all married women. "Men must work and women must weep," says the ballad. I would like to know what the fisherwomen of our seacoasts say to this lugubrious sentiment, or how much time they find to indulge in that luxury.

It is scarcely necessary to follow domestic history up through all its lines for the purpose of proving that everywhere this rule is the same. A poor woman with a house full of children has everywhere and in all circumstances her work cut out for her; and, when the element of gentility comes in and there are appearances to be kept up, that labor is indefinitely enlarged. Which of the two does the reader suppose has most to do: the merchant's clerk, for instance, who earns his salary by six or eight hours' work in his office, or his wife who has to pinch and scrape, and shape and sew, and sit late at nights and rise early in the mornings, in order to keep a neat and cheerful house and turn out the children in such a guise as to do no discredit to their father's black coat? If I had to choose between the two, I should choose the husband's share and not the wife's. The man is more exposed to outside risks and discomforts; but the moment he enters his home he is privileged to rest and be waited on as much as if he were a sultan. The same rule exists everywhere. Among shopkeepers of all but the highest class, the wife, in addition to her natural work, takes her share in the business, and such is the case in a great many other occupations. She keeps the books; she makes out the bills; in one way or another she overflows from her own share of the work into his. The poor clergyman's wife (I know one such with such hands of toil, scarred and honorable!—hands that have washed and scrubbed, and cooked and sewed, till all their lady softness is gone) is his curate as well. Where is there any class of life in which this is not the case? When we come to the higher levels of society the circumstances are changed a little. Usually wealth means a cessation more or less of labor. But a great lawyer, or a great doctor for instance, may have reached the very height of success without having his actual toil diminished; and his wife in that case may be carried high upon the tide of his success to a position of ease and luxury which bears little proportion to the labor with which he must still go on, keeping up the reputation and the career which he has made. Even in that case she will have a great establishment to manage, servants

to rule, and social duties to perform, and always, the first and most sacred duty of all, the children to care for, which makes her life anything but an unoccupied one. But the wife of a professional man who is struggling into work and celebrity has as tough a task as her humbler neighbor. In the present constitution of society, people upon a certain level of position are supposed to live pretty much alike whether their income is counted by hundreds or by thousands. A smaller and less costly house, a parlor-maid instead of a butler, are the only concessions which custom makes; but things must be as "nice" in the small house as in the great, and neither in their table nor in their apparel can the poorer pair afford to show any greatly perceptible difference between themselves and their wealthier friends. They must "go out" in much the same way. They must even entertain now and then in much the same way; they must take as much pains with the education of their children, and they must not even be very much behind in the decoration of their house. How is all this to be done upon an income so much inferior—upon the probably precarious earnings which this year are a little more and next year may be a great deal less? This dreadful problem, which can never be lost sight of day by day, if any satisfactory solution is to be given to it, is almost entirely the wife's share of the business. She it is who must take it in hand, to secure as much as can be had of comfort and modest luxury and beauty, out of the poor blank sum of money, which in itself is barren of all grace. She must watch over all the minutiae of household living; she must keep a careful eye upon weekly bills, and invent daily dinners, and keep servants in order, and guide the whole complicated machinery so that nothing shall jar or creak, and no part of it get out of gear. House-keeping is a fine science, and there are some women who show a real genius in it; but genius that makes everything easy is rare; and in general it is a hard struggle to carry on that smooth and seemingly easy routine of existence which seen outside appears to go of itself. Try to let it go by itself for ever so short a time and you will find the difference. This is the woman's share of the work, in addition to that perennial occupation, the nurture of her children, to whom she very likely gives their earliest lessons, as well as the foundation of moral training, which tells most upon their after-lives. Her day is full of a multiplicity of tasks, some greater, some smaller, but all indispensable; since without that guidance, and supervision, and regulation, life would be but a chaos of accidents, and society could not exist at all. I say nothing of those frequently recurring trials of maternity, common

to all classes, interrupting yet intensifying that round of common toil, in which young married women are perpetually exposed to dangers as great as those of an army in active service; nor of all the heavy burdens, the illnesses and languors that accompany it. When it is necessary to find a word which shall express the last extreme of human exertion, we all know where old writers find it—in those throes of the whole being, that crisis of body and soul, which women alone have to go through.

Thus a woman has not only certain unparalleled labors in her life to which the man can produce no balance on his side, but she has her work cut out for her in all the varieties of existence. She is the drudge of humanity in its uncivilized state, and in the very highest artificial condition she carries with her natural burdens which no one else can bear.

But for this she gets absolutely no credit at all. I am not complaining of actual hardship. There are bad husbands in the world, as there are bad wives; but the number of these domestic tyrants is small, and, for every man who breaks his wife's heart and makes her life wretched, there are perhaps hundreds between whom and their wedded companions there exist the most perfect understanding and sympathy. I believe nothing can be more certain than the large predominance of happiness over unhappiness in married life. I am not speaking of tyrannical men, or women crushed under their sway, but of a great and general misconception, a sentimental grievance. Practically it may do no harm at all—theoretically it does the greatest harm. The position assigned to women is thus almost entirely a fictitious one. A man's wife is considered to be his dependent, fed and clothed by him of his free will and bounty, and all the work that she does in fulfillment of the natural conditions of their marriage is considered as of no account whatever in the matter. He works, but she does not; he toils to maintain her, while she sits at home in ease and leisure, and enjoys the fruits of his labor, and gives him an ornamental compensation in smiles and pleasantness. This is the representation of married life which is universally accepted. Servants have a right to their wages, and to have it understood that their work is honest and thorough—when it is so; but wives must allow it to be taken for granted that they do nothing; that their work is the merest trifle, not worth reckoning in the tale of human exertions. The cajoleries by which they extract bonnets and millinery in general out of their husband's purse, who owes nothing to them, while they owe everything to him, is the commonest of jokes—a joke tolerated and even repeated by many men who know better. I re-

peat I am not making a complaint of actual hardship. Bonnets, except in the pages of "Punch," are seldom such accidental circumstances, and still more seldom obtained by cajoleries. When the income is large enough to be divided the wife has generally her settled allowance, and the husband has as little to do immediately with the bonnets as with the legs of mutton on the table; and, in cases where the income is too small for such an arrangement, the spending of it is generally in the wife's hands. But these compromises of fact, which alone would make life livable, do not lessen the injury of the assumption which continues to exist in spite of them.

A very trifling incident directed my thoughts to this not very long ago. It was of no importance whatever, and yet it contained the whole question in it. I was making an insignificant journey in company with a married pair, between whom there was the most perfect understanding and good intelligence. The lady wore a pair of very shabby gloves, to which, by some accident or other, attention was called. The husband was shocked and ashamed. "One would think," he said, "that I could not afford to buy you gloves." Now here were the facts of this case: Both had a little money, the wife's share being, I think, about equal to her husband's. He had been a University Don, and was then a "Coach," taking pupils. Some six or eight young men were living in his house, and of course his wife had her cares of housekeeping so much enlarged as to make them an engrossing and constant occupation. She had besides a large family of small children. If she did not work as hard for her living as he did, then the words have no meaning; but so little did this good man suppose her exertions to be worth, so little share had she, according to his ideas, in the actual business of life, that he spoke of her want of gloves as a reflection upon him, as he might have spoken of the neglected appearance of a child. He had no wish to be illiberal—he was fond of his wife and proud of her, and very willing to keep her in gloves and anything else she wanted, but he had no feeling of right in the matter; no sense that her position ought to be anything else than that of absolute dependency. Had it been necessary to bring in a stranger to do the wife's work, that stranger would have been highly paid and a very independent person indeed. But the work of the wife represented nothing to her husband, and gave her, save by his grace and bounty, no right to anything, not even to her gloves and bonnets, her share of the living which she so largely helped to earn.

In this respect, however, the most liberal and the most generous men are often as much at

fault as the coarsest. They will not allow the importance of the second part in the universal duet. They will give liberally, and praise freely, but they will not acknowledge "My wife has as much to do as I have. Without her work mine would not have half its value; we are partners in the toil of living, and she has earned the recompense of that toil as well as I." No one will say this, nor will the world acknowledge it. What the world does say when a woman outside of the bonds of marriage claims to be allowed to work for her bread as she best can is, that she ought to go back to her proper sphere, which is home. But in that proper sphere, and at her own individual work, all credit is taken from her, her exertions are denied, her labor is undervalued. The only chance for her to get her work acknowledged is to do it very badly, when there will be an outcry. But when it is well done it is ignored, it is taken as a matter of course, it is never thought upon at all.

Let this be contrasted with the reverse case—a case by no means unfrequent, though left out of account in all popular calculations. When it happens that the woman is the richest of the two partners in life, when the living comes from her side, or when she earns it, she is considered bound to assert no consciousness of the fact. It is a horror and shame to all spectators when she makes any stand upon her moneyed superiority. That she should let it be seen that she is the supporter of the household, or remind her husband that he is in any way indebted to her, is a piece of bad taste and bad feeling for which no blame is too severe. And the woman herself is the first to feel it so. But that which seems the depth of meanness and ungenerosity in a woman is the natural and every-day attitude of the man. It is a point of honor on her part to ignore to the length of falsehood her husband's inferiority to herself in this respect; whereas the fact of her dependence upon him is kept continually before her eyes, and insisted upon, both seriously and jocularly, at every point of her career.

In all this there has been no question of the comparative mental capacity of women and men. It is a question on which I can throw little light, and which I have no space to discuss. But with the injurious sentiment which I have tried to set forth the question of intellectual inferiority has nothing to do. Granting that the natural work of women is inferior to that of men, it is no less a distinct, complete, and personal work. When the question of professional labor comes in, and the claims of those women who desire to share the trades of men and compete with them have to be considered, the point becomes open to discussion. It may be said that a woman should not be permitted to be a doctor or a lawyer, be-

cause her abilities are inferior to those of men; but, as in every discussion of this kind she is bidden to go back to her natural trade, it is clear that upon the ground of domestic life and its occupations she is *dans son droit*, and entitled to have her claims allowed.

As to the other question of throwing open some professions, it is a much more difficult one. I think that here, too, there is a great deal of ungenerous sentiment on the part of men, so much as to be astonishing and incomprehensible *vu* the strong sense of superiority which exists in the male bosom from the age of two upward. It can not be fear of a new competitor, and yet it looks like it. The doctors, a most liberal and highly cultivated profession, have shown themselves in this particular not more enlightened than the watchmakers, who have also resisted the entrance of women into their trade with violence; though nobody can know better than medical men how heavily weighted a woman is, how much more energy she must require to carry her to actual success in a profession, and how certain it is accordingly that only a few exceptionally endowed individuals can ever enter into those lists which are so fiercely guarded. But why not let convenience and general utility be the rule here as in all other matters? Every new piece of machinery in the manufacturing districts has been mobbed and wrecked at its first introduction, just as the female students would have been on one occasion had the gentlemen of the profession had their way; but the machine, if it is a good one, always triumphs in the end. My own opinion is that the advantage to women of having a woman-doctor to refer to is incalculable. To discuss the peculiar ailments of their mysterious frames with a man is always a trial and pain to the young. Necessity hardens them as they go on in life, and prejudice, and the idea that women can not be properly educated, or that by expressing a preference for a female doctor they are exposing themselves to be ridiculed as supporters of women's rights, keeps many a woman silent on the subject; but Nature herself surely may be allowed to bear testimony on such a point. I can not imagine it to be desirable in any way that women should get over their sense of personal delicacy even with their doctor. But at all events the question whether women should be doctors or not is one, it might be supposed, to be argued quite dispassionately. They could not invade the profession all at once in such numbers as to swamp it, and, as their opponents have always indignantly maintained their want of capacity for its exercise, there could not surely be a doubt in their minds as to the failure of the experiment and their own eventual triumph. But here once more the sen-

timent involved is a greater injury than the fact. Not only were the gates of knowledge barred, but the vilest insinuations, utterly beyond possibility of proof, were launched against the few blameless women who did nothing worse than ask for the privilege of studying for an enlightened profession. One or more writers, supposedly English gentlemen, in a very well known and influential English paper, asserted boldly that the women-students in Edinburgh and elsewhere desired to study medicine from prurient curiosity and the foulest of motives. This was said in English print in full daylight of the nineteenth century, and nobody, so far as I can remember, objected to it. The journalist was not denounced by his brethren, and public opinion took it quite coolly, as a thing it was no shame to say.

I ask the reader, who will probably have heard similar insinuations made in society, what is his opinion on the subject? Such a shameful accusation could be susceptible of no kind of proof; the only thing that could be proved about it would be that it came out of a bad imagination. The women assailed could not come forward at whatever cost and establish their innocence. When a man utters a slander as to an actual fact, his accusation can be brought to the test, and its falsehood proved and himself punished; but the imputation of an odious motive is a far more dangerous offense, for no one can descend into the heart of the accused to bring forth proofs of its purity. Any vile fancy can in this way asperse its neighbors with impunity, and it is not an uncommon exercise. But the fact that nobody cared, that there was no protest, no objection, and that this was thought quite a permissible thing to say and publish of some half-dozen inoffensive women, is the extraordinary point in the matter. It is an injury by far more deadly and serious than a more definite offense.

I have no room to touch upon education, or other important points, but something must be said on the question of the Parliamentary franchise for women. My opinion on this point resolves itself into the very simple one that I think it is highly absurd that I should not have a vote, if I want one—a point upon which I am much more uncertain. To live for half a century, and not to have an opinion upon politics, as well as upon most other subjects, is next to an impossibility. In former days, when the franchise was a privilege supposed to be possessed only by persons of singular and superior qualifications, such as the freemen of a borough for instance, or the alderman of a corporation, women, being altogether out of the question for these dignities, might bear their deprivation

sweetly, as an effect of nature. Even the ten-pound franchise represented something—a solidity, a respectability—perhaps above the level of female attainment. But, now that the floodgates have been opened, and all who contribute their mites to the taxation have a right to a voice, the question is different. When every house is represented, why not my house as well as the others? and, indeed, I may ask, on what ground is my house, paying higher rates than a great many others, to be left out? Now that all the powers of education, judgment, knowledge, as well as property and place, are left out of the considerations, and this is the only qualification required, the stigma upon us that we are, in intelligence and trustworthiness, below the very lowest of the low, would be unbearable if it were not absurd. When even the franchise was a new thing in course of development, the stigma was not so great; but now that there remains only one further step to take, and the suffrage is about to become the right of every male individual with a thatch over his head, it is difficult to understand the grounds on which women householders are shut out. I do not comprehend the difficulty of separating, in this respect, the independent and self-supporting woman from the much larger number of those who are married. In every other case the law makes no difficulty whatever about such a separation, and in this I think it is very easy. If householding and rate-paying are the conditions of possessing the franchise, a man and his wife hold but one house and pay one set of rates. She has merged her public existence in his—for the convenience of the world it is quite necessary and desirable that there should be but one representative of the household. The two of them together support the state and its expenditure only as much as the female householder does who lives next door; they do not pay double taxes, nor undertake a double responsibility; and the married woman is by no means left out of the economy of the state. She is represented by her husband. She votes in her husband; her household has its due dignity and importance in the commonwealth. The persons who are altogether left out are those who have no husband to represent them, who pay their contributions to the funds of the country out of their own property or earnings, and have to transact for themselves all their business, whatever it may be. Some of them have never had husbands; in which case it is sometimes asked, with the graceful courtesy which characterizes the whole discussion, why such a privilege should be bestowed upon these rejected of all men, who have never been able to please or to attract what is called "the other sex." But this is illogical, I submit, with diffi-

dence, since if these poor ladies have thus missed the way of salvation, their non-success should call forth the pity rather than the scorn of men who feel their own notice to be heaven for a woman, and who ought to be anxiously desirous to tender any such trifling compensation as a vote as some poor salve to the mortification of the unmarried. Some of us, on the other hand, have been put down from the eminence of married life summarily, and by no fault of ours. We have been obliged to bear all the burdens of a citizen upon our shoulders, to bring up children for the state, and make shift to perform alone almost all the duties which our married neighbors share between them. And to reward us for this unusual strain of exertion we are left out altogether in every calculation. We are the only individuals in the country (or will soon be) entirely unrepresented, left without any means of expressing our opinions on those measures which will shape, probably, the fate of our children. This seems to me ridiculous—not so much a wrong as an absurdity. I do not stand upon my reasoning or power of argument. Probably it is quite feeble, and capable of swift demolition. I can but come back to my original sense of the complete absurdity and falseness of the position.

Upon this homely ground, however, of tax-paying, a possibility occurs. I think that for my part I should not be unwilling to compound for the political privileges which are denied to me. The ladies at St. James's Hall will think it a terrible dereliction from principle; yet I feel it is a practical way out of the difficulty—out of the absurdity. It would be a great relief to many of us, and it would deliver us from the sting of inferiority to our neighbor next door. We should be able to feel, when the tax-gatherer came round, that for that moment at least we had the best of it. Let there be a measure brought in to exempt us from the payment of those rates which qualify every gaping clown to exercise the franchise. It will not be a dignified way of getting out of it, but it will be a way of getting out of it, and one which will be logical and convey some solace to our wounded pride. For one am willing to compound.

In all these inequalities and injustices, however, the chief grievance to women is the perpetual contempt, the slur upon them in all respects, the injurious accusation, so entirely beyond all possibility of proof that denial means nothing. How it can have been that men have continued for all these ages to find their closest companions and friends among those whose every function they undervalue and despise, is one of the greatest problems of human nature. We are so wound and bound together, scarcely one man in the world who does not love some

woman better than he loves any other man, or one woman who does not love some man before all other mortal creatures, that the wonder grows as we look at it. For the sentiment of men toward women is thoroughly ungenerous from beginning to end, from the highest to the lowest. I have thought in my day that this was an old-fashioned notion belonging to earlier conditions of society, and that the hereditary consciousness of it which descended to me, as to all women, was to be disproved by experience. But experience does not disprove it. There are, of course, many individual exceptions, yet the general current of sentiment flows full in this way. Whatever women do, in the general, is undervalued by men in the general, because it is done by

women. How this impairs the comfort of women, how it shakes the authority of mothers, injures the self-respect of wives, and gives a general soreness of feeling everywhere, I will not attempt to tell. It is too large a subject to be touched by any kind of legislation; but without this the occasional wrongs of legislation, the disabilities at which we grumble, would be but pin-pricks, and would lose all their force. They are mere evidences of a sentiment which is more inexplicable than any other by which the human race has been actuated, a sentiment against which the most of us, at one period or other of our lives, have to struggle blindly, not knowing whence it originates, or how it is to be overcome.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT (*Fraser's Magazine*).

KOSSUTH AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

[We copy from the advance sheets of a work entitled "Memories of my Exile," by Louis Kossuth, just published in London, and soon to appear here, an account of a conference by the Hungarian patriot with Louis Napoleon, which occurred May 5, 1859, just previous to the declaration of war by France with Austria. In an interview with Prince Napoleon, preceding the conference with the Emperor, the Prince stated that the Emperor wished the Hungarian nation to avail itself of the opportunity of a war with Austria to regain its independence. Upon this, and the further assurance that the Emperor's intention was that Hungary should become an independent state, upon the sole condition that it should "adopt, not a republican form of government, but a constitutional monarchy," Kossuth accepted the invitation for a conference with Napoleon, which is here subjoined.]

AT about eleven o'clock at night the Prince came for me to the house of Colonel Kiss, and we drove together to the Tuileries. In the *salon* which is decorated with trophies, in the form of banners, and opens into the study of the Emperor, the Prince hurried forward a few steps to announce me. The Emperor at once came to the door to meet me, shook me cordially by the hand, and said the usual "charmé de faire votre connaissance." We all three sat down (the Emperor, the prince, and myself); the attendant was desired not to allow anybody to interrupt us; and we talked together for nearly two hours.

The Emperor commenced the conversation by saying that I perhaps still felt hurt that when I returned from Asia Minor he did not permit me to disembark at Marseilles, and to travel

through France. He begged me to believe that it caused him pain, but that he was obliged to act as he had done; because there was just at that time a general agitation in the country, and perhaps hundreds of thousands might have come after me to Paris, and some of them might have used the opportunity to create unpleasant disturbances.

I assured the Emperor that I had long since forgotten that little unpleasantness. It did no damage to my country. Altogether it had no other effect than that of making me a little seasick. The sea-sickness was my own fault. Why was I such a bad sailor? As we talked of the past I asked to be permitted to say that greater than this was the pain caused to me by the frustration of the patriotic hopes which I had centered on the late Eastern war. This disappointment, however, belonged to the past, hope to the present. What did not happen then might come to pass now, in consequence of our apparent identity of interest; and the Emperor might deign to be assured that, if I should have the good fortune of beholding in him the deliverer of my poor, suffering country, he might always reckon on the most sincere and thankful devotion, not only of myself, but of every Hungarian.

The Emperor. I trust with all my heart that I may be able to realize your patriotic hopes. I have this intention, and assure you that I shall do everything in my power to bring about what you wish. But much depends upon circumstances. In politics we must take these into consideration. The Prince has reported to me what your views are. I understand that you

make the coöperation of Hungary in the war dependent on two conditions: One of them is, that I should extend the seat of war from the banks of the Po to those of the Danube and Tisza. The other is, that the appearance of my troops in Hungary should be heralded by a proclamation, in which (referring to the declaration of the independence of Hungary in 1849) I should, as friend and ally, call upon your nation to put into effect its declaration, by taking up arms against our common foe. Is that so?

Kossuth. Precisely, sire, and I am sure that his Imperial Highness was too conscientious an interpreter of the reasons which lead to these conditions to render it necessary that I should repeat them.

The Emperor. It is not necessary that you should repeat them. The Prince was a loyal interpreter; he was more, he was your advocate, "il a plaidé votre cause chaleureusement." I appreciate your motives. I have considered the matter. As regards the proclamation, there will not be much difficulty in that, if the other point, the sending of an army, is possible. The thing is not without a precedent in the history of my house. (He stepped to the table and took up a roll of parchment.) This is the original of the proclamation addressed by my uncle to the Hungarian nation in 1809. Do you know it?

Kossuth. Yes, indeed! Almost by heart. "L'Empereur d'Autriche, infidèle à ses traités, méconnaissant la générosité—"

The Emperor. That is right. You have a good memory. I, therefore, have a precedent to go by, and I shall not be perplexed because this proclamation had no success. Circumstances were different then. What happened in 1848-'49 has entirely changed the situation. Besides, I should have the support of Hungarian patriots who are trusted by their nation. My uncle did not enjoy this advantage. We could, therefore, consider this point as settled, if the other question, that of sending an army, were settled. Of course, the former is entirely dependent on the latter. And I must confess that this question of sending an army presents great difficulties. The greatest difficulty is England. The Tory Government now in power manifests a decidedly hostile attitude toward my enterprise even as regards Italy. They cling to the treaties of 1815, which have been violated by others, and not the least by myself. For, you see, those treaties proscribed the Napoleons, and I am here at this moment. However, they are good enough to serve as pretexts to cover displeasure. You may imagine what the Tories would do were I to extend the war to the Danube, if they behave in the way they do while there is a question of Italy only. To thus extend the war would mean to

strike out the Austrian dynasty from among the great powers, and the English Government clings obstinately to that dynasty. The antiquated notion that the existence of the house of Hapsburg as a great power is essential to the maintenance of the European equilibrium is one of the traditional maxims of English policy. I have reason to believe that England would even go the length of intervening against me—and that I can not risk. Please take this into consideration.

The Prince (interrupting). But, sire, could we not win England over to our side? She has great interests in the East. Say, if we were to offer her the prospect of the possession of Constantinople?

The Emperor (holding his cigarette over a lamp). Il ne font jamais vouloir l'impossible.

Kossuth. And really that is "impossible" and more than that; I think it is needless. Excuse the question, sire, but what is it your Majesty desires of England? Do you wish that she should be your ally, as in the Crimean war, and actively participate in the war?

The Emperor. No, I do not dream of it; I only wish that her neutrality could be made sure of.

Kossuth. I suppose, sire, that as soon as matters had come to a crisis by the Austrian ultimatum (which reads like a declaration of war), your Majesty's Government took steps in London to ascertain what position England intends taking up, in case your Majesty takes part in the war. May I ask whether your Majesty has not yet received some reassuring official reply from England?

The Emperor. No; no answer has arrived yet to such a note of my Government as you refer to.

Kossuth. No doubt the present English Government would very much like to help Austria. Having regard to English public opinion, however, they can not well go so far as to lead England into war out of pure friendship to Austria; at least not until they can point to a violation of a direct interest of their country. For this reason I should not be at all surprised if the English Government in their reply were to hold out a prospect of neutrality.

The Emperor. I myself think that is likely to happen. But, considering the aims they pursue by their policy, that would not be sufficient for me, if the present administration remains in office.

Kossuth. Your majesty's distrust is well founded. The problem would therefore be, to put the ministry of Lord Derby in a minority, and to do so just on the question of foreign policy. The place of the Tories should be taken by the Whigs, on such an understanding as would

entirely secure the neutrality of England. As your Majesty wishes only this much from England, allow me to state that I take upon myself to bring it about.

The Emperor. What do you say? Do you really think that you can do this?

Kossuth. Yes, sire, I believe that I can. Pray do not regard it as an insolent boast. I am a poor exile, and certainly do not dream of being able to direct England's foreign policy, but I know the position of the two parties: I am on a friendly footing with the personages who can bring this about; and I hope I shall be able to persuade them to do it. With your Majesty's permission I shall say how I mean to go to work.

First of all, I would state that public opinion in England is very favorable to my country. Perhaps I myself have contributed a little to this. In any case, it is so. I can affirm as a fact that the late Eastern war was only popular in England because the people believed and hoped that the Poles and the Hungarians, especially the Hungarians, would profit thereby.

The Emperor (interrupting). That was so, I know.

Kossuth. It is no exaggeration on my part, sire, to say that if I could go and say to the English people: "Look! the powerful Emperor of the French has taken pity on my poor and unfortunate country, and has decided to assist Hungary to become free and independent; but we have also need of English help. This is an opportunity to give proof of the sympathy which you have so often and unmistakably expressed for us. Have compassion also upon my poor compatriots, and help them too!"—if I could say this, countless petitions to the Queen, the Government, and Parliament would be sent by the people, stating that they were ready for any sacrifice in this matter. And if I said: "I do not want you to spend a drop of English blood or a single shilling of English money—I even wish you to preserve both for your own benefit; I only want you not to stand in our way, but to remain neutral, for by this you would do a great service to Hungary"—if I could say this, there is no doubt that "neutrality" would be the general outcry from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

Your Majesty knows that public opinion in England is a great power. Not because those who hold the reins of government would not dare to do anything against public opinion, if they considered it in their interest, but chiefly because it is a great support if the Government finds it in their interest to appeal to it.

I would therefore commence by inducing the Lord Mayor of London to preside over a great meeting. At this meeting I would ask the public to pronounce in favor of neutrality. I would con-

tinue to rouse public opinion in some other large towns, and I would do so in free—consequently well-attended—public meetings. There is no doubt that everywhere resolutions favorable to my wishes would be carried, and these would call forth an enthusiastic response from the press and from all parts of the country. Making use of this agitation in the public mind, the leaders of the Whigs, if they had a majority at their disposal, would be enabled to defeat the Tory ministry on this question of foreign policy. However, the Whigs have no majority. The problem therefore is, to procure a majority for them on condition that they will observe a benevolent neutrality. I think that I can manage this.

The two great parties—the Tories and the Whigs—are about evenly balanced in the Lower House. Measured accurately, the Tories have a majority of a few votes. It is true that the Tory ministry, at the beginning of April, was left in a minority of thirty-nine votes on the question of Parliamentary reform, but the majority on that occasion was not composed of Whigs alone, but of independent members, most of whom belonged to the so-called "Manchester School," under the leadership of Cobden and Bright. This party stands between the two great parties of the state, and the Whigs can not always depend upon them, though occasionally, as on the Parliamentary reform question, they vote together. Lord Derby believed his position so little compromised by that adverse vote that he did not resign, but appealed to the constituencies. I do not believe that the Whigs will win in the elections which are now progressing. On the contrary, the results, in so far as they are known, show a gain to the Tories of about twenty seats. This is sufficient to enable them to hold their own against the Whigs, unless these are enabled to command a majority by the support of independent members. The independent party commands about ninety votes in the Lower House, and is therefore not strong enough to form an administration, but nevertheless it was, and will remain, master of the situation. If only two thirds of their number vote one way, the majority of the House will be on that side with which these two thirds have thrown in their lot. The existence of every government depends upon their good will. They are masters of the situation in every question on which the Tories and Whigs are opposed to each other. One of the political doctrines of this party is that England, except perhaps so far as she is obliged to protect Belgium, should not mix in any Continental wars. Lord Palmerston knows this, and he also knows that, if he decides to observe neutrality on the question now pending—and he must decide on neutrality, or else he has no chance of coming into office—the independent

party will vote with him on principle, and that therefore, though his own party be in a decided minority, he could defeat the Tories at any moment. Lord Palmerston also knows, however, that, unless he comes to a preliminary understanding with the bulk of the independent members, he can not remain in power for a fortnight, for he was much disliked by the Manchester School, especially by Cobden, the powerful leader of the masses. I possess a most interesting letter from him on this subject. This explains why Lord Palmerston, though thoroughly tired of being the leader of "her Majesty's Opposition," did not propose a vote of want of confidence in Lord Derby's Government; though the ministry were in a minority in a vote a few weeks ago. But the minority of the Tories on that occasion did not mean a majority of the Whigs.

Thus stands the situation.

Your Majesty may find it strange; nevertheless, it is a fact that I stand in the most intimate relation to Cobden's party, though this party wants peace at any price, and I sigh for war, because I believe the liberation of my country can be accomplished in no other way. I can say that the members of this party will readily do anything I may ask of them as a politician, as long as it is not opposed to their political convictions. Fortunately, in the question before us, after what your Majesty has been pleased to state, our interests entirely coincide with their principles; and I therefore think I can safely count upon their assistance.

If I should be fortunate enough to receive your Majesty's authority to do so, I would confidentially inform some of them—those who are my most trusted friends—as to how the situation really stands, and would ask them, as soon as the public opinion of the country had been sufficiently expressed in public meetings, etc., to go to Lord Palmerston, and assure him of the votes of the majority of their party on two conditions: one of them being that he, as well as the ministerial colleagues he should designate for a future Liberal administration, should engage in writing that the English Government shall ever remain neutral in this war, if your Majesty, with the object of establishing the independence of Hungary, should extend the seat of war to Hungary; the other being that, in order to insure that this policy is carried out, one or two members of the independent party should be members of the new administration, on the understanding that, in case his lordship should violate the neutrality, in spite of the engagement he gave to them, these two members would leave the Cabinet and overthrow his Government.

I shall think myself fortunate if I succeed in convincing your Majesty that this procedure seems to promise success. I feel so far sure of success

that I would not mind promising that, shortly after the meeting of Parliament (which may be expected to take place early in June), the Whigs will come into power, and I may have the felicity of showing to your Majesty, in writing, the engagement of the new ministers to observe neutrality. And, as the change of ministry would take place on this understanding, I am of opinion that it will be easy for your Majesty's ambassador in London, in his conversation with the Prime Minister, to hint at the convenience of her Britannic Majesty assuring your Majesty of the benevolent neutrality of England, in an autograph letter.

¶ *The Emperor.* What you have said is most interesting and most important. We beg you to put your scheme in train; and be convinced that, in securing the neutrality of Europe, you will have removed the greatest obstacle which stands in the way of the realization of your patriotic hopes.

After this I took occasion warmly to recommend the affairs of my country to the Emperor. Among other things also I said that the peace of Europe could only be put on a normal basis if the questions of historical necessity were solved. I spoke of the glory which history would award to that power which, by taking in hand the solving of these questions, would inaugurate a new illustrious epoch in the history of Europe. These are phrases, and I therefore do not repeat them in full, and only mention them because they furnished the Emperor an opportunity of making a remark which I think deserves to be noted. Hastily reviewing the state of Europe, I happened to mention the question of *German unity*, when the Emperor interrupted me and said, smiling: "Ah, quant à cela, ça ne me va pas, passe pour deux allemandes, mais allemande une, ça ne me va pas, millement." I replied by simply repeating those words of the Emperor, "Il ne font jamais vouloir l'impossible." The inevitable evolutions of history may be retarded, but not prevented, and to endeavor to suppress them may prove dangerous.

In our conversation I of course brought forward the question of foreign intervention, and said that this question was of the very greatest importance to us; that I did not receive a single letter or communication of any sort from home, in which the question was not put, whether we are quite sure that Russia would not interfere against us.

To this the Emperor replied, in the most positive manner, that we did not need to fear Russian intervention in the least. Russia would not only not interfere against us, but on the contrary was so much annoyed at Austria that she would be glad if Hungary were liberated; but of course she expected that we should not complicate the Hungarian with the Polish question. The Em-

peror recommended great caution in this respect. I instantly assured the Emperor that we would be cautious. As regarded Prussia, the Emperor remarked that so far he had no reason yet to fear that the Cabinet of Berlin intended, either directly or indirectly, to help Austria; that the appeals made by the Court of Vienna had been decidedly refused; that he (the Emperor) would do all in his power to confirm the Cabinet of Berlin in this resolution, and hoped to be assisted by Russia. "Besides," continued the Emperor, smiling, "if, contrary to my expectations, the Prussians were to interfere in the struggle, they certainly would not select Hungary as their seat of war. But I hope they will not interfere."

When I thought that the end of our conversation was drawing near, the Emperor made a remark which might have been meant as an inquiry or as a request, that "after all we might perhaps be able to organize at once a small insurrectionary movement in Transylvania, among the Saxons."

I decidedly refused to hear of it, and begged the Emperor to disabuse his mind of any such ideas. I impressed upon him that the Hungarian character was not suited for secret conspiracies; that before a small force could be organized among the Saxons the movement would be suppressed; that the small force which Austria left in Transylvania would be sufficient to secure this result, and, in consequence, we should also lose the assistance of the Saxons when we took up arms in earnest; that it might even happen that, if they saw no respectable force, but only a small movement, there might be such desperate characters among the Transylvanian Wallachians as would, by their robberies and other excesses, make it possible to Austria, in a measure, to repeat the atrocious deeds she perpetrated in 1849. "No, sire," I said, "this would be in strong contrast with the standpoint which I considered it a duty to my country to take up. I shall not play lightly with the lives of my countrymen."

The Emperor. Eh bien! let us change the subject, n'en parlon plus. Have you any knowledge of the number of Austrian troops garrisoned in Transylvania?

Kossuth. Yes, sire: there are forty-five hundred men along the Oet, where the chief points are Csikszereda, Brassó, and Szeben. Three thousand men in the valley of the Maros—chief points, Marosvásárhely Medgyes and Gyula-Fehérvár; fortified spot, Déva. Finally, forty-five hundred men scattered round about Besztercze, Décs, and Kolozsár. In all twelve thousand men, with one fortress (Gyulafehérvár) and one fortified town (Nagyszeben).

I had to show the emperor the places named on a large map of Austro-Hungary, which was hanging up against the wall of his study.

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The Emperor ended our long talk by saying: "C'est donc entendu. I assure you that I shall make use of the coöperation of Hungary in the war, on one condition only, namely, if I can give you the guarantees you require; not otherwise. It is my intention to leave nothing undone in order to give you these guarantees. Return to England and endeavor to secure England's neutrality. If you succeed in this, a great difficulty will be overcome. I authorize you to send word discreetly how matters stand. Meanwhile it will, of course, be advisable to think of making preparations. While you are occupied with your important and delicate enterprise in England, your colleagues may go to Italy, collect the Hungarian refugees who are able to carry arms, and look to the organization of the forces. The Government of Piedmont will be duly instructed, will provide money, arms, and the exchange of Hungarian prisoners of war. Senator Pietri will be intrusted with all details. You will have to confer with him."

(Turning to the Prince.) "Desire Senator Pietri to come to you to-morrow. Inform him of the nature of his trust, and put him in communication with these gentlemen, that the matter may be proceeded with at once."

(To me.) "Of course you will take care that public opinion in Hungary is duly prepared. I believe you will find it necessary to send trusted agents to Bucharest and Belgrade. Tell them to call upon our diplomatic envoys in those towns, who will receive the necessary instructions. When you have accomplished your enterprise in England, pray hurry to Italy. Inform us, through Pietri, of your arrival. We shall let you know where we can meet and—à revoir en Italie."

I thanked the Emperor for his affable reception and the hope which he held out to my country, and asked permission to be allowed to remind him that the Napoleons had a heavy account to settle with the Austrian dynasty, and that I thought, by my proposals in the name of my nation, to give him an opportunity of definitely settling the account. As an honest and unassuming man I begged the Emperor to be convinced that, if we should succeed in putting his name in the annals of our history as the liberator of the Italian and of the Hungarian nations, he would secure the devotion to his house of two grateful nations, upon whom he might depend under any circumstances; that he would prevent the possibility of those trials which may come sooner or later, when, with the regeneration of these two nations, the political equilibrium will not be reestablished in face of the representatives of the doctrine of "divine right," between whom and the Napoleons there may be an armistice, but never a sincere and genuine peace.

With this we parted.

THE SUEZ CANAL AND EGYPTIAN FINANCES.

MY attention has been called to an article headed "The Suez Canal—a History," by P. H. M., published in "Appletons' Journal" for April.

I confess I was surprised to learn, from a letter in the May number of the same Journal, that the initials "P. H. M." are claimed by Judge Philip H. Morgan, who has resided in Egypt for several years.

I think the tone of the article is prejudiced and sentimental; the grasp of the writer on facts in engineering and finance is weak; the historical basis is erroneous; and the slips made in geography are pardonable only under the plea that the writer has never been on the ground.

Having visited Egypt in 1862, 1867, and 1873, and having given some time to an examination of the Suez Canal itself as well as to its history and progress, I shall venture to take exception to some of Judge Morgan's statements.

In the second paragraph of his article (p. 303) he says, "Twice before the waters of the Mediterranean had been connected with the waters of the Red Sea." This is incorrect. The ancient canal led *from the Nile* to the port of Arsinoë on the Red Sea, and dates back to 1700 B. C. It passed through alternate periods of neglect and repair for a thousand years. Herodotus gives a detailed account of his own passage through the canal about 450 B. C. Very little is known concerning it from this date until after the battle of Actium, 31 B. C., when Egypt came under the control of the Romans. The Emperor Trajan caused a new branch or feeder to be dug to the main body of the Nile, near to where Cairo now stands. So far as my reading extends, the canal has been in navigable order but once during the Christian era: the Caliph Omar having repaired it in 644. Certainly, nothing has been done to it since 1380.

In 1799 General Napoleon Bonaparte, then commanding the French army in Egypt, first gave prominence to the new idea of a canal *direct from sea to sea*, and ordered his engineer, M. Le Père, to run a line of surveys across the Isthmus to ascertain if the Mediterranean and the Red Seas were on the same level. The order was obeyed; but the work was done hurriedly with instruments of insufficient precision, and through a country swarming with hostile tribes; so, when it was announced that there was a difference of level of nearly thirty-three feet, no one placed any confidence in the report. The mathematicians Laplace and Fourier declared

this result to be inconsistent with the laws governing the figure of the earth.

If the honorable Judge had ever heard of M. Bourdaloue, he would not have written the paragraph at the foot of the first column on page 304, where he enlarges on the "great disaster" of draining the Indian Ocean into the Mediterranean Sea.

In 1847 the eminent French engineer above named ran a double line of levels across the isthmus, and showed conclusively that there was no perceptible difference of elevation between the two seas. This question was therefore settled seven years before M. de Lesseps first took hold of the canal project; and the discussion of draining one sea into the other is to be found only in Judge Morgan's imagination.

At least, I think the Judge should explain why this overwhelming disaster had not already occurred when the two seas had been connected in the early days, as he states on page 303.

Failing to agree with the Judge's historical quotations, I pass to his geographical opinions, from which also I must dissent.

On page 305 he speaks of Egypt as, "a distant quarter of the globe." Before he again writes that sentence for public perusal and instruction, I would suggest that he open an atlas and look at the position of Egypt relative to Europe, Asia, and Africa. He might also read a few pages in a most interesting volume entitled "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," written by Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal at Edinburgh. This learned professor devotes some space to proving the proposition that Egypt occupies the exact geographical center of our earth. His arguments carry conviction to my mind, but I will leave Judge Morgan and Professor Smyth to settle the question whether Egypt stands at the center or circumference of this circle.

If Judge Morgan refers to the line of the canal as being remote from the centers of capital, I would remind him that of 400,000 shares, subscribed for in November, 1858, 358,000 were taken by countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea; adding 24,000 shares taken in Russia, we have 382,000, or more than nineteen twentieths of the whole amount.

On page 304 Judge Morgan tells us that the Canal Company were to be permitted to dig a fresh-water canal from a point midway on the marine canal northward to Port Saïd. This is incorrect; no such permission was ever asked

for or granted; the topographical features of the country render such a canal impossible; and a minimum of local knowledge would have saved Judge Morgan this slip. So, too, his perception of the difference between "up stream" and "down stream" might have led him correctly to locate the head of the fresh-water canal *below* Cairo and not incorrectly *above* Cairo, as he does on page 304.

Whenever possible I hasten to agree with Judge Morgan.

On page 308 he commences a paragraph with the words "Egyptians are not beavers"; this statement I know to be true—I know every other statement in this paragraph to be untrue. Passing over the inference that the beaver is a salt-water animal, able to work at considerable depths below the surface, I take issue with the assertion that "the water poured into the places from which the earth was removed." No Egyptian then working on the canal even wet his feet, for the simple reason that they were working *above water-level*. The edge of the salt-marsh was miles distant toward the north; the end of the fresh-water canal was miles distant toward the west; every drop of water for drinking and cooking was brought to the camps on the backs of donkeys and camels, thousands of animals being employed in this service at very heavy expense.

Judge Morgan's imagination runs away with his facts when he states that the dredging-machines were then invented and at work; and that the canal could not have been dug by hand-labor. I make the positive assertion, that at this date, 1862-1863, no other mode of digging a canal was known. To bring the question nearer home, I will ask how was it possible to dig the Erie Canal, with six feet of water, without drowning all the men engaged upon it? Simply by *preparing the channel before turning the water into it*. And this was the original plan for digging the Suez Canal. The salt-marshes extended southward from Port Saïd about thirty-eight miles, to the southern edge of Lake Ballah. From this point to the Red Sea, about sixty-two miles, was an arid, desolate waste, a part of the great desert extending to Syria and Arabia.

To the unaided eye, one mile of this vast, treeless plain looked like another; but the precise instrumental surveys of the engineers detected slight variations in the level of the surface. The highest point was on the ridge of El Guisr, sixty-six feet above the sea; this ridge, ten miles in width, separates Lake Ballah from the Timsah basin, and here the Egyptian laborers were concentrated. At the time of my first visit, March, 1862, there were about twenty-two thousand of them employed. The mode of doing their work was not precisely that described by Judge Mor-

gan, on page 306, but was the same that has prevailed in Egypt for hundreds of years, and the same as is to be seen throughout that country to-day. The soil is loosened with a stick shod with an iron point, it is scooped up in the hands of women and children, put into shallow baskets and carried away on the shoulder. The Canal Company furnished tools and modern appliances for doing the work, but these half-civilized people would not use them. No one pretends to say that the lot of these poor fellows was other than heart-rending: they were driven to this work by the orders of the Khedive, and payment was made to his officers, and not to the laborers themselves. The interference of the English Government was purely a diplomatic move, under the guise of humanity. Lord Palmerston was determined to prevent the construction of the canal, and represented the labor of these Egyptians, to the Sultan and to the English people, as a form of slavery, which was only too true. But did he ever raise his finger to ameliorate the condition of these same laborers after they had left the canal and gone home? There must be some hundreds of travelers in the city of New York who have visited Judge Morgan's "distant quarter of the globe," called Egypt. I appeal to any one of these persons to sustain my statement, that the chief drawback to the pleasure of a winter on the Nile is the ever-present poverty and wretchedness of the native inhabitants, with the heartless oppression of their local magistrates and tax-gatherers. When the canal officers were allowed to deal directly with the Egyptian laborers, there was no trouble; these men dug a hundred miles of fresh-water canal, under the direction of M. Cazeau, without a murmur. At the time of my second visit to the Suez Canal I saw ten thousand of these laborers, Egyptians, Syrians, Arabs, working on the ridge of Chaulouf, at the southern end of the basin of the Bitter Lakes. This number could have been doubled if it had been possible to give them employment. They were contented, they worked well, they gave satisfaction to their employers, they were *voluntary laborers*. Those sent to work on the canal under the concession were *involuntary laborers*; they were driven to the work by the orders of the Khedive, *he took their wages*, and at his door must lie the sin of this bargain, and not with the Canal Company, who were only too glad to be free from it. To the Canal Company this arrangement was unsatisfactory, because they could not get the laborers as they were needed, they could not control them when obtained, the Company were obliged to feed a man whether he worked much or little, and the amount of work done was much less than had been calculated upon; consequently the time of

digging the canal would be prolonged, and its cost increased.

Judge Morgan speaks, on page 308, of the injustice of men in high social station conspiring to defraud the poor laborer of his dues; and alludes to the sum of 4,500,000 francs being withheld from them.

I must again call his attention to the fact that the Canal Company had no dealings whatever with the Egyptian laborers in the matter of wages.

I do not pretend to say that the laborers ever received one tenth of the sums they earned, but the Canal Company were not to blame for this hardship. It mattered but little to one of these poor wretches whether he worked on the canal for his subsistence only, his wages going to the Khedive, or whether he cultivated his little piece of ground at home, and then had the last farthing of his earnings wrung from him, under the bastinado, in the form of taxes.

The discrepancy alluded to arose from the difference in the number of men ordered by the Khedive to go to work on the canal and the actual number who worked from day to day. If the Khedive ordered ten thousand men to go there, he multiplied the daily wages by ten thousand and presented his account to the company.

The engineers in charge of the canal counted the number of persons who really did anything, and sent their report to the canal office in Cairo. This item of 4,500,000 francs is to be accounted for in this way: The Egyptian laborers were withdrawn in May, 1863, and for two years the work on the canal was practically suspended; some new method of doing the work had to be devised.

At last the right man was found in M. Lavalley, and to him belongs the credit of inventing the new machines and appliances by which the canal was completed.

Judge Morgan is mistaken when he states (page 308) that "the dredging-machines had already been constructed and were at work" when the decision was made. This was in 1864. The machines then in existence were such as we are accustomed to see, calculated to move about 300 cubic yards of sand per day, without any provision for disposing of the sand when excavated. M. Lavalley brought out machines which actually dug *five thousand cubic yards* per day, and also disposed of this waste material. I can not say when the first of these giant excavators made its appearance; the last one came into use as late as December, 1868.

Thus far I do not think this writer has established a reputation for accuracy of statement in history, geography, or engineering. In finance, I consider his deductions erroneous also. I shall

admit as correct the figures of the award made by the Emperor Napoleon III, acting as arbitrator between the Canal Company and the Khedive, viz.: For withdrawal of the laborers, 38,000,000 francs; for 100 miles of fresh-water canals, 10,000,000 francs; for loss of tolls on these canals, 6,000,000 francs; for re-ceding of waste land, 30,000,000 francs; for sale of the Ouady property, 10,000,000 francs; total, 94,000,000 francs.

This is a large sum for any individual or for even a nation to pay. I shall not attempt to prove it was wise or prudent for the Egyptian Government to invest so much money even in a safe and paying enterprise, my claim being that the Khedive was dealt with honorably and fairly; that he received value for every franc paid to the Canal Company, and that his own reckless extravagance brought him and his country to financial ruin, and not his investment in the only profitable concern he ever encouraged.

In reviewing the above-mentioned award, I shall dismiss the first item as having been a grave error by each of the contracting parties: the Khedive sought to gain money by the sale of the labor of his subjects; the Canal Company agreed to accept such forced labor, paying the contractor and not the individual. In extenuation it can only be said, that the sentiment in Europe and in this country is much stronger now, in condemnation of such forms of oppression, than it was in 1854, eight years before President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation.

One feature of the Canal Company, as first organized, took the form of a great land speculation, to render productive thousands of acres of desert by artificial irrigation, and sell at a high price what was originally of no value.

It was at once apparent also that a supply of fresh water near the line of the marine canal was a matter of prime necessity, and must be first provided. The ancient canal *from the Nile to the Red Sea* had long ago ceased to be of any value as a navigable channel; the upper part, between twenty and thirty miles in length, had been kept in repair to supply water for irrigation to the agricultural district known as the "Ouady." The plan of the Canal Company was to enlarge this part of the old canal, continue it eastward for about thirty miles to the Timsah basin, where it would meet the line of the marine or ship canal, about midway between Port Saïd and Suez. Two miles west of the Timsah basin the fresh-water canal turned southward and was continued through the desert fifty-eight miles to Suez; and here it was, along this line, that the company expected to make the desert blossom as the rose, by irrigation, and to add 150,000 acres to the area of cultivable land in Egypt.

In order to avoid any question as to their right to control the water, the company purchased all the lands then irrigated by the section of the ancient canal, paying about 10,000,000 francs therefor. The item of 1,800,000 francs mentioned by Judge Morgan on page 309 represents a single purchase from El Hamy Pasha, and not the aggregate of purchases from many smaller proprietors.

The Canal Company were prepared to offer their lands on liberal terms to actual settlers; and there is no doubt but a successful colony of European agriculturists would be found to-day on these desert wastes if Lord Palmerston had not again interfered and killed the whole project by his vigorous protests against having a large body of immigrants on the Isthmus of Suez, lest the communication of England with her Indian colonies should be endangered.

In his action as arbitrator between the Canal Company and the Khedive, I think the Emperor Napoleon III showed more fairness and common sense than Judge Morgan is willing to accord to him. In brief, his decision was this: Let the Canal Company give up all its land-speculating schemes, and confine itself solely to digging the ship-canal.

In compliance with this decision the Canal Company re-ceded to the Khedive everything not necessary to the prosecution of their work. The Khedive was at liberty to sell the waste lands or to cultivate them himself. The fresh-water canals were sixty-six feet wide and six feet deep, forming channels for a very profitable freighting business for more than five years before the ship-canal was opened to commerce. The one item of coal transported for the steamers navigating the Red Sea paid a large percentage of the sum allowed for tolls.

On page 307 Judge Morgan mentions the admiration of the Khedive for the Emperor of the French, and his desire to imitate him.

Æsop tells us of the Frog who admired the Ox, and endeavored to swell himself up to the size of the noble beast. The result was disastrous.

Ismail Pasha had made several visits to Paris before coming to power as the ruler of Egypt. He was just enough of a barbarian to be captivated, like a child, with the pomp and glitter of the French capital. He had not enough common sense to perceive that the basis of this display of wealth and power was to be found in the skilled industry of many millions of inhabitants; whereas his own country contained a mere handful of people, trained only to agriculture of the rudest kind.

Judge Morgan truly states the ambition of the Khedive to rival the Emperor in military glory; and millions and millions of dollars were

expended on the expeditions sent into Africa. The records of Darfoor, Kordofan, Harrar, Soudan, and Abyssinia, would show a fearful loss of men and money—I venture to say, greater than the aggregate investment in the Suez Canal, with a greater loss of life, and with no compensating benefits. The report of General Gordon in August, 1879, indicates that Soudan must be abandoned, as the cost of governing the country for two years had been nearly \$3,000,000 more than the revenue, and the Egyptian Treasury could not afford to bear this loss any longer.

The Egyptian navy has been a most expensive luxury. The steam-yacht Maroussa cost \$400,000, and is a larger, more rapid, more elegantly appointed vessel than the royal yacht belonging to the English Government.

One of the attractions of Paris is the opera; so the Khedive built a fine opera-house, and Verdi was commissioned to write "Aida" for it. Mademoiselle Schneider was induced to go to Cairo and sing "La Grande Duchesse" on the bank of the Nile. I presume Judge Morgan knows more about the opera there than I, for my knowledge covers one season only. The account for this season showed \$500,000 paid to the *impresario* for opera troupe, corps de ballet, orchestra, complete; and \$20,000 received for tickets sold.

I saw a letter written by a New York lady who was in Cairo at the time of the marriage of Tewfik Pasha, son of the Khedive. This lady received an invitation to visit the woman's section of the palace. She was not the sort of person to be easily astonished; she wrote, however, in perfect astonishment at the lavish, barbaric heaping up of diamonds, pearls, jewelry, silks, laces, and elegant furniture, which literally cumbered the ground.

The country-houses maintained by the Khedive in different parts of his territory could be shown to have been an immense drain on the public funds.

Perhaps no more easy and rapid method of getting rid of money can be found than "gentleman farming." The Khedive and his family owned about one fifth of all the cultivable land in Egypt. He tried his hand at raising cotton and making sugar, and his wretched subjects paid the bills.

According to Mohammedan law, Halim Pasha should have succeeded Ismail Pasha as Viceroy of Egypt; but, wishing to keep the succession in his own family, Ismail Pasha bought from the Sultan the right, to name his successor, paying therefor millions of dollars of the public money.

When the English and French Governments began to look into the condition of Egyptian

finances, one of the first things done by the accountants sent to that country was to call the attention of the Khedive to the wholesale robbery, the unblushing corruption, and the systematic falsification of accounts going on in the office of his finance minister, Sadyk Pasha. The amount of these defalcations is known to have been enormous.

Judge Morgan says, on page 303, that the canal has been the principal cause of the financial ruin of Egypt. I do not think he has made good this assertion. To state this cause in a single sentence, I should say it was the despotic power of the Khedive to levy taxes, and his uncontrolled opportunity to spend the public funds according to his private whims and caprices.

The financial condition of Turkey is the same as Egypt, and is to be accounted for on the same hypothesis.

I do not think Judge Morgan deals fairly in stating the account as he does; he charges up everything on the debit side, and then closes the ledger.

I have looked, but in vain, for an item of 100,000,000 francs, which should appear on the credit side. I refer to the purchase of canal shares made by the English Government in November, 1875.

I say distinctly, the Khedive has received value for every franc paid to the Canal Company, and his holding of shares has increased with his payments; and, if he has now no interest in the canal, the simple answer is, *he has sold his interest.*

Ismail Pasha was deposed from his position of Khedive in 1879, ten years after the canal was finished, ten years after his payments thereon had ceased, during which period he had received an income from the canal. At the time of his deposition he had governed or misgoverned Egypt for sixteen and a half years. The annual revenue of the country had been about \$55,000,000. The bonded debt was, and is, \$450,000,000. Even admitting as true Judge Morgan's wildest statement that the canal cost Egypt \$100,000,000, I would ask him what has become of *one thousand million dollars*, and what is there in that country to-day, besides the canal, to represent one tenth of this sum? The character and integrity of a public man like M. de Lesseps can not be damaged by a writer as loose, inaccurate, and prejudiced as Judge Morgan has shown himself to be.

CHARLES H. ROCKWELL.

TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, May, 1880.

PROFESSOR WINCHELL'S "PREADAMITES."

ANOTHER step forward in the effort to effect a reconciliation between the conflicting claims of science and religion is taken by Dr. Winchell in his elaborate work on "Preadamites." * Finding that the whole tendency of archaeological research is to discredit the current interpretation of those passages in Genesis which deal with Adam and his relation to the rest of the human race—that it is becoming more and more difficult to believe that the various races of mankind as we know them to-day have descended from Adam through Noah within the period defined by the Biblical chronology—Dr. Winchell addressed himself to the task of examining, "without prejudice" and with "judicial candor," the evidences bearing upon the question of preadamites; and speedily convinced himself that

the doctrine that the Biblical Adam was the *first man* and the sole progenitor of the multitudinous generations of mankind is not only "unscientific" but "unscriptural." His own interpretation of the Genesiactal account is that "the Biblical Adam was not the first man, but only the first white man"; that "the Biblical Adam was a representative of the Mediterranean race, and was simply the remotest ancestor to whom the Jews could trace their descent"; and that the Noachian Deluge was a local incident and not a world-destrating catastrophe.

The major premise of Dr. Winchell's argument is the wellnigh obvious truth that the interpretation placed upon any scriptural passage will inevitably be colored and shaped by the preconceptions and predilections of the interpreter; and he holds that the views regarding Adam to which the popular version of the Scriptures seems to have lent its sanction are simply the measure of the ignorance of the translators at the time that version was made. In one of his most striking passages he says:

* Preadamites; or a Demonstration of the Existence of Man before Adam; together with a Study of their Condition, Antiquity, Racial Affinities, and Progressive Dispersion over the Earth. With Charts and other Illustrations. By Alexander Winchell, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

"Had the language of the Pentateuch clearly stated the existence of nations which survived the Flood, collateral interpretations and current opinions would have adjusted themselves immediately to such an enunciation. I have no doubt a similar adjustment would have been effected had the world always known of the existence of nations unaffected by the Flood, even though the language of Scripture had been as it is. It does not appear that Biblical language excludes the existence of such nations, though many passages seem to imply their existence. There is, however, some ground to suppose that the compiler of Genesis had no intention to make mention of postdiluvian peoples not belonging to the line of the Noachidae, if indeed he had actual information of the existence of such peoples. At any rate, it is generally understood that the Pentateuch formally restricts itself to the Adamic ancestry of Noah and the nations descended from him, among whom its specialty is the Semitic family. In the purview of Genesis, 'all the world' is the region over which the Semitic people were dispersed; or, in the widest sense, it stretched no farther than the tribes of Gomer on the north, Madai on the east, Seaba on the south, and the posterity of Mizraim on the west. With such a purpose, and the silence which such a purpose imposed, the later Jews undoubtedly came to believe literally that all the races of men had descended from Noah. They fixed upon the Scriptures an interpretation accordant with such a belief, and their interpretation and belief have come into our possession. But it is always legitimate to reexamine any matter of opinion and judgment. Whenever new light dawns upon any subject, it is our solemn duty to scrutinize the grounds of old opinions, and cheerfully to abandon them if not in harmony with new facts, or the inductions logically based on new facts."

The pertinence of this argument lies in the fact that Dr. Winchell holds that the same considerations which apply to Noah apply also to Adam; since the current story of the Flood makes Noah not less than Adam the progenitor of the entire human race. In regard to Adam, much linguistic ingenuity is expended upon the attempt to show that the name itself is quite as often used as a generic as it is as a personal name; and in many other features the common version of the Scriptures is shown to deviate widely from what would now be regarded as an exact or adequate translation. But the pith of the Biblical argument lies in such passages as that in which the story of Cain is discussed:

"When Cain, according to the Biblical account, was convicted before Jehovah of the murder of his brother, he was banished as 'a fugitive and a vagabond' from the land of his parents. The culprit, reflecting on the condition to which he had been doomed, exclaimed: 'My punishment is greater than I can bear. . . . Every one that findeth me shall slay

me.' And Jehovah said unto him, 'Therefore, whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold.' And Jehovah set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him. And Cain departed and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. It is next mentioned, in the continuation of the narrative, that Cain had married a wife, and a son had been born whose name was Enoch. Cain is next reported to have built a city, which he named after his son. From Enoch descended generations represented by Irad, Mehujael, Methusael, and Lamech, who married two wives. . . .

"Following out, in another place, the line of the Adamites and their contemporary annals, the sacred account informs us that, 'when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and took them wives of all which they chose,' and the children of such unions [became] mighty men which [were] of old men of renown.

"Now, I think that a natural and unsophisticated interpretation of the foregoing Biblical statements demonstrates that they imply the existence of preadamites.

"1. Cain recognizes the existence of some people in the regions remote from Eden, from whom he might apprehend bodily danger. He does not anticipate this because they would recognize him as an offender, but because he would be a foreigner and a stranger.

"2. Jehovah recognizes the existence of a foreign people, and the danger to which Cain would be exposed, and provides some means by which he would be protected from the effects of intertribal or inter-racial antagonism.

"3. Cain went toward the east, into the region which I suppose to have been peopled, at this time, either by one of the black races then still spread over the earth, or, much more likely, by the primitive Mongoloids, who still maintain, in their descendants, a powerful foothold in all the contiguous regions. . . .

"4. Cain found his wife in the region to which he removed. On the current pseudo-orthodox interpretation we are deprived of this decent alternative. Cain must have married his sister or his niece, and the married woman must have followed him into banishment for some unnamed offense. I say 'followed him,' for at the date of his banishment Adam's daughters are not stated to have been born. Why, unless we gratuitously assume that some near kinswoman of Cain was also banished, should a woman leave her father's family and join herself, in a foreign land, to a convicted and sentenced murderer of her brother? The motive did not exist. No such woman followed Cain. His wife was a woman of the country to which he fled. She was a daughter of the preadamite race. . . .

"5. Cain built a city. How did Cain build a city with only a wife and a baby? Or did the populating of the city await the natural increase of the family? How many citizens is it probable that Cain himself furnished during his lifetime? It will be suggested

that Enoch probably assisted him; but where did Enoch obtain a wife? Did he marry one of his aunts, or one of his possible sisters? . . . I would reply that Enoch intermarried with the people among whom his father had settled. I would reply that these people entered into the population of the Cainite city. . . .

"6. 'And Irad begat Mehujael.' Who was Mehujael's mother? Was she his aunt, a sister of Irad? Or was she his great-aunt, a sister of Enoch? . . .

"7. Lamech married two wives, Adah and Zillah. Who were these two ladies? And why was Lamech permitted to appropriate both of them in such a time of scarcity? . . . And Lamech made confession to both his wives that he had slain a man. But who was this man? Did Lamech slay his father Methusael, or his grandfather Mehujael? Neither is presumable; for these persons, having been named when they came into being, would probably have been honored by mention when they went out of existence. Whom did Lamech violently remove from the population of the city of Enoch? The answer is suggested by the whole context: it was the son of a preadamite.

"8. The 'sons of God' married the 'daughters of men.' What is the meaning of this antithesis? The 'sons of God' plainly belonged to a different people from the 'daughters of men.' Who, then, were the 'men'? . . . The 'sons of men' were the sons of Adam. . . . The 'men' in all these passages were the Adamites. . . . The 'sons of God' are mentioned in antithesis to these; they were *not* Adamites. Nothing is plainer than that they were preadamites. All conceivable humanity must have been Adamic or preadamic. Why called 'sons of God'? Because they were 'sons,' but not the sons of 'men' (or Adamites), and the anthropomorphic conceptions of the Hebrews, who traced all things to God, led them to ascribe young men, whose ultimate ancestry was unknown, to the parentage of the all-producing Jehovah.

"I know of no other rational interpretation of these passages. They imply, with remarkable clearness, that nonadamites were contemporaries of the immediate posterity of Adam. The succession of Biblical statements which I have cited and commented upon all concur in the clear implication of the existence of nonadamites; and this seems to have been a fact so well known and notorious as not to require a formal enunciation by the Hebrew writers."

It will be seen that, even when confined within the strict limits of the Scriptural text, Dr. Winchell's argument is very strong; but, not contenting himself with this, he summons to the sanction and support of his conclusion "the facts of race-histories, and the discovered laws of animal life, past and present." Indeed, the author extends the range of his inquiries far beyond the limits required by his argument, and his book covers nearly all the topics that would naturally be dealt with in a popular treatise on anthropology and ethnology. "I have not contented myself," he says, "with the employment of the direct

argument, but have attempted to show that the old hypothesis of the descent of the black races from Ham is equally unscriptural and unscientific. Finally, assuming the thesis proved, I have endeavored to gratify the natural and intelligent curiosity which expresses itself in the questions: Who, then, were the first men? Where did they appear, and how long since? How have the races come into existence, and what has been the method of their dispersion over the earth?"

To each of these questions he presents an answer as precise and complete as the present state of archaeological and historical science will permit. He thinks that the most plausible inference from acknowledged facts is that the first men approximated more nearly to the type of the present Australian aborigines than to any other now in existence; that they first appeared in the ancient Continent of Lemuria, which occupied the site of what is now the Indian Ocean, and connected Asia and Africa; that one branch of this primeval race developed through the Bushmen and Hottentots into the present negro races, and there stopped; and that from the other branch came the Mongoloid race and the Adamites or White races. He argues very strongly against the idea that the negroes are degraded descendants of Adam through Noah and Ham, maintaining that the divergence is far too wide to have taken place within the period allowed by the current chronologies, particularly as the negro of the very oldest Egyptian monuments is in every respect identical with the negro of to-day. In regard to the theory that race distinctions are due to the influence of surrounding conditions, and especially to climate, he says:

"Color is the character observed to yield most readily to the impression of climate. But, when we attend carefully to the climatic distribution of colors, we find the correlation between color and climate to be very far from exact. . . . The yellow-tawny Hottentots live side by side with the black Caffres. The ancient Indians of California, in the latitude of 42°, were as black as the negroes of Guinea; while in Mexico were tribes of an olive or reddish complexion, relatively light. So in Africa, the darkest negroes are at 12° or 15° north latitude, while their color becomes lighter the nearer they approach the equator. 'The Yollofs,' says Goldberry, 'are a proof that the black color does not depend entirely on solar heat, nor on the fact that they are more exposed to a vertical sun, but arises from other causes; for, the farther we go from the influence of its rays, the more the black color is increased in intensity.' So we may contrast the dark-skinned Esquimaux with the fair Kelts of temperate Europe. If it be thought that extreme cold exerts upon color an influence similar to that of extreme heat, we may compare the dark Esquimaux with the fair Finns of similar latitudes. Among the black races of tropical regions we

find, generally, some light-colored tribes interspersed. These sometimes have light hair and blue eyes. This is the case with the Tuareg of the Sahara, the Afghans of India, and the aborigines of the banks of the Orinoco and the Amazon. The Abyssinians of the plains are lighter colored than those of the heights; and, upon the low plains of Peru, the Antisians are of fairer complexion than the Aymaras and Quichuas of the high table-lands. Humboldt says: 'The Indians of the torrid zone, who inhabit the most elevated plains of the Cordillera of the Andes, and those who are engaged in fishing, in the forty-fifth degree of south latitude, in the islands of the Chonos Archipelago, have the same copper color as those who, under a scorching climate, cultivate the banana in the deepest and narrowest valleys of the equinoctial region.'

"The condition of the hair is found to sustain relations to climate no more exact than the complexion. The Tasmanians, in latitude 45°, had hair as woolly as that of the negroes under the equator. On the contrary, smooth hair is found extensively in tropical latitudes, as among the Australians, the blacks of the Deccan (India), and the Himyarites of the Yemen, in Arabia. Here are cases where, if heat is the cause of racial distinctions, it must have exerted its influence on the skin and not on the hair.

"Similar absence of correlation between stature and the environment has been ascertained. On the whole, it appears that race-characters have been conferred under conditions and through influences different from those which surround the various tribes of men in our own times. While we can not deny that organism has been coadapted to environment in the progress of ages, it is true that characters finally acquired persist with a wonderful degree of changelessness from age to age, and under the broadest diversity of physical conditions. From the date of the earliest records the Jew has been a recognizable Jew, the negro has been distinctly a negro, and the Egyptian and the Aryan and the Abyssinian have stood forth as completely differentiated as they appear to be at present."

A chapter each is devoted to the genealogy of the black races, the brown races, and the white race, and four more tracing out the method and sequence of their dispersion over the earth; and then the author comes to the crucial question as to the Antiquity of Man, the chapter on which is one of the most interesting in the book. Though an enthusiastic geologist himself, he is decidedly skeptical regarding the geological evidence of man's vast antiquity, and thinks "our imaginations have been excited."

"The mystery and the magnitude of geological changes seem to relegate them to the remote ages of convulsion and cataclysm. Let us not be frightened. We are in the midst of great changes, and are scarcely conscious of it. We have seen worlds in flames, and have felt a comet strike the earth. We have seen the whole coast of South America

lifted up bodily ten or fifteen feet and let down again in an hour. We have seen the Andes sink two hundred and twenty feet in seventy years. The Chinese possess authentic records of changes in the location of great rivers—especially the Hoang-ho. This river has changed its mouth two or three times. Sometimes it discharges its waters into the Gulf of Pechili, and sometimes into the Yellow Sea. . . . Vast transpositions have also taken place in the coast-line of China. The ancient capital, located, in all probability, in an accessible position near the center of the empire, has now become nearly surrounded by water, and its site is on the peninsula of Corea. We have seen the glaciers make progress in their retreat and disappearance. An ice-peak of the Tyrolean Alps has lowered eighteen and a half feet in a few years. The Mer de Glace is a hundred feet lower or thinner than it was thirty years ago. At Chamounix I conversed with the chief of the guides, an old man who had recorded the phases of the glaciers for more than fifty years. He pointed out the limits of the Mer de Glace and Glacier des Bossons in 1818, 1819, and 1820. He showed me huge boulders which had formerly been deposited in the valleys near the termini of these glaciers. He pointed out the striations made on the bounding walls of the glacier valleys. From these records I perceived that these two great glaciers have receded, in fifty years, not less than half a mile, and the volume of ice is lowered at least two hundred feet. From the foot of the Mer de Glace I traced the footsteps of the receding glacier down the valley of the Arveiron—down the valley of the Arve—down the Arve all the way to Geneva. Then I felt that I also had gazed on the ancient glaciers. I had seen how their stupendous work had been done. I had come upon the earth in time to see the continental glaciers of Europe on their retreat up the gorges of the Alps. I felt the Stone Folk drawn down in time toward our own times. I could look over the abyss of years, and seize its span in my comprehension. We are the witnesses of the retreat of the glaciers. When the Stone Folk came to Europe the southern border of the continental ice-field was, perhaps, on the Rhine; now it is in Russia and Siberia and Greenland. . . . Nor have the veritable glaciers become extinct from the United States. In the deep gulches of the Sierra Nevada are sundry remnants of a glacier once continent-wide. On these repositories of ancient ice has accumulated the 'dust of ages,' to which the cosmical dust which comes to us out of the depths of space has made contributions not inconsiderable. But they lie there in their senescence, to proclaim a chapter of past events in American history—fossil glaciers, as eloquent as a fossil world. The truth is, we are not so far out of the dust and smoke of antiquity as we had supposed. Antiquity is at our doors. The rubbish of geological revolution is strewn about our feet. We are in the midst of geological history. The Indian saw Lake Michigan spread its waters over Illinois. We have seen cities grow up where our childhood knew only a swamp; and our children will see the swamp usurp

the site of the lake which nourishes it. It is not a remote epoch which witnessed the laying down of the site of New Orleans. The land grows seaward three hundred and thirty-eight feet annually. Humphreys and Abbot estimate that the whole delta of the Mississippi had been laid down in five thousand years. De Lanoye makes the delta of the Nile but six thousand three hundred and fifty years old. The Sea of Azof once extended farther east than the Euxine, and the Volga emptied into it. The Greeks retained a tradition of great hydrographic changes about the Black Sea. The Symplegades, or floating islands, were only landmarks which changed their positions relatively to the changing shore-line. There was a time when the rocky barriers of the Thracian Bosphorus gave way and the Black Sea subsided. It had covered a vast area to the north and east; now this area became drained, and was known as the ancient Sectonia. . . . now the prairie region of Russia and the granary of Europe. Bergsträsser has shown that during its former high level it was confluent with the Caspian and Aral Seas; and thus another Mediterranean stretched eastward beyond the Dardanelles. An American engineer has proposed to reunite them. Such events have taken place in historic times and before our eyes."

The manner in which Dr. Winchell carries on the discussion is eminently appropriate to the significance of the subject with which it deals.

Occasionally he falls into the controversial or disputatious tone, but in general he conducts his argument with a praiseworthy attempt at the calmness of temper and impartiality of judgment which should distinguish the unprejudiced seeker after truth. It will be admitted, too, that his arguments are the more effective, because in most respects he is a conservative. He holds that to assert that man has advanced from the lowest human condition is not to assert that this condition was reached by advance from the brute. He evidently shrinks from the application of the doctrine of evolution to man; and in such matters as the chronology of ancient Egypt and China, the date of the Stone age in Europe, etc., he is distinctly conservative. His book will be influential with a certain large class of readers, chiefly because it accords careful and respectful treatment to beliefs and prejudices which are too often dismissed with contempt by those who approach these subjects from the scientific side.

The pictorial illustrations to the volume are excellent from the artistic point of view, and are at once fresher and more helpful than those usually found in books of this character. Many of the "ethnic portraits" with which it is enriched appear for the first time, and constitute a highly valuable as well as interesting feature.

THE CHANNING CENTENNIAL LITERATURE.

IT is a conclusive testimony to the extent and permanence of Dr. Channing's influence that the centenary of his birth has met with such general observance and called forth so many tributes to his memory. The character of the tributes, moreover, shows that his influence is still a vital and living one. In most of them the conventional rhetoric of memorial occasions has been entirely dispensed with; and the large accessions to the Channing literature which the centenary has produced do not merely multiply words, but will really aid the inquirer in obtaining an accurate conception of the life, character, and work of Channing. Allowances will have to be made, of course, for the enthusiasm of disciples and friends, and it may be said that a really impartial and dispassionate estimate of Dr. Channing yet remains to be made—if, indeed, so distinctively spiritual an influence can be weighed or estimated; but the writers seem to have been conscious that this was a case in which interpretation rather than adulation would be appropriate and acceptable.

Before proceeding to deal with the newer liter-

ature of the subject, it may be well to observe that no one of the later books pretends to be in any sense a substitute for Mr. W. H. Channing's "Memoirs of William Ellery Channing," which must be read by every one who would obtain a clear idea of Dr. Channing's ideas and work, and an approximately adequate record of his life. The centenary literature presupposes an acquaintance with this, and also with Channing's published writings; and without such an acquaintance the reader will hardly obtain from the later books anything more than very vague and indefinite impressions. Speaking of these "Memoirs," Dr. Bellows truly says: "No later work of that sort can supersede the precious autobiography which his nephew has skillfully extracted from his journals, letters, and sermons. It is too serious, too spiritual, too much in essence and too little in detail, too bulky and yet too monotonous, to be easy or popular reading, though a dozen American and perhaps as many English editions of it have been circulated. But it is immortal in its substance, and can never cease to be new and

fresh in its influence, as human souls rise to the level where its sublime simplicity and searching spirituality become visible. It is a work to be put upon the shelf or table of the private closet, in the small class of permanent devotional helps, into no page of which can any docile heart dip without finding a baptism of the Holy Spirit. Would it were read and studied more! I can name no work which ministers of religion, and especially our own, could consult and feed upon with more profit to their souls and the souls of those they reach." The American Unitarian Association have rendered an excellent service to the public in issuing a new edition of the "Memoirs" (slightly abridged) at a price but little above the cost of paper and binding.*

Of the newer tributes, the one with which the reader can, perhaps, most profitably begin, is Dr. Henry W. Bellows's "Discourse,"† delivered at Newport, on the occasion of the centenary celebration in honor of Dr. Channing's birth, April 7, 1880. The "Discourse" contains a compact and authoritative summary of Channing's more important opinions, and a strikingly appreciative estimate of his genius and character; and, what is more important, it places one at the proper view-point for a right understanding of the man and his work. Its effectiveness would have been increased if the author had prefaced his account of Channing's own theological opinions with a summary of those which were current in New England during his youth, and from which he revolted; but of Channing himself as theologian, minister, and man, a better account could hardly have been given in the limited space at command. Here is a passage which is as finely discriminating as it is true:

"It is easy to see why, with these views, Channing should be claimed by conservatives and by radicals in the liberal ranks; and why even enlightened and spiritual believers of the so-called orthodox faiths should be able to cull from his writings passages which savor of the old system. He was no destructive, no despiser of the past; and he retained and breathed all that was sacred and divine in the piety that had been associated with the old opinions. Now and then, it is true, as in his famous Baltimore sermon, and in his equally great New York sermon, he made the strongest, most direct, and most damaging assaults upon the Trinitarian and Calvinistic systems of opinion—assaults which, for courage, explicitness, and

even for offensiveness to the feelings and prejudices of the Christian world, have never been exceeded. But controversy of a textual or ecclesiastical kind was his strange work. He dreaded its effects upon himself and others, and only engaged in it when driven by the stress of his position, or by his noble necessity to vindicate the freedom of opinion and the claims to respect of his own beleaguered company of fellow-believers. Controversy bears no greater proportion to the affirmative part of his writings than Jesus's own contradiction of Jewish and Pharisaic errors does to his positive teaching of religious truth. And, therefore, as Jesus has continued to be honored, loved, and quoted by rationalists and supernaturalists, by Catholics and Protestants, by churchmen and anti-churchmen, by Calvinists and Arminians and Pelagians, because the bulk of his teaching is universal, uncontroversial, and of that spirit and temper which time does not stale, nor place color, nor other differences affect; so Channing has been placed by a wide consent in the calendar of the Universal Church—the orthodox Christian world condoning his denial of several of its most generally received opinions, in recollection of the glorious testimony he bore in his writings and his life to the beauty of holiness, the might of divine truth, and the transcendent importance of the Christian life. None have been able to escape the power of his spirituality, the earnestness of his faith, the purity and elevation of his character. It has deodorized his dogmatic offenses, and made his controversial writings forgotten or forgiven by all except those who have nothing to forgive or forget, still thinking them the necessary and invaluable expression of theological conviction, on which his own vital faith and his lofty personal character rested, and in which the Christian world will finally unite and agree."

Less satisfactory, though much more detailed and elaborate, is the Rev. Charles T. Brooks's "William Ellery Channing: A Centennial Memory."* The idea of preparing "a popular life of Channing in one handy volume" was an excellent one, and must some day be carried out, if Channing is to attain his due influence upon the masses; but such a work must be complete in itself and on the scale adopted, and must not raise questions which it does not answer as far as they can be answered. It is his failure to appreciate and act upon this simple principle that has spoiled Mr. Brooks's book, which, far from being itself an adequate biography, presupposes on the reader's part a familiarity with Channing's writings and memoirs, or at least the having them at hand for ready reference. Moreover, the method of treatment is as defective as the plan. There is no gradual unfolding of Channing's character and opinions, but a desul-

* The Life of William Ellery Channing, D. D. By his Nephew, Rev. William H. Channing. Centenary Memorial Edition. American Unitarian Association.

† William Ellery Channing: His Opinions, Genius, and Character. A Discourse given at Newport, Rhode Island, on the Celebration of the Centenary of his Birth, April 7, 1880. By Henry W. Bellows. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* William Ellery Channing: A Centennial Memory. By Charles T. Brooks. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

tory emphasizing of certain points as they may happen to be suggested; the style is a curious compromise between that proper to a narrative and that which belongs to the sermon; and the newspaper device of breaking up the text into paragraphs, each of which has its separate title or "side-head," accentuates and aggravates the lack of continuity and coherence in the narrative. Mr. Brooks knew Dr. Channing during the last years of his life, and some of his reminiscences are new and interesting; but the most valuable feature of his book is the illustrations. These comprise an excellent heliotype portrait of Dr. Channing, a reproduction of Malbone's sketch of "Channing, the Young Student," a portrait of Channing's mother after a painting by Washington Allston, and representations of the old Channing homestead at Newport, of the old Redwood Library which Channing frequented, of the old Federal Street meeting-house in Boston where Channing was ordained, of the old Stone Mill (or Round Tower) at Newport, of Channing's summer residence at Oakland, Rhode Island, and of a coast view near Newport.

Not quite so comprehensive in design as Mr. Brooks's memoir and more familiar in treatment than Dr. Bellows's stately discourse—as becomes its character of a "portrait"—is the essay on "Channing, the Preacher" which the Rev. C. A. Bartol has contributed to his recently published volume of "Principles and Portraits."* In it will be found perhaps the most vivid description we have of Channing's personal appearance, of his mode of reading and speaking, of the impression which he made upon an audience or a visitor; and, the passage containing it being brief, we can not forbear quoting it entire:

"Channing was insignificant in figure. Short, slender, thin, as I knew him, scarce more than a hundred pounds of flesh clothed and served in him the informing soul. One introduced to him exclaimed in amazement at the slight stature of the mighty preacher, 'I thought you were six feet tall.' Certainly in the desk he was of a commanding height. But he had to wrap his weak chest in many a covering when he went out, against the damp and cold, and was very often only able to pace up and down on the sidewalk before his dwelling in the sun, till his slowly moving form became one of the sights in Boston. But he might have said to any one, as Napoleon to the marshal who reached to the Emperor a book from an upper shelf remarking, 'I am higher than you, sire'—'Longer, not higher!' His eyes were so communicative that his friends disputed about the color, which was lost in the expression. Where was the hiding of the power of that marvelous voice—one of the three most elo-

quent, says Emerson, he has heard; and surely like none beside, having more in it of the violin than the flute, yet with liquid notes such as Wilhelmj or Joiachim can fetch from the strings, and with an habitual rising inflection, rather than cadence, at the end of the sentence, which seemed to raise every hearer to the skies! It melted and resounded, was clear when it whispered, and a clarion when it rang. He told me that with speaking for many years new tones had been developed in his voice. Very peculiar in its charm was his reading of the Scripture and of the hymns, of which Emerson says again, 'He read into them more than I could afterward find.' . . . He had a theory about public speaking which he expounded for my edification, that it was simply a matter of light and shade in the sentence. But I fancy that only with the particular artist, as with Titian or Tintoretto, the effect would ever come. However sensitive to just expression of his thought, he was more concerned with what he said, and to whom, than how he said it. An unbeliever at his house complaining of Christ's severity to the Pharisees, Channing turned to the passage, and recited the Woe upon Woe, until the unbeliever cried out, 'I withdraw my objection if he spoke in that tone!' . . . Henry Clay's voice was called a band of music; Webster's was a trumpet, Channing's a harp."

In it, too, will be found a remarkably appreciative and discriminating analysis of Channing's character—his elevation of mind, his simplicity, his sincerity and veracity, his sensibility, his serenity of spirit, his inflexible moral courage, his generosity, and his complete freedom from anything like dogmatism or bigotry. A fair though brief account is also given of his moral and religious ideas, and there is an admirable estimate of his literary work, all within the compass of a few pages. On the whole, nothing that has yet been written about Dr. Channing is better worth reading than this essay of Mr. Bartol's.

We are inclined to think, however, that the only product of the centenary literature that is likely to be regarded as a permanently valuable contribution to our knowledge of Dr. Channing is the "Reminiscences of William Ellery Channing" by Miss Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. Miss Peabody was a cousin of Dr. Channing's wife, was admitted to terms of the closest intimacy in his family, and for several years acted in a measure as his secretary or copyist—reading to him from books and periodicals, and copying his sermons and articles. No one could have enjoyed better opportunities for learning what Dr. Channing really was in the interior life of his thoughts and affections; and what she learned

* Principles and Portraits. By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* Reminiscences of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. By Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

so aroused her interest and enthusiasm as to induce her to write her impressions down while they were yet fresh and vivid. The "Reminiscences" consist partly of abstracts of some of the more important of Dr. Channing's hitherto unpublished sermons, partly of records of his conversation and sayings, partly of accounts of his home-life and habits, and partly of letters written by Dr. Channing to Miss Peabody. They are curiously impersonal in character—that is, they aim rather at revealing Dr. Channing's thoughts and feelings than at portraying his personal characteristics; but they would have been false to the original if they had been otherwise, and they really assist the inquirer who would find out what were Dr. Channing's firmest and most sacred convictions, sentiments, and affections, and what was the dominant tone of his mind. We are not sure, indeed, but that they bring us closer to Channing the *man* than anything else that has been published about him. Channing himself was so reticent, so absorbed in ideas, so indisposed to consider the petty events of personal experience as worth talking about, that even in the most private correspondence printed in the "Memoirs" he reveals scarcely anything about himself, his daily life, or his surroundings. It is this that makes the "Memoirs" seem chilly and austere to the ordinary reader; and Miss Peabody has acted wisely in trying to bring "the living, breathing, suffering, and rejoicing *man* whom I knew to the common heart, so that my readers shall go to his own printed pages with minds awakened to the practical meaning with which every sentence is loaded."

As well worth reproducing, perhaps, as any passage in the "Reminiscences" is an anecdote of Dr. Channing's childhood which has been told before, indeed, but not in so authentic and explicit a form:

"When I was quite young," he [Dr. Channing] said, 'I heard a sermon from an itinerant preacher, which roused in me the first doubt of human veracity. I was taken by my father in a chaise to a meeting, to which he went to hear a famous preacher of the revival kind. My father, I think, took me rather to give me the drive, and relieve my mother of the care of me, than with any expectation of my attending to the sermon. But I could not choose but attend; for the preacher made such a terrific picture of the lost condition of the human race rushing into hell, and of hell and the strength of the devil in his efforts to snatch from God the creatures He had made, that it filled my imagination with horror. It must have been done with some artistic skill, I think, for it vanquished the preacher's own imagination, so that in very moving tones he besought his hearers to flee from the wrath to come

into the arms of Jesus, who was described as wounded and bleeding at the hand of the inexorable God, who exacted from him the uttermost penalty due to a world of sinners.'

"Dr. Channing said he thought there must have been some skeptical protest in his heart, though his imagination had been completely mastered by the terrible picture; for when, as they were getting ready to go home, his father replied in the affirmative to a neighbor's remark, 'Sound doctrine that! Leaves no rag of self-righteousness to wrap the sinner in!' he remembered that a new weight of certainty that the case was a real one fell on his soul. 'All were sinners—all were under the condemnation,' as the preacher had said.

"Supposing in his childish simplicity that this terrible state of things was just discovered, he expected his father would say something to him on their drive home about 'fleeing from the wrath to come,' which was the never-to-be-forgotten burden of the sermon. But he did not. On the contrary, to his astonishment, after riding a little way he began to whistle! Yet on arriving at home, when his mother asked him if he had been disappointed in the preacher, he replied: 'No; he is a strong man.' They sat down to supper, and it was eaten as if nothing extraordinary had transpired. After supper his father took his pipe and a newspaper, and sat down before the fire, putting his feet upon the mantel-piece in his usual careless way. The child looked on with astonishment; but the relief to his mind, as he decided on the spot that *it was all false*, was replaced with strongest sense of indignation that his feelings had been so wantonly trifled with—and there followed a permanent or ever-recurring doubt as to the truth of human speech. From that time he constantly neglected what people *said*, in the endeavor to divine by their actions what they really *meant*—a habit of mind that had clung to him, and only in his later years been surmounted so far as to dissipate his early gloom."

The precise attitude of Dr. Channing toward religious creeds is not easily discovered, even by careful study of his published writings. The following passage contributes something toward making it plain:

"What *we* see in the Gospels [he said], we are bound to believe; and it will be blessed to us according as we are sincere, single, and steady-minded. Some persons are not capable of entering into views which are necessary to the salvation of others. I may see a doctrine in the Scriptures which is a perfect dead-letter to another man; his mind, at least at present, does not need that doctrine. It would be criminal, however, for *me* to reject it; I should be punished by being of less use to others, and by feeling my character weaker than it would have been if fortified by that truth. It is impossible for any one of us to judge for another as to what quantity of truth would save him from sinning. We may judge a man by the effects of his actions, but not by a per-

ception of *his ideas*, still less by hearing the words of his creed. Many words mean nothing to him which mean a good deal to you or me. I apprehend that little approximation of mind is brought about by written creeds and confessions. There are varieties of interpretation which make these amount to very little; and where there is not freedom of mind from fear, for the words to have a variety of interpretation, many of them become mere technics to most of those who use them. The very frequency with which they are conned over takes from their power of affecting the mind in any way whatever that edifies. But there is a great evil arising from the idea that there are certain things which it is ne-

cessary to believe in the Gospels; for, when this quantity of faith is supposed to be attained, there is a stop."

Elsewhere, Miss Peabody says: "I largely owe to Dr. Channing the salutary conviction that nobody believes what is false because it is false, but because it seems to be true; and that we can best set guards against our own narrowness, and prevent the spirit of the Pharisee in our own hearts, by tenderly inquiring into the history of our opponent, to learn how what appears false to us can seem true to him."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN an article in the last "Atlantic," on the text of "King Lear," Mr. Grant White makes a good hit at those persons who indulge in sneers and laughter at the editors and commentators of Shakespeare. Mr. White admits that the Shakespearean editors and commentators have not infrequently laid themselves open to contempt on account of the feeble triviality of their criticisms, but he thinks that "not a little of the scoffing to which they, as a class, have been subjected is the mere effervescence of the ignorance of the scoffers, which with some folk is a very sparkling quality. Many even," he says, "of those who read and enjoy Shakespeare, talk of being content with the text itself, without note or comment. But what text?" In this question Mr. White catches the scoffer on the hip. For the text of Shakespeare that we are all in the habit of reading is the result of long and painful labors on the part of the very editors these persons speak of so slightly. The text of the first editions was full of errors, and in many places so obscure as to be unreadable. "If," says Mr. White, "the text of Shakespeare were put before these captious amateur critics uncorrected by editorial labor, and without comment, they would not recognize it in numberless places," while in many passages they would not be able to understand it at all. "Shakespeare did not publish his plays himself, and read the proofs with the assistance of a good corrector of the press. They were, some of them, obtained by the first publishers surreptitiously; they were printed from imperfect manuscripts or from mutilated stage copies," and hence it has followed that the text, as it now stands, is the result, in many particulars, of patient scholarship and long, critical study.

But self-sufficiency in regard to the Shakespearean text is not confined to sneers at editors and commentators. Actors and professional readers are continually depreciated by certain persons, who are accustomed to affirm their ability to comprehend the lines of Shakespeare much better in their own closets

than when uttered in the theatre. To any one acquainted with what the actor's art has done and does toward making clear and impressive the language, the characters, and the incidents of Shakespeare's plays, assertions of this kind seem the height of arrogance. It is perhaps quite impossible to put the physical ideal of Hamlet or Lear or Rosalind on the stage, but these and other Shakespearean characters embody in their stage representations nearly three centuries of traditions—they are the cumulative products of many actors of genius; and hence they express not simply the conceptions of one but of many minds. An actor brings to the study of a Shakespearean character not only the knowledge of what other accomplished performers before him have done, but he strenuously endeavors, on his own part, to find if possible a more effective mode of portraying it than has hitherto been known. He adopts what is best in the past, and is happy if he can succeed in any fresh or better elucidation. It is his art to express the passions in the most effective manner possible. It is his business to discover the full meaning of every line he utters. It is his purpose to make voice and gesture give every shade of feeling and every turn of thought. The amateur can no more, unaided, express or realize all the possibilities of a speech, than one unacquainted with music can sing a song or play on an instrument. Actors often spend weeks and even months in studying a single speech, and even then they find it impossible to utter it with all the effect they desire, until after long practice. They crowd sometimes into a single line or word a force and meaning that only art combined with genius can attain. We may be certain that the persons who boast of their capacity to read Shakespeare better than the actors do are either wholly ignorant of what our actors do or are utterly insensible to what really constitutes the art of the stage. Portia's Plea for Mercy is a revelation when delivered by a truly accomplished actor; so are many other passages in Shakespeare; and just as

without editors and commentators the text of Shakespeare would in many places be incomprehensible, so, without the art and skill of actors, much of its beauty and force would be only vaguely and imperfectly felt. No one can understand music without cultivation, and he must have the aid of musicians, of other minds, and of all the traditions of the art; no one can understand painting without the cultivation of the color-sense, and herein he needs the aid of the experts; and it is equally certain that the effect and comprehension of dramatic poetry are greatly aided by the art of those persons who make it the study of their lives.

Mr. White cites, in the article to which we have referred, a number of passages, the obscurity of which the editors have not been able to clear up. "Tender hefted nature," for instance, is one phrase which has greatly puzzled Shakespearean students. The folios have it "tender hefted," the quartos "tender hested." Which is right, and what does either mean? Some editors have jumped the question by boldly substituting "tender hearted." Mr. White thinks that "tender hested," meaning tenderly commanded, tenderly ruled, is the probable meaning, and we do not see how he can be disputed. But our purpose is not to discuss this reading, but one in which we confess we do not see the difficulty or the obscurity that troubles the editors. When Regan urges Lear to return to Goneril and live with her with half his stipulated train, he exclaims:

"Return to her? and fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and the owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch. Return with her!"

What does Lear mean here by "necessity's sharp pinch"? the editors ask. What is its connection? Some of the editors, Mr. Collier and Mr. Furness, suggest "and howl necessity's sharp pinch," which Mr. White, rightly enough, we think, denounces. His own interpretation is as follows:

"The first line of Regan's speech, to which this of Lear is a reply, seems to make the passage clear. She says to him:

"I pray you, father, being weak, seem so;"

that is, submit to the hard necessity of your condition. To this Lear, choleric, proud, and kingly, replies [Shall I yield to] necessity's sharp pinch [and] return with her! The phrase is merely an elliptical interrogative exclamation. It seems that, to a reader who is in sympathy with the scene, it hardly needs explanation, and that the Collier folio reading is insufferable."

This explanation is objectionable, or at least unnecessary, as it seems to us, for the meaning is really obvious in the lines as they stand, without supplying an imaginary ellipsis. We are puzzled, indeed, to understand why there should be any difficulty in comprehending them. Lear simply declares that it is "necessity's sharp pinch" to consort "with the wolf and the owl"—that is, he would, rather than return to

Goneril, be "a comrade with the wolf and the owl," which so often is "necessity's sharp pinch." Why is this not clear? Insert a dash after *owl*, and we have the abrupt change which expresses the thought.

If we have here an instance in which the reader succeeds in comprehending his author without the aid of the editor, do not let him presume upon it. It is often the careless rather than the careful reader who reads independently of an editor, for he gallops over lines heedless whether their meaning is clear or not. Every reader who really desires to master the meaning of Shakespeare must consult, if he does not always accept, the annotations of a competent editor.

It has been asserted a good many times that American life does not readily respond to the purposes of the novelist or the dramatist. The conditions of that life are so new, and its atmosphere, so to speak, so raw and crude, that it is fairly impossible—many critics have affirmed—to secure the perspective and the tones and contrasts so indispensable in artistic work. We confess that we have sometimes taken this view of the matter, not doubting, however, that art, if wholly capable, could overcome the difficulty, but feeling that it was almost hopeless to look for it. But, whatever distrust may have been felt in times past, there is now no good reason for it. Bret Harte has shown us how the wild life of the far West admits of the highest artistic treatment; Howells and Aldrich have succeeded in giving to pictures of New England life all the tone and mellowness that the keenest artistic sense requires; and Constance Woolson, in her Western and Southern stories, has made a succession of pictures the most noteworthy characteristic of which is their artistic handling. A recently published volume by Miss Woolson, bearing the title of "Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches," must be separated from nearly all our recent literature on account of its masterly methods, for the reason that the sketches illustrate the possibilities of American life for artistic treatment with a fullness and success scarcely attained in our literature otherwise. These sketches have been commented upon by some critics as prose poems, but it will be found that their poetic quality does not arise from an exaltation of their theme, or from any unrealistic or strictly imaginative treatment, but simply because of the artistic blending of tints and the harmonious adjustment of parts; because a semi-veil, as it were, is thrown over the scenes depicted just sufficient to soften outlines without in the least affecting their fidelity to nature or removing them from the sympathies of the most matter-of-fact readers. There is a great deal of sentiment in these sketches, and a great deal of pathos; there are strong passions and earnest feeling, and no lack of color; but these things are found in other productions without in any way affecting the reader as they do here: just as there may be an equal amount of color in two paintings with very different results. It is because sentiment and pathos, passion and

character, fall in Miss Woolson's hands under that indescribable thing called *art* that they produce an impression which they utterly fail to do under less skillful treatment. Our writers are often insensible to artistic quality, and sometimes openly express a contempt for it, and both critics and readers are frequently of the same mind; but fortunately such exquisite workmanship as that Miss Woolson gives us does a great deal toward cultivating deficient tastes in this matter, and opens many minds to what is meant by literary art. For this reason Miss Woolson's book ought to be extensively read. It deserves a very high place, not only because it sensibly advances the reputation of our literature, but on account of its fresh and admirable portraits of national character, and for pictures of places and life that have a distinct flavor of their own.

Now and then, at rare intervals, amid what Carlyle calls "the wide weltering waste of imitative literature," there appears a book which shows unmistakably that the author has a message of his own to deliver, and that he knows how to deliver it in such a manner as to secure recognition and attention. Such a book is that containing the article on "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," and other papers by the same author, which aroused much interest as they appeared from time to time in the "Atlantic Monthly," and which richly deserved to be presented in a collected and permanent form. These articles grapple directly with some of the most vital social questions of the time in America; and almost for the first time we are made to perceive the real nature of those questions, and the features in which they vary from the somewhat similar problems that have arisen under the different social conditions of Europe. The effect of the war and its profuse expenditure upon the national character; the reasons for that "disintegration of religion" whose signs we see all around us; the causes of the declining efficiency of the theological system of morals as one of the police forces of society; the origin and nature of that widespread discontent of the so-called "lower classes" which finds vent now in Grangerism, again in Nationalism, and still again in attacks upon the currency, the banks, and the "money-power"; the increasing influence upon this lower class of demagoguery and political and industrial quackery; the actual condition of workingmen and their families, and the way in which their condition could be improved—all these vitally important topics are discussed in a way that have aroused attention and will compel reflection and a deeper study of the problems discussed.

In regard to the literary quality of the essays it should be said that they attract less by the novelty of the facts which they contain than by the manner in which the author deals with them. The author is evidently one who has not only seen much but has

observed; who has not only heard but listened; who has not only meditated but actually *thought*. When a thing seems to him worth attention he strips it of all the conventions and commonplaces in which it is usually swathed, and tries "to see it as in itself it really is." For this reason the facts and phenomena of ordinary observation to which he appeals have in many cases a freshness which is far greater than if they were really new—the freshness of impression produced by old facts to which we have become indifferent through our familiarity with them when seen under a new light or from a new point of view which reveals their unsuspected significance. It is the novel presentation of familiar facts, indeed, which constitutes the peculiar effectiveness of the essays. If the facts were really new and unusual, we might doubt their fidelity or authenticity; but the author contents himself for the most part with citing those which every reader at once recognizes, though he may never have seen them under quite such an aspect.

Another noteworthy feature of the essays, viewed from the literary standpoint, is their calmness of tone and temperateness of statement. Accustomed as we are to having arguments presented in their extremest paradoxical form, and with the utmost energy and emphasis of language, it is refreshing to encounter an author who is so firmly convinced of the essential interest and importance of what he has to say that he is content with a plain and simple statement of it, without straining after "effects" of any kind. A better example of what we may call the power of *under-statement* could hardly be commended to the beginner in literature. One sees repeatedly that the author consciously refrains from expressing himself as strongly and emphatically as the facts would justify; and a quite curious conviction of the seriousness and sincerity of what he is saying is brought home to us by this simple fact.

The book is certainly one that should be read with attention by every thoughtful American. It may not furnish an adequate solution of any of the problems considered, but it at least points out the spirit and the method in which alone they can be fruitfully investigated.

THE reader is not to suppose, from the omission of the department "Books of the Day," that we intend to give less attention to literature than formerly. We shall, on the contrary, probably give more; but we shall be able to do so with greater freedom and freshness by treating the more important books in separate articles, by grouping volumes of a class in special essays, and by other methods less formal than the plan hitherto pursued. At no time has the general interest in literature been greater than it is to-day, and we intend to survey the whole field in the "Journal" with all the fullness which the character and the importance of the subject demand.